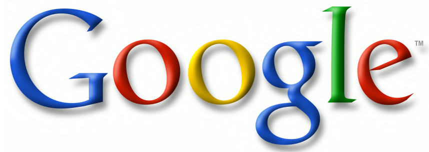

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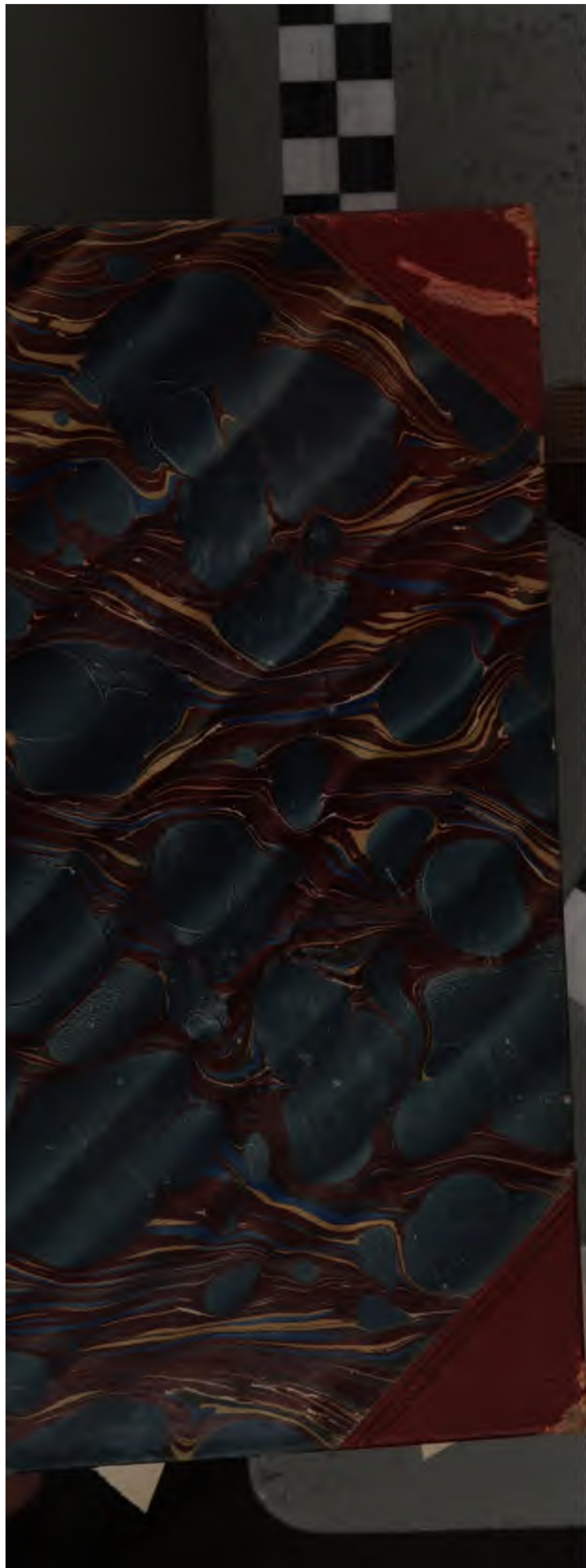

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1886

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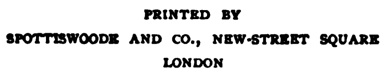

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1886.

WANTED : A READER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HERRING" &c.

I.

MONDAY, APRIL 1.

Extract from the "Times," April 1, 188—.

"WANTED: a Reader; fluent, cultured, with good organ. Apply personally (when terms can be arranged): M. and N., 90 Red Lion Square, W.C."

Extract from the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD, Esq., *of* 90 *Red Lion Square.*

April 1, 188—.—I and my brother Nicolas (I say "I and Nicolas," not "Nicolas and I," because I am the elder by two years and five months) have advertised for a Reader. My throat will not allow of my reading aloud to him. I suffer from chronic bronchitis, the result of cursed inaction here in rooms in town. To a man accustomed all his life to open air, riding after the hounds, taking a five-barred gate whenever he met it, braving all weathers—it is enough to break down his constitution to be mewed up in London chambers. However, my hunting days are over for ever. I am in the sere and yellow leaf, aged sixty-seven, an old bachelor. Nicolas also is an old bachelor, failing, fast failing,—he wouldn't have taken so enthusiastically to archæology till his mind is besotted, unless he were collapsing mentally. What a farce it is his setting up a simulated enthusiasm for antiquities. Why, I don't believe he can read the Greek alphabet, and his Latin is as rusty as my throat.

Ever since the death of our father, Laurence Welsford, Esq., J.P. and D.L., and squire and lord of the manor of Puddlecombe, in Somerset, have I and Nicolas been banished from the country, its fresh joys and associations and salubrious pursuits. Our elder

brother, Laurence, married when he was aged forty-nine—I suppose it was right that he should—though, for the life of me, I cannot see why any man should sacrifice his independence, pleasure, elasticity, for the sake of a woman. Still, he was the elder brother, and land has its claims, and exacts of a man who owns it to marry and be the father of a son to inherit the acres after him. No doubt Laurence II. was right. I can only thank Providence I was not the eldest son. In course of time Laurence III. appeared, and then Laurence II., having done his duty to the land, died.

When Laurence II. (our brother) came to the property, I and Nicolas had to leave—that is just thirty-five years ago—and then we took chambers in town; these same chambers we now occupy, the first floor of No. 90 Red Lion Square. Ever since then—for these thirty-five years—I have had chronic bronchitis. On the death of Laurence II. I should have liked much to have gone back to Puddlecombe, and resumed my hunting; but it was not manageable. Laurence II. behaved badly by us (me and Nicolas). Instead of constituting us guardians of and trustees for his son, Laurence III., as he ought to have done, he left the boy entirely under the control and management of his mother. It was a slight passed upon us, the boy's bachelor uncles, and it was bad for the boy, for what can a woman know of the way in which a youth should be reared. However, I forgive my brother Laurence; let bygones be bygones. If a man will marry, he puts himself in as complete slavery as did Samson when he laid his head on the lap of Delilah. He no longer has a head of his own, a heart of his own, a will of his own. I suppose women are necessary in the world. I have sufficient belief in Providence to be sure that if they were not useful in some way they would not have been created. I believe, also, that mosquitoes, and rattlesnakes, and Terra del Fuego have their beneficent purposes, but I fail to see them.

I have no doubt that, from her own point of view, Jane—that is, the widow of Laurence II., and mother of Laurence III.—was right in letting Puddlecombe House, with the shooting, for twenty-one years. It would have been expensive to keep up the house, and she desired to be with her son whilst he went through his education. Still, it was bad taste. For twenty-one years it has debarred me from going into the country in the hunting season and having a run after the hounds. In other words, Jane confirmed my bronchitis as a chronic complaint.

I and Nicolas are fairly comfortable in our chambers. We have the first floor. Each of us has his own bedroom, and we have sitting-

room and dining-room in common. When I say "in common," I mean that we have our meals together in the latter, and sit and lounge together in the former; but as to the arrangement and ornamentation of the rooms, each exercises his own taste and stamps his own individuality on them severally. Mine is the parlour; his the dining-room. The walls of the former are adorned with hunting scenes and oil portraits of horses; over the doors are hung my whips and spurs, and between the pictures are foxes' heads and brushes; and the antlers of red deer rise above the paintings.

As for the dining-room—Nicolas has converted it into a library, and lined the sides with bookcases that contain the transactions of various antiquarian and old dust and rag and bone and bottle societies. I have no patience with Nicolas! He set up to be an antiquary! Why, there are a lot of old mounds on the down in our parish—tumuli, I believe he calls them—and he never once attempted to open them, when we were at Puddlecombe thirty-five years ago. I don't believe a word about Nicolas's weak eyes, which incapacitate him from reading, and necessitate our advertising for a reader. I believe he has donned the blue spectacles simply and solely to give himself a musty old archæological, palæolithic air.

Extract from the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD, Esq., *F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.S.A., F.R.N.S., &c., &c.*

April 1, 188—.—The oculist has strictly forbidden my reading much, and what can be a more terrible privation to a man of letters than to be robbed of his books. Matthew and I have decided to hire a reader between us. I do hope he will not insist on *The Field* being gone through from title to colophon. I want "The Antiquary." What a farce it is for Matthew to profess such enthusiasm about sport. Why, he has not bestridden a horse these thirty-five years, and I know what his sportsmanship was like before that. I do not believe he went half a dozen times out in the season. He was afraid to go out in an east wind lest he should get hoarse, and afraid to go out in a west wind lest he should get wet; and he always pretended the reason was that there would be no sport; for the scent would not lie in a frost, and would be washed away by rain. Matthew is, and always was, a humbug. He never took a hedge, much less a gate, in his life. As for the foxes' heads and brushes in his room, he bought them all in Wardour Street; I know he did. He never once deserved one or other, as he never was elsewhere in the field than last. If

there be one thing I cannot abide, it is false pretence. Let a man not set himself up to be other than he is. Matthew has completely deluded himself into the conviction that he is an old weather-beaten pink. I have seen him cry over "Old John Peel"—what a humbug he is! He makes me quite angry.

I look back to our life at the old home with the bitterest regret. On Puddle Down are a range of barrows—five in all, if I remember right. I never thought of exploring them when I was at Puddlecombe, thirty-five years ago. Now, what chance is there of my ever being able to appear as the author of a paper in any archæological magazine. There are no mounds in London, but heaps of rubbish shot by dustmen. The great opportunity of immortalising my name is gone from me.

I don't believe a bit in Matthew's bronchitis. It is simply fancy. He has nothing else to occupy his empty mind than his own maladies. Why does he not take up some pursuit—as palæontology, anthropology, or palæography?

II.

Tuesday, April 2.

From the Diary of Matthew Welsford.

April 2.—Mrs. Sache attends to us. She lives somewhere in the areal world, below the level of the ground floor and the doorsteps and scraper and mat, in the region of the sewers and gas-pipes and water-pipes and earthworms, into which, through round orifices in the pavement, the coals are poured. I have never been down, like Orpheus, into that nether world; unlike him, I have no desire to descend. There, however, Mrs. Sache lives and cooks. She does our rooms, lights our fires, and makes our coffee, grills our chops, devils our kidneys, and cooks our dinners. Thence she rises with a duster betimes, and also with the food; thither she descends into the dust, and goes down with the scraps, to eat them in privacy. When we ring the bell, up she pops; when we wave the hand, down she drops. Oh, surely, that areal world is the ideal region for all women! Oh, would that all women would efface themselves as speedily and effectually as Mrs. Sache!

The first applicant for our readership arrived punctually at 2 P.M.—tiresomely enough, just as I, on one side of the fire, and Nicolas, on the other, had fallen into a nap after our lunch. We were roused out of it, not in the best of humours.

The applicant was a tall, ill-built man, with a shock of light hair, a pasty face, a light moustache, a frock-coat of diagonal, very glossy at the elbows and white at the seams. His boots were big and shapeless. He gave his name as Mr. Niederwald.

"Will you take a chair," I said coldly.

"You are M.," said he, looking at me, "and you, saire, are N.," looking at Nicolas, "and I, my saires, am ze Reader."

"You are a foreigner?" asked Nicolas.

"Saire! I am a Scherman, a native of Hánn-over. We did give you kings. Schorge ze First, Schorge ze Zecond, Schorge ze Dirty, Schorge ze Forty, Wilhelm ze Forty, and ze present Queen Victoria—all Scherman."

"But," said I, "we do not want a reader of German, we neither of us understand the language."

"Ah, bah! I am master of many languages. I can read you French and Italian, and Latin and Greek, and I know ze Hebrew alphabet."

"But," said I, hastily, for I saw that Nicolas was pricking up, "we doubt your knowledge of the English tongue."

"Well, now!"—he spread his chest—"you have haired me. I know ze English speech better zan ze English themselves. I do speak her grammatically."

"Are you accustomed to horses?" I asked.

"Ze what! what you say?"

"Horses," I replied sternly. "Can you break in a hunter? Can you ride a mustang? Are you able to take a hurdle?"

"What you mean? Ride! Me—ride horses?"

"Yes."

He shook his head. "Me—me—nimmer, nimmer! Zey would kick me off and to little pieces."

"Then," said I, rising, "I am heartily sorry there has been a mutual misunderstanding. The advertisement in the *Times* was for a rider, not a reader. But, sir, if you should feel inclined for a circus ——"

"Saire! I am a man of letters and learning, do you insult me?"

"Not at all. Good afternoon."

He had scarcely left the room when another applicant appeared. This was a hard-featured, elderly—well, lady she would call herself, I prefer to call her person. She made a curtsy as she entered.

"Hope I find you well, gentlemen," she said. "Well now, this is satisfactory. When I saw your adver—tisement in the *Times*, says I to myself, 'Susan, it be two old ladies, and their names are respectively Mary and Nora;' and, gents both, I did hesitate, I confess it,

coming to offer myself to ladies, for ladies are so mighty exacting and particular, specially when it comes to money, I always find that ladies are harder to deal with than gentlemen ; the latter are always so amiable and obliging and yielding, but as my dear ma' said to me, 'Susan, it's the way you have with 'em, no gentleman can resist you. You seem to twist 'em round your finger.' You'll excuse me saying so, Gents M. and N., it was only mother's fun, and I hope I'm taking no liberty in repeating her sportive remarks. Now I should like, if I'm not making *too* bold, to know which of you gents is M., and which is N., and also, if you'll not go for to consider me *too* forward, I should like to know whether M. stands for Maximilian, or Marmaduke, or Montague, or——"

"Madam," said I.

"I'm not married, sir," fluttered the person. "Only Miss."

"Miss," said I, "you must have misread our advertisement. We desired a *Reader*, not a *Talker*."

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 2.—It really is trying to have to think and act for two persons. My brother Matthew makes great fuss about his seniority, but when it comes to doing anything that is unpleasant, with exercise of responsibility, he leaves all to me. I must be his monkey to snatch the chestnuts from the fire for him.

We have had three applicants to-day for our vacant office of reader. The two first were very undesirable persons, a German professor and a vulgar old maid. Matthew ought to have seen their unsuitability at a glance, and discharged them, but he left that to me. I looked towards him, and coughed, and made signs, but to no purpose, I had to show them the door.

The third applicant was a man. He was lame of a leg, dressed in a horsey costume. He had only one boot, but that was odorous of stable.

"M. or N., sirs !" touching his forelock.

My brother and I bowed stiffly.

"I'll take a chair, sirs," said he. "Had an accident, lost a leg, or part of one."

"You've surely mistaken your vocation," said I, "in applying for a readership."

"Not at all, sir!" touching his forehead sharply—he was jockey in all his movements. "Do anything to earn a honest penny. Jack of all trades, possibly master of none." Then he burst into an explosion of laughter and spray that smelt of gin.

My blood ran cold.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "am I to understand——"

"Right you are, sir!"—with a touch of his forelock—"I'm the chap to be your reader. I does a little ossling here and again to gents at an emporium of 'osses in Theobald's Road, and odds and ends of times I might drop in and pick up some coppers by reading."

I began to feel nervous. My brother sat up in his chair. He was interested in the man, as having to do remotely with sport; so I stepped in quickly with—

"Are you a Greek scholar?"

"All I can't read is Greek to me."

"Very sorry. We wanted the plays of Æschylus and Euripides read to us in the original tongue."

That did for our ostler reader.

III.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3.

The Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD, *continued.*

April 3.—We had no more calls yesterday, and to-day none came till ten minutes to four, just as we began to suppose that we should have none for the day.

The door opened, and in came a young girl in black, with a small bonnet. Matthew and I were sitting over the fire—I, with my back to the door. I turned, and saw her standing in the middle of the room, with her large grey eyes on us.

Matthew, as usual, was of no use at all. He looked bewildered and disgusted. He hates women, or, rather, he despises them; thinks and speaks of them contemptuously. A fit of coughing came over him, and he became red in the face, almost purple.

She waited patiently till his fit was over, and then she said to me and him, "You want a reader?"

Matthew signed towards me. "My brother has weak eyes, and cannot read to himself."

I signed towards Matthew. "My brother has a constitutional bronchitis, and cannot read aloud."

She looked at each of us in turn, and said quietly:

"If you will indicate the book, I will read, and show you my qualification."

I looked across at Matthew, and saw him looking at me. What he meant, I cannot say. He made faces, and faces are not alphabetical characters.

She took up the *Times* that lay on the sofa, and read us the first leader.

Then I looked again at Matthew, and he looked at me.

"What hours, and how many are required?" she asked.

"Two every day is what my brother had determined on," said I; "that is, if——"

"At half-a-crown an hour," she said. "Good. Morning or afternoon?"

"My brother and I had thought that from half-past four till six-thirty would suit us best. We dine at seven."

"Good. I will be here every day at half-past four, and read till half-past six. If I come, and find you out, or indisposed, you pay the same. If I do not find myself able to come, I will telegraph."

"I think that—that——" began Matthew.

"And I—I am of opinion that——" began I.

"Yes! What?" she asked promptly, looking at one, then at the other, with her large, intelligent grey eyes.

"Merely," said I, "my brother will fix what is to be read one day, and I what is to be read the other day—that is, in the event of our——"

"Good," she said. "To-morrow shall be the first day. The elder of you, gentlemen, will fix the reading for to-morrow. Half-a-crown per hour—half-past four to half-past six. Expect me." She bowed, first to Matthew, then to me, and withdrew.

Matthew seemed throttling, as though a bandage had been put suddenly round his neck. I felt bewildered, blinded, as though a kerchief had been tied over my eyes. Matthew and I are slow people; we take long in coming to a decision, we are averse to being hurried. This young creature had come in on us and—engaged us, instead of our engaging her.

"Nick," said Matthew, "telegraph at once, and decline her services."

"Can't do it, Matt," I replied; "I know neither her name nor address."

"Very well, have five shillings ready to-morrow; pay her off, and send her packing."

IV.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 4.—Really, my brother Nicolas is insupportable. The effrontery of the man is appalling—and he an archæologist. We had

arranged mutually that the Readress was to be dismissed after her first session of two hours. Nothing of the sort was done, and we shall be infested with her again to-morrow. I gave Nicolas two half-crowns, and he folded them in an envelope, and put them in a little Japanese tray at the edge of the cheffonier near the door, before half-past four. I cannot see why it was necessary for Nicolas to be so fastidious about the table cover that day. What did it matter if one side hung down six inches lower than the other? Also, why did he arrange the books on the table, so as to radiate at the same angles from the empty flower-vase in the middle?

All the morning he had one of the chairs turned up before the fire in the, to me, most incomprehensible position.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"Matt," he replied, "I have a conscience. That chair has not been sat in, except very casually, for thirty-five years, and the cushion must be damp, and require airing; and as the young lady will be here for two hours occupying it—there is no knowing—it might settle on her chest, and bring her to an early grave."

"What does that concern us?" I asked roughly. "We shall never see her again."

"How can you—how can you, Matt!" exclaimed Nick. "Really you require humanising."

Punctually at half-past four—no, at twenty-five minutes past four, to be exact—we heard the bell ring, and in another three minutes, Mrs. Sache opened the door and announced "Miss Smith."

"I beg pardon," said I, "I did not catch your name."

"My name is Emily Smith," she said.

She was given a chair in the middle opposite the fire, so that she could be warm and the light from the window would fall on her book. As my brother was on one side of the fire and I on the other, we could both hear very well whilst she read.

It was my place to fix the lecture, so I gave her that engrossing work "Stonehenge on the Horse" to read. She read well, intelligently, in a pleasant flowing style. She minded her periods, attended to her stops, but did not throw fire enough into the description of a horse's ailments. Still, she brought home to me a good deal of information that might have slipped me had I read it to myself, and I am sorry that this will be her last day.

When the clock struck the half-past six she shut the book, rose, bowed. I pointed to the five shillings wrapped in paper, and looked at Nicholas, who *only* stared after her like a witless loon,

and before I had time to say she was not to return, she had taken the money, wished us good evening, and was gone.

I turned angrily on my brother.

"Nick," said I, "there you are again—lagging in the discharge of a duty."

"Very fine, talking like that, Matt," said he; "you have had two hours of detestable trash, all about horses' maladies, which it must have been misery for that poor girl to read, and you want to deny me my turn to-morrow with Palæolithic Man."

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From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 4.—Upon my word, my brother borders on the savage. During the morning—and again in the afternoon—we talked about the young lady who was coming at half-past four to read to us. I happened to say that I feared she was in some trouble, because she was dressed in mourning, that she had probably lost a father or mother.

"Stuff and fiddlesticks'-ends," said Matthew. "She is a little actress, perhaps a ballet-dancer. She has put on mourning to suit her part; and she will act it well. If we had our hours of lecture later she would have been unable to attend. Now she has just time to reach the green-room to be made up with paint and powder."

"Oh, Matthew!" I exclaimed. "How can you think such a thing. She is so modest and dignified, and so completely a lady."

"Part of the character. Fudge! a lady! I'll find out. The demureness is all assumed, because she thinks it will commend itself to two old fogies like us."

When the young lady arrived she was announced by Mrs. Sache as Miss Smith.

Then Matthew, looking up rather pertly, asked her her full name. She replied that she was called Emily Smith.

Thereupon, Matthew, pointing to the chair, said, "Come here, Emily!"

Instantly she turned, went to the door, out upon the landing, and called down the stairs after Mrs. Sache, "Emily! Emily!"

Matthew jumped out of his chair as one electrified, and ran out after her, and said, "My dear young lady! Good gracious! What are you doing? Who are you calling? What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," she answered with perfect self-possession, "I thought you wanted your servant, so I was calling her."

I never saw any one so crestfallen in my life as Matthew after this.

V.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5.

The Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD, *continued.*

April 5.—My brother is very selfish. His chair is on the left side of the fire-place, so that he has his back to the window. The consequence is that I sit facing the light, and it is I, not he, who suffer from weak eyes. I ventured to remonstrate with him to-day, but he was crusty and cantankerous. I did not ask him to vacate his seat all day—only for two hours, between half-past four and half-past six. He consented most reluctantly.

What can have taken Matthew! He takes a stroll after lunch, and, when he comes in, he throws off his coat and puts on a dressing-gown of a sort of Turkey-patterned material, dingy and shabby. He has of late taken to wear a strip of flannel round his throat. But to-day, as soon as he came in, he removed the flannel band, and did not remove his coat. On the contrary, I heard him, in his bedroom, brushing a few specks of mud off it that had been splashed by a passing hansom. Moreover, he brushed his hair, having just dipped his brush in his basin or jug; for his hair was smooth—it is usually on end—and curved into a curl over his forehead. I distinctly saw drops of water on his temples. He had also watered his moustache.

On this occasion it was my turn to nominate the reading. I appointed "Professor Dawkins on Cave Men." I sat in the seat with my back to the window, Matthew opposite me. Between us, facing the fire, was Miss Emily Smith, and as I sat, I could see her head illumined by the evening light that fell on it, golden, through the window. In my other seat I had only her silhouette against the light. She has very beautiful auburn hair, the purest, richest, ripest auburn I ever saw. It really was a beautiful sight to see the play of the evening sun on that glorious head of hair. Then her face was very pleasant, her cheek so soft and smooth, and sweet in texture and colour as a rose-leaf. Her voice was pleasant and musical. She read for two hours, I learned from the clock. I really believed it was two minutes. Curiously enough, I have carried off no distinct impression of Cave Men from what she read, but I have a distinct impression of the Reader.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 5.—If there be one thing more than another that affects my bile, it is insolence shown by the strong to the weak. If Nicolas

were not my brother, I should kick him. Under the pretence that he suffered from the light striking in his eyes, he almost forced me from my arm-chair on the left of the fire-place to-day, and made me take his chair on the right. It is nothing to him, of course—I am only his elder brother—that I sat for two hours with my back to the draught from the door, striking on the nape of my neck, which is the spot of spots for receiving impressions of heat and cold.

It is because the nape of the neck is so sensitive that the puggary is worn, to protect it from the burning sun. Very well, or rather, very ill—I—even I, who suffer from bronchitis, am to sit with a column of cold air impinging on my nape for two hours, that Nicolas may *glower like a ghoul* at Miss Smith ! I say that, if there be one thing more than another which stirs up my gall, it is insolence shown by the strong to the weak. What is it but insolence in Nicolas to sit eating Miss Smith up, so to speak, with his eyes (screened though they be behind blue spectacles)? I do not know what rubbish he forced her to read, but I do know that for two hours he never took his eyes off her. If that is not insulting to a respectable female, pray inform me what is. I am a man of honour and conscience, and I will not allow any impertinence to be offered to a young lady of the highest character and most brilliant attainments in my apartments. I am the elder brother. I will take my seat to-morrow in my own chair, and insist on Nicolas occupying his own. Then he will only see, for two entire hours, a finely-cut dark profile against the light, the brow straight, then a delicate little dip, and then the most charming outline of a nose conceivable, a little arched at the bridge, and slightly *retroussé* at the tip. Now and then, when the head is turned, the light falls on the nostril, which is chiselled very finely. The lips are—but there, enough.

I can be satirical if I like. I said to Nicolas with a sneer: "It must be very exhausting work to Miss Smith, and I should think she would need some nourishment to support her under it." Of course I meant his insolent stare, not the reading, though that must be exhausting too. Cave men, what pretty girl can wax warm over such cold creatures as they? I went on: "To strengthen her for the task, brother Nick, had I not better order Mrs. Sache always to bring up the tea whilst she is with us?"

"Certainly, nothing more proper," he replied. He is so hard as not to feel the withering blast of my sarcasm.

VI.

Saturday, April 6.

The Diary of Matthew Welsford, *continued.*

April 6.—I have been considering that it is hardly fair to Miss Smith to ask her to read veterinary or doggy books, so I am determined to set her this afternoon to one of Mr. Surtees' sporting novels. "Jorrick's Jaunts" sounds vulgar; "Plain or Ringlets" sounds better, or "Ask Mamma." We'll have the former.

I never met with such besotted, piggish obstinacy as that of Nicolas. I asked him very politely to take his usual place this evening. I pointed to the draught through the keyhole as making the chair on the right unsuitable for me. He pouted and frowned, and said his eyes were bad as well as my throat, and he would sit beside me on the left, by bringing his chair over to that side. I showed him the absurdity of the arrangement. We could not both sit on that one side of the fire, or his head would cut off the light from Miss Smith's book. After much argument, and almost coming to high words, it was settled that we should alternate day by day. When she read my books, I would sit on the left; when she read his books, I would go over to the right, into the shade—no—into the light, that is, face the light but see only her silhouette. My brother went out this morning, which is unusual with him, and to my surprise produced some flowers he had bought in Covent Garden Market, which he put in the vase in the middle of the table. I have never known him do this before. If it had been old potsherds, or flint arrow-heads, or dolichokephalous skulls, I should not have been surprised—but lilies of the valley! Some things I have observed in Nicolas's conduct lately have made me anxious about him, not that we have lunacy in our family—Heaven forbid!

From the Diary of Nicolas Welsford.

April 6.—I cannot make my brother out. I never thought he had much brains. I think I perceive tokens of softening of the brain, leading to abject imbecility. He went out this afternoon, his usual walk, as I supposed into the Park, but, instead of that, he must have gone to Covent Garden, for he returned with a narcissus in his button-hole. Never in all my life have I seen Matthew wear a flower before. If it had been a horse-chestnut, or a dog-daisy, it would have been different; but—a narcissus!—a narcissus poeticus, too! What is the world coming to?

Nor is that all. I am convinced he has been to his French coiffeur and had *something* done to his hair and his moustache.

Matthew is shy to-day, and stands with his back to the light to avoid my noticing him and making observations on what I see. I am positive his hair is at least two shades less grey than it was yesterday. There is an unwonted sprightliness in his manner that I do not like. It is unwholesome. At his age—sixty-seven—giving himself these airs! He is a great deal older than I am; he is a man with one foot in the grave, breaking down fast.

Miss Smith came as usual, punctual to the minute. I had been down in the morning to the nether regions to see Mrs. Sache, and I had told her to be sure and bring up three cups and tea-things, some nice crisp biscuits buttered, and some wafers of bread, also some cakes, at half-past five. I thought that Miss Smith must need some refreshment after reading such dry nonsense as Matthew would require her to waste two hours over. My brother was, however, so far reasonable to-day as to give Emily—I mean Miss Smith—"Plain or Ringlets" to read, instead of a technical work. Emily—I mean Miss Smith—was scrupulous about the tea; she looked at her watch, a poor little silver affair, and as she took ten minutes over her cup and bit of bread and butter, she gave us an extra ten minutes of reading after the stroke of half-past six. When she rose, she said, "Gentlemen, to-morrow is Sunday. I shall, of course, not be here till Monday." Before we could remonstrate, Miss Smith was gone.

VII.

SUNDAY, APRIL 7.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 7, *Sunday.*—I detest Sundays. Insufferably dull days.

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 7, *Sunday.*—What a long day this is!

VIII.

MONDAY, APRIL 8.

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 8, *Monday.*—Matthew is an arch impostor. I don't believe in his chronic bronchitis. He has left off his flannel band round his throat. He has left off clearing his throat. He has ceased to cough.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 8, *Monday.*—Nicolas is not to be trusted. I shall never believe him again. His weak eyesight is simulated. He has left off his blue spectacles.

IX.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9.

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 9.—I thought yesterday that it was possible a young lady might think her two hours heavy if devoted to the "Cave Men," so I changed the book, and gave her Milman's "Samor" to read. It is a fine poem, and opens as well as enriches the mind. "Samor" is identical with Aurelius Ambrosius, the great British hero, who was kinsman to King Arthur, and was in the slaughter of Calthaeth when the flower of the British chivalry was treacherously murdered by the Saxons. The fine Welsh poem, the "Gododin," is believed to have been composed by Aneurin when prisoner in the hands of the Saxons after this dastardly piece of treachery. I have little doubt that Emily's mind has been trained to consider British history as beginning with the Saxons, and that she is so steeped in Dr. Freeman's theory that she does not believe in the permanence of the Briton in our land, nor regard British history prior to the invasion as trustworthy, nor any sources of history reliable except the Anglo-Saxon—or, as Dr. Freeman presumptuously calls it—*the* Chronicle. I hope the perusal of "Samor" will kindle Emily's imagination, and make her desire to know more of the primitive Keltic and prekeltic—Ivernian, as Dr. Rhys calls them—inhabitants of our isle. I should be so happy to go through a course of prehistoric archæology with her, and the ethnology of the British Isles. I will try through "Samor" to rouse in her an interest in these matters, and then I will propose to give her every day an hour's instruction in my library, where we shall not be bothered with that old fogrum Matthew. It would be so nice to go over the map of Ancient Britain together, and trace the limits of the Ordovices, and Iceni, and Brigantes, with our fingers and our heads together. I dare say it might be managed at half-past two, when Matthew is out for his constitutional. I am convinced she is under Freeman's baleful influence. I feel it quite a duty to disabuse her mind of this Saxo-mania.

I have eyes in my head, though they may at times be weak (they are better now), and I can see that Emily does not like Matthew so much as me, which is only natural, as she and I are so much nearer an age.

X.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 10, *Wednesday.*—That tiresome, prosy old idiot, Nicolas! I never can get one moment in the room with little Millie alone, and

yet I have questions burning on my lips that I want to ask her, but cannot do so before that stupid Nick. There he sits in his chair opposite me, as if glued into it. What does he care for "Plain or Ringlets." I know that the story is utterly without interest to him. Why then does he stick in the room whilst it is being read? He might as well go into his library, and take up the "Transactions" of his learned Societies and dip his nose into them. His eyes are better —I don't believe they ever were bad—so there is no excuse for his hanging about the parlour—*my* room—like a fly in November. I want to know so much about little Millie. I want to know to what part of England she belongs. I know she is a lady, her speech is so free from dialect and vulgar intonation. I should like to know a good deal about her, and I cannot get an opportunity of speaking to her privately. She would be frank with me; I have eyes in my head, and I can see she has taken a dislike to Nicolas, and leans rather to me—which, after all, is natural. My life has been spent in the open air, on horseback, 'Tally-ho!' which has made me hale in body, sound in wind, and with a cheery, fresh complexion, whereas Nicolas has dwelt among Cave men, and picked among bones and dust till he has withered prematurely; and though he may be a few months my younger in years, he is immeasurably my senior in appearance and vitality.

I know what I will do. I will not be balked. I must find out all about poor little Millie, whether she is an orphan, whence she comes, how I can help her, and a thousand other things which my kind heart prompts me to learn of her. I will not be balked by Nicolas, or any one else. If he chooses, like an old fossil, to stick in the house, I'll go out and intercept Millie as she comes tripping along the pavement of Red Lion Square; and I'll take with me the key of the garden, and insist on her coming in to see the crocuses and daffodils there, and we will take a seat under a flowering almond, and I know her little full heart will open to me, and she will confide to me all her cares, and sorrows, and ambitions.

What fun! Nicolas will be sitting at home at No. 90 all the while, waiting, waiting, and with his sheepish eyes wide, wondering why little golden-haired, rose cheeked Millie doesn't come to read to him.

'Tis a southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning.
To horse, my brave riders, away we fly,
Dull sleep from our drowsy heads scorning.
Tol-rol-de-rol-tiddle-de-rol.
Bright Phœbus the hills adorning!
Then hark! hark! forward!
Tol-tiddle-de——

No, I have not got it quite correct. It is thirty-five years since I sang it at a hunting dinner. But I can't help singing and laughing at the thought of the faces Nicolas will make.

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 10, *Wednesday.*—Not one chance can I get of speaking alone to Emily—my Emily. That old hippopotamus, Matthew, blocks my way.

What a demure, self-possessed little hussy she is!

We try—Matthew and I—to interrupt the reading occasionally for a little talk, either on the weather or on the subject she is reading. She waits, with her finger in the book, marking the line where she left off, till we have done, and says nothing. When we cease, she resumes reading. We try to draw her into conversation, but she is shy of that.

"Miss Smith," said I, "we should much like to know your opinion on what you have been reading."

"I beg your pardon," she replied, "I am hired to read, not to talk."

There was some difficulty at first in getting her to lay aside her mantle or jacket, or velocipede, or whatever be the name given by ladies to the things they put on their backs and over their arms when they go out. Indeed, we never succeeded with the hat or bonnet. (The thing has strings, so I suppose it is a bonnet; a hat, I believe, has only a bit of elastic; but the thing is of white straw, and has a black riband round it, and is tied down under the chin by two black ribands that emerge from the aforenamed black, circumambient riband, and tie under the dear dainty little chin in such a duck of a manner. Now I can understand what it is to be a bow! This is a pun, no one will see it, so I make it.)

She always brings a parasol or umbrella with her. Directly she enters the room, up leaps Matthew. I rise from my seat the moment I hear her foot on the stairs, and we run, literally run, to meet her, and divest her, the one of the mantle, the other of the umbrella. She won't take off the bonnet (or hat, whichever it is), but she is obliged to let the mantle go, because we keep our rooms very hot, and the umbrella, because it never rains or snows in our parlour. Then, when we have taken these articles away, we conduct her in the most gallant manner conceivable, never seen elsewhere than on the stage and in Caldecott's pictures, to her seat, which is always aired for her by the fire all the morning. But—really—I am sometimes obliged to blush for Matthew. I have seen him hold and hug her mantilla for the whole two hours of the reading. This so shocked

me—I felt ashamed at his conduct, so like that of one with softening of the brain, that next time I received the mantle; then he held and hugged the umbrella.

I am resolved to have a moment's private conversation with my poor Emily, and the only way to have it is to catch her before she comes here. To-morrow I will go out half an hour before the time she is due, and look about down Red Lion Square, or Orange Street, till I see the white straw and black ribbons, when I will dart out and run and meet her. I have the key of the gardens, and I will insist on her coming into them with me. I will go beforehand and wipe down the green bench under the almond tree (now in flower), as it is generally deep buried under soots. Then we will sit there, with our backs to No. 90, and I will explain to her my plan of an hour for study together of Keltic antiquities and ethnology.

What a joke! How puzzled that owl of a brother of mine will be at her not appearing at the proper moment to read "Plain or Ringlets." How he will fume and stamp about the room, and never dream of looking out of the window at the garden, where the back of the white straw bonnet and the back of my silk hat would be visible under the almond tree.

> Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
> I ne'er could injure thee!
> For something, something, something else,
> Which clean escapeth me!

I forget the lines; I have not looked at verses and repeated poetry these thirty-five years.

XI.

Thursday, April 11.

The Diary of Nicolas Welsford, *continued.*

April 11, *Thursday.*—Unaccountable fatality. I was round the corner of Orange Street at a quarter past four, pretending to look at the old and interesting books exhibited in Mr. Salkeld's window for sale, but really with my eyes down the square—square it is not, but an attenuated parallelogram. All at once, five minutes to the half hour, I saw the flash of the white straw. Away I went as fast as I could, and came breathlessly upon her, with the garden key extended in my hand, when whom should I see behind her, close upon her, but Matthew, also hot with running, and also holding out his garden key.

Emily looked surprised out of her lovely dove-like eyes, first at me, then at Matthew.

"Excuse me," I stammered, "don't ring at No. 90—here is the house-key. Mrs. Sache has rheumatism in her knees."

"Oh!" exclaimed Matthew, "that is the garden key, Nicolas. I have hurried home to open the door with my key for Miss Smith, because Mrs. Sache has the headache, and the sound of the bell is torture to her, poor thing."

XII.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12.

Letter received by MESSRS. M. AND N. WELSFORD *on April* 12.

"April 11.

"MY DEAR UNCLES,—Expect me to drop in on you shortly. I am coming up to town on most important and pleasant business. I cannot say precisely on which day, and by what train; but I shall venture to trespass on your wonted hospitality, and ask you to let me have a shake-down in your comfortable spare bedroom, and take pot-luck at your well furnished table, where I shall do justice to Mrs. Sache's excellent cookery, and your not less admirable wines. My mother may detain me, but I shall come as early as she will let me, next week

"I remain, my dear Uncles M. and N.,
"Your affectionate Nephew,
"LAURENCE WELSFORD.

"To M. and N. Welsford, Esquires,
90 Red Lion Square."

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 12, *Friday.*—What a life we who live in town are called to live! We cannot call our houses our own. Just received a letter from my nephew Laurence. He is coming up to town, self-invited, to stay with us. For how long—three days, three weeks, three months—he does not say. Laurence is a fine, manly, frank fellow, and we are always glad to see him when he pays us a visit—which is entirely and solely when it suits his convenience to be in town. We see him about once in the twelvemonth for, maybe, a week or ten days. Now he is coming to London on business—legal, I presume; and lawyers are so procrastinating in their work that there is no saying how long they may keep him dancing about them, and encumbering our rooms with his presence. What is to be done with him between half-past four and half-past six? We cannot have him here during the Reading, and we cannot send little Millie away. I will not be

deprived of my chapters of "Plain or Ringlets" for Laurence, or any other nephew. This is one of the most aggravating *contretemps* I have endured. It will not do to have Laurence sitting here and admiring Millie whilst she is reading to us. I'll persuade him to go out for those two hours every day, on the plea that we also have business, and must not be disturbed.

How designing and serpentine in his cunning is Nicolas. To-day he came in about four o'clock, as if hot from a walk. "Oh, Matt," he exclaimed, "I have just heard there is to be a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club at the Marble Arch. It is to be at a quarter to five. Jump into a hansom, and spin away. You will be in time. I've almost run, and given myself palpitations, to get here in time to inform you. You are so passionately addicted to that sort of thing that I knew you would be eager, Matt, to be at the meet."

"Thank you," said I, coldly; "I think I will *not* go to the Marble Arch just now. I have been out, and feel disposed to sit by the fire. My thanks to you all the same; but, brother Nick, as I was passing down Holborn, I saw in Mr. Westall's window a copy of Fergusson's 'Primitive Rude Stone Muniments,' uncut, marked three shillings and fourpence! Only three-and-four for that volume so full of research, and astounding yet well-considered theory. Run, Nick, run with all your legs, and secure the volume. It is certain to be snapped up. I saw several archæological-looking men and antiquarian women prowling about the window, snuffing at the book. Do go, Nick, you may not have such another opportunity."

"Thank you," answered Nicolas, coldly; "I do not want the book. Fergusson is—rubbish!"

Now, considering that I had taken the trouble to look at the work in question, mark its price, and observe its condition, all for Nicolas, I submit that he was rude and wanting in ordinary delicacy and gentlemanly feeling in not going to Mr. Westall's and buying the book. I would have done so if my brother had taken this trouble about me, not that I wanted the book, but to show him my appreciation of his attention.

"What a very strong smell of violets there is in the room!" I remarked. Simultaneously Nicolas said, snuffing—

"What a very strong scent of violets there is in the room!"

"Is there?" I said drily.

"Is there?" he replied laconically.

Then, without another word, each took his place beside the fire. Nicolas was dissatisfied with me because I had not snapped at his bait and gone away to Marble Arch, and left him alone with *Millie.*

Now I could not have done that for more reasons than one. I had bought a bunch of purple violets on my walk, and intended to offer it to Millie, as a little innocent courtesy, could I only get my brother to turn his back. By each of our chairs, against the wall, on our respective sides of the fire-place, is a small folding bracket, on which we can put our glasses or books. As I took my place in the chair, I slipped my bouquet of purple violets behind a slate with memoranda I had on my bracket. Millie appeared as usual, and read to us as usual, I forget quite about what.

As she was about to leave, Nicolas, who, like a maniac, had sat all the two hours embracing her fur-edged jacket, and stroking the fur with his disengaged right hand, as if he were coaxing a cat, started up, put his hand behind Dawkin's "Cave Men," which was on his shelf, produced a posy of white violets, and rushed tumultuously after Milly, nearly upsetting himself over a stool we had put for her feet, to invest her with her jacket, and present her with the white violets. No wonder the room had smelt insufferably, when a bunch of violets was hidden away behind a book. White violets smell five times as strongly as those that are purple.

At the same time I rose, in a dignified manner, with old-fashioned politeness, and stepping easily and lightly across the room, presented Millie, first with her umbrella, which I had been obliged to hold fast during two hours to preserve it from that lunatic Nicolas, who might have used it as a poker, and then I offered her my inoffensive bouquet of purple violets. She bowed, and combining the bunches into one, accepted them with thanks, and departed.

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 12, *Friday.*—No wonder the room to-day was almost insupportable with the odour of violets. My brother had stowed away a bunch of purple violets behind his white notice slate, where the warmth of the room extracted its scent, and nearly stifled poor Emily whilst she was reading. Purple violets are unpleasantly strong, white violets have a subdued and delicate fragrance.

I intend calling in two professional men, eminent in matters of cerebral disease, to form a diagnosis of my brother's condition. To-day I could hardly contain my disgust. All the time Emily was reading, he sat holding her umbrella with both hands, and rubbing first his chin, then his lips gently to and fro upon the handle—that *she* touches. Then, when she rose to go, he went to his feet like a rocket, and got her umbrella athwart between his legs, which all but sent him sprawling on the floor; whilst I lightly, and

with the ease of a finished gentleman, handed her the mantle she wore out of doors. Then Matthew came floundering to the doorway after her, and nearly drove the umbrella into my ribs. He persisted in following her all the way down stairs, and opening the street door for her, and expanding the umbrella for her before putting it into her hands, although she assured him it was not raining. At the same time he pressed a posy of blue violets along with the stick of the umbrella into her hand.

She received it with the utmost reluctance.

XIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

The Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD, *continued.*

April 13, *Saturday.*—What shall we do with ourselves to-morrow? How the weeks fly! Monday no sooner is passed, than we come to Saturday again. I had to pinch myself this morning to assure myself that I was in my senses, when I looked in the almanac and saw that to-day was Saturday. From half past six on Saturday evening to half past four on Monday evening makes forty-six hours, or two thousand seven hundred and sixty minutes. Two thousand seven hundred and sixty minutes! Why, it is a lifetime! I really cannot see why we should be deprived of all intellectual and moral enlightenment for two thousand seven hundred and sixty minutes, merely because of a Sunday coming in between Saturday and Monday.

When Emily was about to leave us this evening, I ventured to suggest that she should come and read to us on Sunday evening.

"Of course," I said, "we would not require you to read anything secular, such as Milman's 'Samor.'"

"Or frivolous," said Matthew, "such as 'Plain or Ringlets.'"

"But something serious," I observed.

"And edifying," spoke up Matthew.

"Such as 'Peep of Day,'" I proposed.

"Or the 'History of the Robins,'" suggested my brother.

"Gentlemen ——" began Emily.

"Excuse me, Miss Smith," interrupted I, "you might have conscientious scruples against reading on the Sabbath for remuneration ——"

"So come and read for lo——." A searching glance from my eyes dried up the insolent expression on Matthew's lips, for it he substituted "charity."

"Gentlemen," said Miss Smith—that is, Emily—"I am very sorry

not to be able to accommodate you in this matter. Sunday is my one day that I have to devote entirely to my mother." She bowed and was gone.

XIV.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 14, *Sunday.*—Will the day never be over. A beast of a day. The French Directory was right. It made the Sunday to be one in ten, not seven.

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 14, *Sunday.*—Have lain in bed all day. What is the good of Sunday to any man? I hate it. I never could see the point of Sally in our Alley:

> Of all the days are in the week,
> I dearly love but one day ;
> And that's the day that comes betwixt
> A Saturday and Monday.

It is opposed to all human experience. I hate it.

XV.

MONDAY, APRIL 15.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 15, *Monday* (11 A.M.).—I had all yesterday to myself, to digest my resolutions, and I am confirmed in my intentions. I will make little Millie a present. Poor dear patient little soul! here she comes from a distance, pays sixpence for her 'bus each way—that leaves her, poor little soul, only four shillings as remuneration for labours—on alternate days—not second to those of Hercules, in reading the tedious, pedantic lines of that prosy Milman. I would not do it for five times the sum. I know what an effort it is to use the voice for an hour without rest, and Millie has to read for two. She must be exhausted and hungry at the end. She goes home in a stuffy omnibus, and has a meagre supper of American cheese and bread and a little table beer. Bah! can human nature, and female beauty and sweetness, be maintained on American cheese and table beer? She is young, and does not feel the wear and tear, does not know how much of life and elasticity and light the late Dean of St. Paul's is robbing her of by his rhodomontade about "Samor, Lord of the Bright City."

It shall not be. I have a conscience. I have noticed how much more worn, how much paler the little sweetheart has become of late,

and I know it is the journey—double daily, and the two hours of drudgery over that detestable poem—poem! I see no poetry in it; and then—American cheese, possibly canister Ramornie beef, and table beer as the ghastly termination. It shall not be. In future she shall dine with us. A cup of tea and a film of bread and butter is not sufficient to sustain nature.

I will do more. I am determined to present her with a mark of my esteem at the brilliant manner in which she has read "Plain or Ringlets," and at the self-possession which she has shown in the face of Nicolas's effrontery. She had always known how to keep him at a distance, without a word, merely by her reserved, lady-like, respect-commanding manner. The difficulty will be how to get her to accept the present. She is so cautious, wise, and distant. I will try what I can do in a roundabout way; feel my ground before I take a step. If only I can get Nicolas out of the room.

I have seen a really charming bracelet in a jeweller's window, a gold serpent, with brilliants in the head and two rubies for eyes. Surely that will please her. I will go out and buy it.

Thank goodness! No signs of Laurence yet.

From the Diary of NICOLAS WELSFORD.

April 15, *Monday* (11 A.M.).—May I never again experience such a day as yesterday. I lay in bed and ruminated. My ruminations led to one result. I am determined that this sort of thing shall not continue. We must try to put ourselves in the places of others. I did that yesterday, in spirit I followed Emily. I saw her engaged in giving lessons all day as a governess. I saw her hurry from one house to another. I felt how weary her poor little feet became, how hot and heavy her dear little head. I felt her hand, it was burning. I traced her, in imagination, at midday to an eating-house, and saw her consume a little chop and some chips of potatoes, and sip a cup of coffee, then a butterine pat—made of Heaven knows what nastiness—and some bread, all porosity and crust. That was her dinner. On that, life and brain and nerve was to be sustained! It shall not, it must not be! I do not care what Matthew may say. I will insist on her staying every day and dining with us. I have a conscience, if he has not.

I will do more. My bowels of compassion are moved when I see the Golden Pet labouring for two hours through that vulgar, over-strained "Plain or Ringlets." The humour is elephantine, the jokes buffoonery, the characters defective. How she must hate the two hours over "Plain or Ringlets!" How she must sigh for the alternate

days over the glowing, pure lines of "Samor"! I cannot bear to see her suffer under "Plain or Ringlets," and I cannot remunerate her too highly for the admirable way in which she renders Milman's immortal poem.

I have seen that she possesses—poor little heart!—only a common silver watch. I will go out and buy her a delicate little gold lady's watch, diamond-set. It will be some token of the regard I feel for the way in which she keeps my brother at bay. Poor fellow! the softening of the brain with him has been like the removal of a balance-wheel from a watch; all his movements are capricious, there is no calculating on what he may say or do, but one lives in a constant condition of nervous tiptoe expectation of a catastrophe. If the malady would only become so pronounced as to justify me in having him sent to a private asylum for idiots, I would have him removed as speedily as possible, then—ah! well!—then—oh, then!

There will be some little difficulty, I anticipate, in getting Emily to accept my watch. She is so shy, timid, and shrinks from courtesies. I must be cautious, and beat about the bush.

What a blessing that Laurence has not come!

4.35 P.M.—I post up this evening all the events that have taken place under the dates at which they occurred. I purchased the watch in the morning, with a gold chain, very pretty, rather costly. I hope little Emily will be pleased.

At 4.30, punctually, Emily was in our room. I flew to receive her mantle, and then—instead of depositing it anywhere in the sitting-room, with great forethought I carried it off, to secrete it elsewhere, and thus make Emily my prisoner at leisure. Without her mantle she could not go, and I would not let her have it back till after dinner.

In slipping out of the room, I did more, I ran to Mrs. Sache and told her to put an extra cover at table.

When I returned, which I did as quickly as possible, I saw that Matthew was agitated. He had been left four minutes alone with Emily. I trembled to think of what drivelling folly he might have been guilty in these four minutes, and I looked tremblingly, inquiringly at sweet Emily's sweet face. That reassured me, it was placid as ever. Just then my planet favoured me. Matthew left the room. I looked hastily at the clock on the mantel-shelf. It stood at 4.35. I had been out secreting the cloak and ordering the cover—only for four minutes. Now that Matthew was not in the room I seized my opportunity. ....

"Miss Smith," said I, "*do* let me persuade you to take off your bonnet."

"Thank you," she answered, "you must really excuse me."

"I want your candid opinion, Miss Smith—dear Miss Smith," said I, and I produced the gold watch and chain. "What do you think of this? Is it not pretty? Is it not such as a lady would like to wear? It is a—a present I have bought for"—I hesitated. I saw her draw her lips together, "for a very dear—niece."

"It is certainly pretty," she answered. "But look at my silver watch. It belonged to my father. Though so clumsy, I would not part with it or exchange it for the best gold watch. It keeps perfect time."

At that moment I heard Matthew opening the door. I had just time to put the gold watch away before he came in. The clock stood at 4.40. He had been out of the room only four and a half minutes.

From the Diary of MATTHEW WELSFORD.

April 15, *Monday* (continued).—At 4.30 P.M., that little pearl, Millie Smith, arrived, punctual, as she always is, to the minute. I had bought the bracelet—rather expensive it was; but still, if she likes it, what of that?

Fortune stood me in good stead, for, no sooner had she come, than my brother Nicolas left the room. I seized occasion by the horns. I took her umbrella from her pretty little gloved hand.

"Miss Smith," I said, "*can* I persuade you to take off your bonnet? You will be so comfortable without."

"Thank you kindly," she said, "I am so comfortable in my bonnet, that I cannot be more so without it."

"Miss Smith," I said then, with emotion in my heart, and a flutter in my voice, "my *dear* Miss Smith, may I ask you frankly to express an opinion." I produced the bracelet. "Please to look at this. What do you think of it? Is it not very fanciful and pretty? The sparkling head of brilliants, the fiery ruby eyes! Would not a certain young lady's arm look well with the serpent coiled round it. Would she not like to try it on? It is a present I have bought—I have bought ——" I saw her draw back and look coldly at the ornament, "for—for—a very cherished—niece."

"I dare say it is nice," she answered, in even tones; "but, with so much jewellery about, a lady is likely to eschew wearing anything which may be imitated in base materials. As I never go out anywhere in the evenings myself, I never wear bracelets."

Just then I heard Nicolas's steps, and I had only barely time to slip the bracelet into my pocket before he entered. I looked at the clock. The time was 4.35. I had, therefore, hardly had five minutes alone with Millie.

I took the occasion of my brother's entry to step out, carrying away her umbrella, which I purposed hiding somewhere. She could not leave without her umbrella, and I would not restore it to her till after dinner. By this innocent trick I hoped to force her to partake of our meal with us.

I called to Mrs. Sache, and told her to lay another cover at our table. Then I hurried back to the room. I was afraid of leaving Nicolas longer with Millie alone. In his state of mind there is no knowing what act of raving, roaring insanity he might be guilty of.

When I re-entered the parlour I thought he looked flurried, and I glanced with alarm at Millie, but was reassured by the unruffled sweetness of her face.

The clock hand stood at a few seconds off 4.40. I had therefore been allowed barely five minutes alone with her by that Cerberus of a brother.

At 5.30 Mrs. Sache brought up tea, and Millie interrupted her reading. At 5.35 she recommenced.

At 6.35 she put down the book, closed it, and stood up. Then I rose, and stood on the mat with my back to the fire. Nicolas also rose, and also stood on the mat, directing his back also to the fire. So we two brothers stood. We made no offer to invest our young friend with mantle and parapluie, as usual. We allowed her to look about for them in a perplexed, surprised manner, which was really very pretty and charming.

" Why—why—where are my things ? " she asked.

" I have your umbrella," I said.

" I have your mantilla," said Nicolas.

I turned, and looked at my brother in surprise; at the same moment he turned, and looked interrogatively at me.

" Oh, gentlemen ! may I have them ? " she asked, so prettily that my resolution almost gave way, and Nicolas took a step forward as if inclined to yield.

But I said firmly, " Miss Smith, you shall have your things all in good time. You must positively sit down again and dine with us. I hear Mrs. Sache already laying the table ; please take off your bonnet."

Then Nicolas said persuasively, "Miss Smith, you must really do us the favour of dining with us. You will find us inexorable ; we

you consent you will have to go without your things. Pray take off your bonnet."

She stood in the prettiest confusion possible, looking pleadingly from one to the other. What a head hers must be without the bonnet! Such a shape! Such hair! I was dying to see it. She shook her bonnet reproachfully and sadly.

"Thank you, gentlemen. I must go. Be kind, gentlemen, and give me my things."

"No," said I, hard of heart; "no."

"No," said Nicolas, obdurately; "no."

Ting! Ting! Ting! went the clock. (5.45 P.M.)

"The quarter," said I. "In another fifteen minutes——"

"We dine," said Nicolas. "Now, Miss Smith."

A silence. There was something quite pathetic in the way in which the poor little head (in its bonnet) peered about, here, there, everywhere, after its mantle and umbrella.

I went to the window.

"It is raining," I said.

"Hush!" said Nicolas; "the soup is ascending the stairs."

It was, however, not the soup. The door was thrown open, and in rushed—Laurence. Laurence III., our nephew, the last person in the world we—that is, I—wanted to see. He looked so fresh, so brutally young, so confoundedly handsome—really Nicolas seemed to shrivel up like a Rose of Jericho, into a dry stick, in his presence.

"Why, Uncle Matt!" he exclaimed, clasping my hand, and working my arm as if I were a pump.

"Why, Uncle Nick!" he said, shaking him up like a feather-bed. "How well, how young, how jolly you all seem. And—bless my soul!—Halloa! Emily! You here? You! How, in the name of wonder, my darling? This is a delight—a threefold delight and surprise."

The ruffian caught her in his arms, lifted her off the ground, and deliberately kissed her before our naked eyes.

"Why, Uncles M. and N.," exclaimed Laurence, "I came up to town after Emily. We have been engaged since we were children. Her dead father, the rector, was my tutor; after his death, Mrs. Smith came up to town with Emily——"

"And," said she, interrupting him, "as we were left very badly off, I was obliged to do something to help out our small means. Seeing the advertisement in the *Times*, I applied, supposing the advertiser was an old lady. I was surprised, and perhaps dis-*appointed*, to find that I was to read to gentlemen; however——"

Laurence took the thread out of her mouth. "I," he said, "as you know, Uncles, have not had a nest into which to put my bird, so I have had to wait till the term of the lease of Puddlecombe Hall was up. My tenants turned out at Lady Day. Now I have come to claim Emily, and I hope—we both hope—dear Uncles, that you will come and visit us there this autumn. Then"—to me—"after the hunting begins, we will not let you depart till the season is over; a horse will always be at your disposal. And"—to Nicolas—"you know there are several British barrows on Puddle Downs crying out to be opened and their contents catalogued. There you will both, I trust, learn to love your new niece Emily."

"I knew it," said I.

"I knew it," said Nicolas.

"I call little Millie to witness," said I. I drew the bracelet from my pocket. "Millie, pet, didn't I say this was for my darling niece?" I clasped it on her wrist.

"I call dear Emily to witness," said Nicolas. He produced a gold watch, and threw the chain over her head. "Emily, my precious! didn't I say this was for a valued niece?"

Then Mrs. Sache appeared in the door, and said in solemn tones:

"Dinner is ready."

"Lay another place," I shouted.

"Lay another place," called Nicolas.

"How many?" asked Mrs. Sache. "I've already laid four as ordered. Mr. Matthew said 'One extra,' Mr. Nicolas said 'One extra,' and with the two masters, ain't that four?"

"That is capital," said Laurence. "Now, Emily dear, off with your bonnet."

And off it came.

A THINKING MACHINE.

"THINGS marvellous there are many," says the Attic dramatist, "but among them all nought moves more truly marvellous than man." And, indeed, when one begins seriously to think it over, there is no machine in all the world one half, nay one millionth part, so extraordinary in its mode of action as the human brain. Minutely constructed, inscrutable in all its cranks and wheels, composed of numberless cells and batteries, all connected together by microscopically tiny telegraphic wires, and so designed (whether by superior intelligence or evolutionary art) that every portion of it answers sympathetically to some fact or energy of the external universe—the human brain defies the clumsy analysis of our carving-knife anatomists, and remains to this day a great unknown and almost unmapped region, the *terra incognita* of modern physiology. If you look into any one of the ordinary human machines, with its spokes and cogs, its springs and levers, you can see at once (at least, if you have a spark of native mechanical intelligence within you) how its various portions are meant to run together, and what is the result, the actual work, to be ultimately got out of it. But not the profoundest microscopist, not the acutest psychologist, not the most learned physiologist on earth could possibly say, by inspecting a given little bit of the central nervous mechanism of humanity, why the excitation of this or that fragment of grey matter should give rise to the picture of a brown umbrella or the emotion of jealousy, why it should rather be connected with the comprehension of a mathematical problem than with the consciousness of pain or the memory of a grey-haired, military-looking gentleman whom we met three years ago at an hotel at Biarritz.

Merely to state these possible alternatives of the stimulation of a portion of the brain is sufficient to bring up vividly into view the enormous and almost inconceivable complexity of that wonderful natural mechanism. Imagine for a moment a machine so delicate that it is capable of yielding us the sensation of a strawberry ice, the *æsthetic delight* of a beautiful picture, the intellectual perception of

the equality of the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, the recollection of what we all said and did the day we went for that picnic to the Dolgelly waterfalls, the vague and inconsistent dissolving views of a disturbed dream, the pain of toothache, and the delight at meeting once more an old friend who has returned from India. The very mention of such a complicated machinery, let alone the difficulty of its possession of consciousness, is enough to make the notion thus nakedly stated seem wild and absurd. Yet there the machine actually is, to answer bodily for its own possibility. You cannot cavil at the accomplished fact. It may be inconceivable, but at any rate it exists. Logic may demolish it : ridicule may explode it : metaphysics may explain it away ; but in spite of them all, it continues still imperturbably to be, and to perform the thousand and one incredible functions which argument conclusively and triumphantly demonstrates it can never compass. Call it materialism or what else you like, experimental physiology has now calmly demonstrated the irrefragable fact that on the brain, and on each of its parts, depends the whole of what we are and what we feel, what we see and what we suffer, what we believe and what we imagine. Everything that in our inmost souls we think of as *Us*, apart from that mere external burden, our body, is summed up in the functions and activity of a single marvellous and inscrutable organism, our human brain.

But though physiology can tell us very little as yet about how the brain does its work, it can nevertheless tell us something ; and late researches have made such a difference in our way of looking at its mode of activity, and have so upset many current and very crudely materialistic errors, that it may perhaps be worth while briefly to state, in popular and comprehensible language, how the organ of thought envisages itself in actual working process to the most advanced among our modern physiological psychologists.

Let us begin first with the old-fashioned and, as we now believe, essentially mistaken view—the view which found its fullest and most grotesque outcome in the spurious science of so-called phrenology, but which still lingers on, more or less carefully disguised, among the "localisations" and "specific energies" of many respectable modern authorities.

According to this superficial view, overtly expressed or implicitly suggested in different cases, each cell and ganglion and twist of the brain had a special function and purpose of its own to subserve, and answered to a single special element of sensation or perception, intellect or emotion. In a certain little round mass of brain matter,

in the part of the head devoted to language (if we push the theory to its extreme conclusion), must have been localised the one word "dog;" in the next little mass must have been localised "horse;" in the next, "camel," in the next again, "elephant," and so on *ad infinitum.* Here, a particular cell and fibre were entrusted with the memory of the visible orange; there, another similar little nervous element had to do with the recollection of the audible note *C* flat in the middle octave of a cottage piano. Thus reduced to its naked terms, of course, the theory sounds almost too obviously gross and ridiculous; but something like it, not quite so vividly realised or pushed so far into minute detail, was held not only by the old-fashioned phrenologists, but also by many modern and far more physiological mental philosophers.

When we come to look the question in the face, however, the mere number of cells and fibres in the human brain, immense as it undoubtedly is, would surely never suffice for the almost infinite variety of perceptions and facts with which our memory alone (not to mention any other mental faculty) is so abundantly stored. Suppose, for example, we take merely the human beings, living or extinct, with whose names or personalities we are more or less fully acquainted, and try to give a cell or a fibre or a ganglion to each; how many cells or fibres or ganglia would be left unappropriated at the end of the enumeration for all the rest of animate or inanimate nature, and all the other facts or sensations with which we are perfectly familiar, to say nothing of emotions, volitions, pleasures, pains, and all the other minor elements of our complex being? Let us begin, by way of experiment, with Greek history alone, and try to distribute one separate nerve element apiece to Solon and Periander, to Themistocles and Aristides, to Herodotus and Thucydides, to Zeuxis and Pheidias, to Socrates and Plato, to Æschylus and Sophocles, to Aristides and Alexander, and so on straight through down to the very days of the Byzantine empire. Then let us begin afresh over again, and give a cell all round to the noble Romans of our happy school-days, Romulus and Remus (myth or reality matters little for our present purpose), the seven kings and the ten decemvirs, the Curtius who leaped into the gulf and the Scævola who burnt his hand off in the Etruscan fire, those terrible Scipios and those grim Gracchi, our enemy Horace with his friend Mæcenas, and so down through all the Cæsars to the second Romulus again, pretty much where we originally started. Once more, apply the same thing to English history, and allot a single brain element apiece to everybody we can remember from Cerdic of Wessex to Queen Victoria, from

Cædmon the poet, through Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, to Tennyson, Swinburne, and Oscar Wilde—a cell each for all the statesmen, priests, fighters, writers, thinkers, doers, and miscellaneous nobodies whom we can possibly recall from the limbo of forgetfulness, from the days when Hengist and Horsa (alas! more myths) drove their symmetrical three keels ashore at Ebbsfleet, to the events recorded for our present edification in this evening's newspaper. (And observe in passing that, out of deference to advanced Teutonic scholarship, I have simply flung away Caractacus and Boadicea, Carausius and Allectus, and all the other vague and vaguely-remembered personalities of the earlier British and Romano-British history.) Why, by the time we had got through our historic personages alone, we should have but a very scanty remnant of places for the thousands and thousands of living individuals with whom each one of us must have come in contact, and each of whom seems to occupy a separate niche or distinct pigeon-hole in the endless archives of the particular memory.

And this is only a single small department of the possibly memorable, a mere specimen category out of an innumerable collection that might equally well have been adduced in evidence. Take the animal world, for example,—the creatures themselves, and not their names—and look at the diversity of cats and dogs, goats and sheep, beetles and butterflies, soles and shrimps, that even the ordinary unlearned man knows and recognises, and mostly remembers. Narrow the question down to dogs alone, and still you get the same result. Consider the St. Bernards and the mastiffs, the pugs and the bull-dogs, the black-and-tans and the King Charlies, the sheep-dogs and the deer-hounds, the shivering little Italian greyhounds and the long dachshunds that you buy by the yard. Every one of these and countless others has got to have its cell all to itself in the classificatory department of the human brain, and I suppose another cell for its name in the portion specially devoted to language also. Add to these the plants, flowers, fruits, roots, and other well-known vegetable products whose names are familiar to almost everybody, and what a total you have got at once! A good botanist, to take a more specific case, knows (in addition to a stock of general knowledge about equivalent on the average to anybody else's) the names and natures of hundreds and thousands of distinct plants, to say nothing about innumerable small peculiarities of stem, and leaf, and flower, and seed in every species and variety among them all. No, the mere bare weight of dead fact with which everybody's memory is stored and laden defies the possibility of reckoning and pigeon-holing.

Make your separate dockets ever so tiny, reduce them all to their smallest dimensions, and yet there will not be room for all of them in the human brain. The more we think on it, the more will the wonder grow that one small head can carry all that the merest infant knows.

And now observe once more in turn a still greater and more fatal difficulty. I have spoken throughout, after the manner of men, as though each separate object, or word, or idea had a clearly defined and limited individuality, and that it could be distinctly located and circumscribed by itself in a single solitary isolated cell of the nervous mechanism. But in reality the very terms I have been obliged to use in describing the matter have themselves contained the implicit condemnation of this crude, hard, and impossible materialistic conception. For no idea and no word is, as a matter of fact, so rigidly one and indivisible, like the French Republic. Take for example once more our old friend "dog," and let us confine our attention just now to the word alone, not to the ideas connoted by it. Dog is not one word: it is a whole group and set of words. There is, first of all, the audible sound, dog, as it falls upon our ears when spoken by another. That is to say, there is, *imprimis*, dog auditory. Secondly, there is the muscular effort, dog, as it frames itself upon our own lips and vocal organs when we say it aloud to another person. That is to say, there is, *secundo*, dog pronounceable. Thirdly, there is the written or printed word, dog, DOG, in capitals or minuscules, script, or Roman, or italic, as we recognise it visibly when seen with our eyes in book or letter. That is to say, there is, *tertio*, dog legible. Now, it is quite clear that each of these three distinct dogs is made up of separate elements, and cannot possibly be regarded as being located in a single cell or fibre alone. Dog auditory is made up of the audible consonantal sound D, the audible vowel sound aŭ or ŏ (unhappily we have no universally recognised phonetic system), and the other audible consonantal sound G hard; in that precise order of sequence and no other. Dog pronounceable is made up of an effort of breath against tongue and teeth, producing the soft dental sound D, followed by an unimpeded vocalised breath, producing the audible vowel sound aŭ or ŏ, and closed by a stoppage of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, producing the soft palatal G. Finally, dog legible, in print at least, is composed of the separate symbols D and O and G, or d and o and g, or *d* and *o* and *g*. Yet all these distinct and unlike dogs would be unhesitatingly classed by most people under the head of language, and be located by phrenologists, *with their clumsy lumping* glibness, in the imaginary "bump" thereto

assigned, or by more modern physiologists (whose excellent scientific work I should be the last to undervalue) in the particular convolution of the left hemisphere found to be diseased in many cases of "atactic aphasia," or loss of speech.

How infinitely more complex and varied then is the idea of dog, for which all these heard, spoken, written, or printed dogs are but so many rough and incomplete symbols. For the idea of dog comprises the head thereof, and the tail, the four legs, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, the neck, the body, the toes, the hair, the bark, the bite, the canine teeth that inflict it, and all the other known and remembered peculiarities of perfect doghood as ideally realisable. If we are to assign peradventure a special tract in the brain to the concept dog, it must be clear at once that that tract will be itself a very large and much subdivided region. For it must include all the separate visible attributes of the dog in general; and also it must contain as sub-species in subordination to it every kind of known dog, not only those already enumerated, but also the Eskimo dog, the Pomeranian, the French poodle, the turnspit, the Australian dingo, the Cuban bloodhound, the Gordon setter, and so forth through every other form of dog the particular possessor of that individual brain has ever seen, cognised, or heard of. Is it not clear that on the hypothesis of such definite and distinct localisation, dog-tract alone ought to monopolise a region about one sixth as big every way as our whole assignable provision of brain surface?

Moreover, about this point we seem to be getting ourselves into a sad muddle. For we have next to remember our own private dog, Grip, let us call him, or if you prefer it, Prince or Ponto. Now, I suppose, his name, viewed as a name, will be localised in the language department of our particular brain, and will there be arranged under the general heading of proper names, division dog-names. But there must be some intimate cross-connection between the cell or cells representing the audible and pronounceable name Grip, or the letters G, R, I, P, and the cell or cells which have to do with the idea dog, and also, I imagine, with the name dog: for both the word Grip is intimately connected in my mind with the words "my dog," and the idea Grip is intimately connected in that same humble empirical subjectivity with the idea of dog in general. In fact, I can't think of Grip without thinking at once of his visible appearance, his personal name, and his essential dogginess of name and nature. Grip is to me a symbol, primarily, of some dog or other, and secondarily or more particularly of my dog. But whether Grip and Ponto are arranged and pigeon-holed in cells next door to or

another, as being both by name dogs; or whether one is arranged under G, as in a dictionary, and the other under P (just after Pontius, for example, and just before Pontus Euxinus, both of which form distinct component elements of my verbal memory), I cannot imagine. At each step in the effort to realise this wooden sort of localisation, is it not clear that we are sinking deeper and deeper into a bottomless slough of utter inconceivability?

Once more (and this shall be my last attempt to point out the absurdity of the extreme cell-theory), what are we to make of the case of a man who knows more than one language? Take for example the word *chien*. Here, in one direction, all the associations and connections of idea are exactly the same as in the word *dog*. If I happen to be speaking English, I say, "It's a dog:" if I happen to be speaking French, I say, "C'est un chien," and in both cases with just about the same idea in my mind. The picture called up by the one word is exactly the same, in most respects, as the picture called up by the other. Yet not precisely. If I write Paris, so, the notion immediately aroused in the reader's mind is that of a white and glaring brand-new city across the Channel where we all go to waste our hard-earned money at periodical intervals. But if in the preceding line I had happened to talk of Priam and Helen, the idea called up by that self-same combination of one capital letter and four small ones would have been a wholly different one, of an idyllic shepherd, as in Tennyson's Enone, or of a handsome scamp as in (Homer's) Iliad. If I write "baker," everybody knows I mean the man who supplies hot rolls for breakfast: but if I write "Baker," everybody is aware that I allude to Sir Samuel or to his brother the Pacha. Now this alternative possibility is even worse in the case of *chien*. For if I am talking French, the sight of a particular animal which usually calls up to my lips the word "dog," calls up instead the totally different word *chien*. And if the subject in hand is philology, while dog immediately suggests to me the curious practical falling out of our language of the primitive word hund, hound, now only applied to a special class of dogs, and the substitution for it of a Scandinavian and Dutch root not found in Anglo-Saxon, *chien* immediately suggests to me its ultimate derivation from its original *canis*, and the habitual change of *c* before *a* into *ch* in the passage of words into French from Latin. By this time, I think the reader (with his usual acuteness) will begin to perceive into what a hopeless network of cross connections and crooked combinations we have managed to get ourselves in our search after the definitely localisable.

How, then, does the mechanism of the brain really act? I

believe the true answer to this question is the one most fully given by M. Ribot and never yet completely accepted by English psychologists. It acts, for the most part, as a whole: or at least, even the simplest idea or mental act of any sort is a complex of processes involving the most enormously varied brain elements. Instead of dog being located somewhere in one particular cell of the brain, dog is an idea, audible, visible, legible, pronounceable, requiring for different modes of its perception or production the coöperation of an enormous number of separate cells, fibres, and ganglia.

Let us take an illustration from a kindred case. How clumsy and awkward a supposition it would be if we were to imagine there was a muscle of dancing, and a muscle of walking, and a muscle of rowing, and a muscle of cricketing, and a muscle for the special practice of the noble art of lawn-tennis. Dancing is not a single act; it is a complex series of coördinated movements, implying for its proper performance the action of almost all the muscles of the body in different proportions, and in relatively fixed amounts and manners. Even a waltz is complicated enough; but when we come to a quadrille or a set of lancers everybody can see at once that the figure consists of so many steps forward and so many back; of a bow here, and a twirl there; of hands now extended both together, and now held out one at a time in rapid succession; and so forth throughout all the long and complicated series. A quadrille, in short, is not a name for one act, for a single movement of a single muscle, but for many acts of the whole organism, all arranged in a fixed sequence.

It is just the same with the simplest act of mental perception. Orange, for example, is not the name of a single impression; it is the name of a vast complex of impressions, all or most of which are present to consciousness in the actuality whenever we see an orange, and a great many of which are present in the idea whenever we remember or think of an orange. It is the name of a rather soft yellow fruit, round in shape, with a thick rind, white inside, and possessing a characteristic taste and odour; a fruit divisible into several angular juicy segments, with cells inside, and with pips of a recognised size and shape—and so forth, *ad infinitum*. In the act of perceiving an orange we exercise a number of separate nerves of sight, smell, taste, and feeling, and their connected organs in the brain as well. In the act of thinking about or remembering an orange we exercise more faintly a considerable number of these nerves and central organs, though not, of course, all distinctly or all together; otherwise, our mental picture of an orange would be as vivid and all-embracing as the sight of the actual orange itself.

Now, the name orange calls up more or less definitely the picture of several among these separate qualities. But it doesn't call them all up; indeed, the word in itself may not perhaps call up any of them. For instance, in the phrase, the Prince of Orange, where identical symbols meet the eye, I don't think of the fruit at all; I think, according to circumstances and context, either of William III. of blessed memory, or of the eldest son of the present King of the Netherlands, whose memory (in Paris especially) is somewhat more doubtful. An orangeman and an orange-woman are not, as one might innocently imagine, correlative terms. Even without this accidental ambiguity, derived from the name of the town of Orange on the Rhone, the word orange need not necessarily connote anything more than the colour by itself; as when we say that Miss Terry's dress was a deep yellow or almost orange. Nay, when we actually mean the fruit in person, not the tree, flower, or colour, the picture called up will be very different according to the nature of the phrase in which the word occurs. For if I am talking about ordering dessert, the picture in my mind is that of five yellow fruits, piled up pyramid-wise on a tall centre-dish; whereas, if I am talking to a botanical friend, my impression is rather that of a cross section through a succulent fruit (known technically as a hesperidium), and displaying a certain familiar arrangement of cells, dissepiments, placentas, and seeds. In short, the word orange, instead of being a single unity, localisable in a single ganglion, represents a vast complex, of which now these elements are uppermost in consciousness and now those, but which seems to demand for its full realisation an immense coöperation of very diverse and numerous brain organs.

Every thought, even the simplest, involves for its production the united or associated action of a vast mass of separate brain cells and separate brain fibres. One thought differs from another dynamically rather than statically. It differs as running differs from dancing—not because different muscles are employed, but because the same muscles are employed in a different manner.

Trains of thought are therefore like a quadrille. One set of exercises is followed by another, which it at once suggests or sets in motion.

Of course I do not mean to deny that every cell and fibre in the brain has its own particular use and function, any more than I would deny that each particular muscle in the body is intended to pull a particular bone or to move a particular definite organ. But what I do mean is that each such separate function is really elementary or analytical: its object is to assist in forming a conception or idea, not

to contain, as it were, a whole conception ready made. Chinese symbols stand each for an entire word, and it takes thousands of them to make up a language; alphabetical letters stand each, not for a word, but for an elementary sound or component of a word, and twenty-six of them do (very badly, it is true) for all the needs of our mother English. Just so, each cell or fibre in the brain does not stand for a particular word or a particular idea, but for some element of sensation or memory or feeling that goes to make up the special word or idea in question. Horse is made up of five letters, or of four phonetic sounds; it is made up also of a certain form and size and colour and mode of motion; and when we speak of it all these elements are more or less vaguely present to our consciousness, coalescing into a sort of indefinite picture, and calling up one another more or less symbolically.

This theory at first sight seems to make the explanation of memory far more difficult and abstruse than formerly. For on the old hypothesis (never perhaps fully pushed to its extreme in realisable thought by any sensible person) it seemed easy enough to say that every act of perception and every fact learnt was the establishment of a line of communication between two or more distinct cells or ganglia in the brain, and that the communication, once fairly established, persisted pretty constantly ever afterwards. I am told "Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon;" and forthwith, cell Shakespeare (or Shakspere, or Shakspear, &c.) has a line run from it to cell birth and cell Stratford-on-Avon (a pretty complex one indeed, this last,) which line remains from that day forward permeable to any similar exercise of nervous energy. This method is undeniably simple, neat, and effective. But, setting aside the difficulty of realising that any one tract of the brain can possibly hold our whole vast mental picture of Shakespeare or of Stratford-on-Avon (especially if we have ever read the one or visited the other) there is the grotesque difficulty of the innumerable lines and cross-connections of association. A central telephone station would be the merest child's play to it. For even so simple a word and idea as gooseberry is capable of arousing an infinite number of ideas and emotions. It may lead us at once to the old garden in the home of our childhood, or to the gooseberry-fool we ate yesterday: it may suggest the notion of playing gooseberry, or the big gooseberry of the newspaper paragraph: it may lead to etymological dissertation on its derivation from gooseberry, allied to north country grosers and French groseille, or it may summon up visions of bad champagne, incidentally leading to the Vicar of Wakefield, and the famous wine

manufactured only by Mrs. Primrose. In fact, I have no hesitation at all in expressing my private opinion that if the chart of the brain were at all like what most people imagine it to be, the associations of the word gooseberry alone would suffice to give good and solid employment to every fibre, cell, and convolution it anywhere possesses.

On the other hand, if we regard the brain as mainly dynamical, as an organism capable of very varied combinations of action, we can easily see, not only how memory becomes possible, but also how such infinite variations of association are rendered conceivable. For if every thought or perception is, as it were, an organised tremor in a vast group of diverse nerve-elements, often indeed in almost all together, it is simple enough to understand how these tremors may fall into regular rhythms, may excite one another in regular successions, may get habitual, just as the steps do in dancing, or the movements of the hand in writing a familiar and well remembered formula—for example, in signing one's name. Here, in this immense and minutely organised workshop, we have a constant succession of motions in wheels and gearing, so arranged that each motion may be communicated in a thousand directions, and what is apparently a single impetus may call up the most diverse and extraordinary results. But in reality, the impetus is not single: for when we are thinking of horse in one way, we have a certain fixed form of movement called up; while if we are thinking of it in another way, the form called up, though analogous in many respects, is far indeed from being identical. When I write "nice" you think of something or other vaguely pleasant: but when I write "Nice" the very pronunciation is altered into something very like "niece," and the picture that rises before your mind is the very definite one of the Promenade des Anglais, with its long line of white villas and stunted palm-trees, bounded by the blue horizon of the Mediterranean and the beautiful slopes of the coast towards Villefranche. It is just the same with the apples and the oranges. The elements of the picture vary incessantly; and while one combination now suggests one association, another combination another time suggests a second. The elements join together in an infinite variety of ways, and so a finite number of cells and fibres enable us to build up all the wealth of thought, just as twenty-six tiny symbols allow us to express all the wonderful conceptions of Milton and all the beautiful ideas of Shelley. There are only fifty-two cards in a pack, it is true, but no two games of whist ever yet played, in all probability, were absolutely identical.

To sum it all up: it is the brain as a whole that thinks, and feels, and desires, and imagines, just as it is the body as a whole that walks, and swims, and digs, and dances. To locate, say, the faculty of language in a particular convolution of a particular hemisphere is almost as absurd, it seems to me, as to locate, say, the faculty of writing in the last joint of the right forefinger. Convolution and forefinger may be absolutely essential or indispensable for the proper performance of speech or writing; but to say that is not to say that the function in question is there localised. The brain as a whole is the organ of mind, but there is no organ for the word Canonbury or for the proper perception of a Mrs. Pollock geranium.

GRANT ALLEN.

SHERIDAN AND HIS WIVES.

FROM all contemporary accounts, one of the most enchanting of heroines appears to have been Elizabeth Linley—the first wife of the brilliant Brinsley Sheridan. This charming creature engaged the affection of all who approached her, and was as gifted in intellect as in figure and feature. Like so many beautiful engaging beings, she was cut off prematurely and in her prime. She was not appreciated as she ought to have been by the man who had the direction of her life, and it is certainly unfortunate that her lot was not cast with one more capable of setting a good example and of restraining judiciously her winsome if indiscreet disposition. Her story is a rômance in itself.

The Linley family lived at Bath. Chilcot, the organist of Bath Abbey, about the year 1735, had noted a little boy who showed extraordinary musical taste, and had taken him as his pupil. This was the young Linley, who came from Wells—afterwards to be well known as Doctor of Music. So promising was his talent, that he went to London and was placed under the care of one Paradise, a well-known musician. After completing his education, he returned to Bath to "set up" as a teacher of music. Here he established himself, became well known as a local personage, and established a series of fashionable concerts at the Assembly Rooms, which were well supported by persons of distinction.

Well known also was he for a charming and clever family, all endowed with musical tastes. Crowds admired his two interesting daughters, Elizabeth and Maria, whose lovely voices and graceful mien were, perhaps, the attractions of the enterprise. Humphrey, the painter, we are told, coming to Bath in 1762, "took lodgings with Linley, whose lovely daughter Eliza Anne (afterwards the Saint Cecilia of Sir Joshua) was then in her ninth year." She knew all the songs in "Thomas and Sally," "The Beggar's Opera," "The Chaplet," and "Love in a Village," and these she would sing so sweetly, that many a day, at the young painter's solicitation, she chanted them seated at the foot of his easel, looking up to him,

unconscious of her heavenly features: with such features and looks as prevailed upon the motley visitors of Bath when she so gracefully held up her little basket with her father's benefit-tickets, at the door, as they passed in and out of the pump-room.

Nothing indeed so exhibits the spell and charm of this fascinating creature as the almost rapturous terms in which the various friends and acquaintances speak of her. A bishop, Dr. O'Beirne of Meath, declared with unepiscopal rapture that she was "the link between an angel and a woman." It was impossible to do justice to her exquisite nature. Dr. Burney's tongue seems to grow wanton in praise. When speaking of the loss of her gifted brother, Tom Linley, he says: "This amiable and promising youth was drowned at an early age, to the great affliction of his family, particularly his matchless sister Mrs. Sheridan, whom this calamity rendered miserable for a long time, during which her affection and grief were distilled in verses of a most sweet and affecting kind on the sorrowful event. The beauty, talent, and mental endowments of this St. Cecilia Rediviva will be remembered to the last hour of all who heard or even saw and conversed with her. The tone of her voice and expressive manner of singing were as enchanting as her countenance and conversation. In her singing, with a mellifluous-toned voice, a perfect shake and intonation, she was possessed of the double power of delighting an audience equally in pathetic strains and songs of brilliant execution, which is allowed to very few singers. When she had seen the Agujari, the Danzi, she astonished all hearers by performing the 'Bravura Air,' extending the natural compass of her voice above the highest note of the harpsichord before additional keys were in fashion."

When Mr. Wilkes was in Bath in 1772, lodging in the South Parade, he passed an evening with Mr. Brereton's family and the Miss Linleys. "The eldest," wrote this strange being, "I think still superior to all the handsome things I have heard of her. She does not seem in the least spoilt by any of the idle talk of our sex, and is the most modest, pleasingly delicate flower I have seen for a great while. The youngest a mere coquette—no sentiment." Such was the verdict of this cool experienced judge of the sex. Indeed we have only to look at Gainsborough's and Sir Joshua's paintings, both evidently stimulated by love of their subject—to gather an idea of what this spell was. It seemed to work by an irrepressible sweetness joined with a gentle and amiable *espièglerie*—a charming combination which some of us have at times encountered in "life's dull round." All the members of this gifted family, "a

nest of nightingales," were destined to have a sad career. The young Thomas Linley, a prodigy, composer, and violinist of amazing promise, was drowned; his sister Maria, it used to be long repeated, died at her harpsichord when singing a religious strain. "But a little before her death," we are told, "she raised herself up, and with unexpected and momentary animation sung a part of the anthem 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' The pathetic and almost superhuman sweetness of the notes breathed by the young and lovely creature who was just departing gave an appearance of inspiration to this last effort of a voice that had delighted every ear. The attending physician was greatly overcome by the scene, and could only exclaim 'She is an angel!' as he left the room," the fact being that she died of a fever in her bed. Her brother Samuel, a promising young officer of the Navy, was cut off by a fever also. Mrs. Tickell died early. Mrs. Linley, the mother, had to become wardrobe-keeper to Drury Lane. The unhappy father was left alone, all his children being snatched from him within a space of a few years. Mrs. Crouch, the singer, describes a pathetic scene when the bereaved father tried to accompany her at the harpsichord, his tears flowing as every note suggested his lost children. Mrs. Tickell, her sister, Dr. Burney thought, was little inferior to her in talents and beauty. In the pleasantly situated Dulwich Gallery, one of the most interesting we have, hang many portraits of the Linley family. But there is one in the first room—a full-length of these engaging sisters, by Gainsborough, painted in his most limpid style—which has a perfect fascination for the visitor. Two more elegant figures could not be conceived. The painter was inspired and at his best. One of the sisters is standing, the other sitting. The faces cannot be called beautiful, but there is a thoughtful grace, a tranquil sweetness that is indescribable. It is sad to think that these two charming women were married to, say, thoughtless, careless husbands, who brought on them many an hour of anxiety, suffering, and sorrow. The exquisite limpid grace of the painter and his transparent colouring were never more becomingly displayed.

Mr. Garrick had found his way to Bath about the year 1770, and, attracted like the rest, had thought she would be an addition to his theatre. But her father declined his proposals on the odd ground that he himself was entitled to the full benefit of her talents, and refused to avail himself of a middle man. Colman also was anxious that she should come to him at the Haymarket, but his proposals were also declined in the following highly candid letter

(which is unpublished), and which throws light on the character of our musical doctor.

"I think," he wrote, "as she has acquired a reputation, I ought to have the advantage of her first performing in London myself; and as the public rooms in London are open to me on the same terms as to all the performers, there is a great probability that I may get more than the sum Mr. Jones offers, by my attempting a concert on my own account. Were I properly settled in London, I think I could conduct the business of oratorios regularly; therefore I do not relish giving the prime of my daughter's performance to support the schemes of others. Still," adds this wary negotiator, "as you are so earnest, I would take two hundred guineas and a clear benefit, with choice of oratorios.

"In regard to her engaging as an actress, I shall never do that, *unless it were to ensure to myself and family a solid settlement* by being admitted to purchase a share in the patent on reasonable terms, or something adequate to this; either of which I perceive no probability of obtaining; and I shall never lay myself at the mercy of my children, especially when their power of being of service to me depends so entirely upon chance."

This rather mercenary strain in the professor's character, a strain which is not wholly unknown in other musical professors, tempted him to yield her to a very ancient and wealthy admirer, Mr. Long of Wiltshire. This extraordinary sacrifice excited much discussion in a place like Bath, and the poor girl herself, being disinclined to the business, made an appeal to her elderly lover, which he was said to have very handsomely responded to, and released her. Nay, he took the odium of the step upon himself, and was instantly served with an action for breach of promise by the greedy father, which he proceeded to London to prosecute. The amiable Mr. Long, however, satisfied him with a sum of £3,000, which became a very suitable portion for the young heroine. Such is the pretty story told by Moore, and repeated by many others, which surely "reconciles us to human nature." The truth appears to be that this Mr. Long was a well-known and notorious miser, who had treated the young lady infamously—so badly that Foote, who used to frequent Bath, seized on the incident and fashioned it into one of his highly personal plays, in which the miser was duly gibbeted. Garrick, also a friend of the family, furnished a prologue to the "Maid of Bath," and it seems probable from a comparison of dates that this kind offer to the family to bring her out on his stage was prompted by sympathy for

her case. Foote read the piece to Garrick and Cumberland on the eve of its production, while Garrick, in his prologue, speaks of the

> Monster who had it in his power
> A young and tender virgin to devour.

As we now read the play we are amazed at the personality in which Foote could indulge himself; for here we find "Miss Linnet, the Maid of Bath" (Miss Linley's pet name); Mrs. Linnet, her mother; Flint the miser, played with gusto by Foote himself; and the well-known "Bear Inn," with all sorts of local allusions; while Major Racket may have stood for Captain Matthews. This major asks after his "little flame—la petite Rossignol—the lovely little Linnet," and is told that she is going to be buried alive, to be married to that "old fusty, shabby, shuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, mirth-marring, amorous old hunks." Mrs. Linnet is represented as pressing her daughter to marry. She is convinced there is some little low paltry passion that lurks in her heart. "Ten thousand a year! There's not a lady in town would refuse him." "Not his fortune," says Miss Linnet. "Well," answers her mother, "who nowadays marries anything else? Would you refuse an estate because it happens to be a little encumbered? You must consider the man in this case a kind of mortgage."

It is amusing to note how Sheridan later stole this passage, adapting it for his "Rivals,"—"You must take the estate with the live stock;" while in the "School for Scandal," Lady Teazle makes nearly the same point as to the disproportion of age. Then her mother reminds her that she has only a baby face, and can bawl a few ballads, and she was bound moreover to support her family; all which agrees curiously with the characters of the Linleys. Mrs. Linley being notorious for her miserly ways, Flint makes her a present of "a small paper of tea" which he had in his pocket, and is exhibited in a most degrading light.

Then, alarmed by his friends as to the costly responsibilities of the step he was about to take, he determines to "get out" of the business, which he does by making her a shameful proposal. He is threatened by the party with an action at law, and the whole concludes with this odd passage: Sir Charles offers her to Racket, with two thousand pounds, which he acknowledged by saying, "I think the lady might first be consulted. I should be sorry a fresh prosecution should follow." Miss Linnet says there was an account to settle with a Miss Prim. He says he can explain that. But she answers that she won't give him the trouble: all which seems to refer pointedly to Matthews, who was a married man.

Mr. Forster says—and with justice—that it was this scathing attack that nearly enforced from the unwilling Long the large sum in question. Thus the legend of the romantic elderly admirer so generously withdrawing, and presenting his flame with a fortune, is completely dissipated, and, it is to be hoped, will be no longer circulated. The story of the young man's love for Miss Linley, their elopement to France, his duel with Captain Matthews, are all familiar and oft-told tales, with which the reader need not now be troubled. The curious part was that the parents on both sides objected to the match, and refused to forgive their children: Mr. Sheridan, because his son had "let down" the family by marrying into a music-master's family, he himself being an elocution master and an actor—and Dr. Linley, as we have seen, because he had been robbed of his daughter's valuable and profitable services.

At this happy time, when they were starting on their married life in London, full of life and promise, we see in the newspapers many evidences of the interest taken by the public in the young pair. Thus, in the *Morning Post* of February 1771: "Sheridan has taken a house in Orchard Street, Oxford Street, where he purposes, if his wife recovers, to give concerts twice a week to the nobility. Mrs. S. has refused 1,200 guineas for 12 nights at her Pantheon, 1,000 guineas for the Oratorios, and 1,000 guineas for Giardini's concerts." In 1783 it was rumoured that Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Tickell, and Miss Linley were "expected to be honoured with the Queen's desire to sing at the Private at Buckingham House"—and they accordingly performed there.

In 1779, the early flush of her husband's triumphs, we find a glimpse of her for a moment just as she appeared to the volatile Fanny Burney.

"Mr. and the Misses Cholmondeley!" she cries out; "but who else think you?—why, Mrs. Sheridan! Was absolutely charmed at the sight of her. I think her quite as beautiful as ever, and even more captivating; for she has now a look of ease and happiness that animates her whole face. Miss Linley was with her; she is very handsome, but nothing near her sister: the elegance of Mrs. Sheridan's beauty is unequalled by any I ever saw, except Mrs. Crewe. I was pleased with her in all respects. She is much more lively and agreeable than I had any idea of finding her; she was very gay, and very unaffected, and totally free from airs of any kind. Miss Linley was very much out of spirits; she did not speak three words the whole evening, and looked wholly unmoved at all that passed. Indeed, she appeared to be heavy and inanimate."

All the incidents of this early life in London when his famous plays were produced, are familiar to the readers from the biographies of Moore and others. It may be said that his remarkable wife showed powers of serious application and of devotion to her duties. She was always, however, of frail health, and a life of dissipation was not likely to fortify her. Nor did Sheridan, as he was drawn into politics and dissipation, show himself worthy of so accomplished and elegant a creature. This is yet one more of the Sheridan Legends which must be exploded. In one of the MS. books which came to Mrs. Canning on her death were some pathetic verses of hers, which reveal her situation :

> When first the cruel truth I found,
> Nor thou thy love of change disowned,
> Fierce madness seized my brain ;
> But happier now, a milder grief,
> A softer thought, can give relief ;
> I weep and can complain.

He was thoroughly selfish, devoted to his own pleasures, and regardless of others in their pursuit. It has, moreover, been glossed over, but was known to many, that he was anything but a kind husband, though it has been supposed that he was devoted to her. Mr. Smyth, the tutor of his son, learned from Mrs. Canning, who lived in the village near his place at Wanstead, that he "would tease and irritate Mrs. Sheridan until she was ready to dash her head against the wall." She has seen her burst into tears, and leave the room. Then the scene changed, and the wall seemed as likely to receive his head as hers. This folly was not "once and away," but, as Mrs. Canning said, too often repeated. This lady was the bosom friend, as it is called, of the first Mrs. Sheridan—in whom the poor, much-tried lady found true sympathy and affection. She declared that it was by repeated treatment of this kind, this torturing of her while he loved her all the while, and by worse and less lawful excesses and desertions, that he at last destroyed her patience, and alienated her heart. She then, out of pique and bitter resentment, began to listen to other admirers, only too ready to compensate for the neglect of the protector.

"I could easily comprehend all Mrs. Canning told me of the sufferings of Mrs. Sheridan, who was destined this moment to adore the man for his affection and brilliant talents, the next ready to fly from him, overpowed and indignant at his teasing unreasonableness and nervous unintelligible folly." Who cannot see here the original of the self-tormenting Falkland in his own play, drawn to the life?

There is always something piteous in such a wreck as this—nothing, alas! ever brings back the old love thus estranged. Moore touches in a rather florid way, meant probably to be indistinct, on this disastrous incident.

About the end of the year 1791 the well-known Madame de Genlis had come to town, attended by her pupil, the Duke of Orleans' daughter, and also by another young lady, whom Mr. Moore decorously styles "her adopted daughter," the well-known "Pamela." Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Fox, and others were conspicuous in their attentions, and readers of Miss Burney's memoirs will recall how her Majesty had sternly set her face against any reception of the French lady. At the time of her visit there was also in London the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, then intimate with the Sheridans, and of whom Mr. Moore oddly makes this insinuation: "Lord Edward was *the only one* among the *numerous suitors* of Mrs. Sheridan to whom she was supposed *to have listened with anything like a return of feeling*; and that there should be mutual admiration between two such noble specimens of human nature, it is easy, without injury to either of them, to believe."

This is in the best style of the "College" in Sheridan's own comedy. But in another passage he seems to define this "return of feeling," if not to excuse it. "Mrs. Sheridan was united," he says, "not only by marriage, but by love, to a man who was the object of universal admiration, and whose vanity and passions too often led him to yield to the temptations by which he was surrounded. It was but natural that, in the consciousness of her own power to charm, she should be now and then piqued into an appearance of retaliation, and seem to listen with complacence to some of those numerous worshippers who crowd around such beautiful and unguarded shrines." There is some clumsiness of statement in this, and it is impossible to read her last letters, so full of *practical* devotion, without seeing that there was little beyond a love of admiration and a wish perhaps to pique her husband's regard.

On one occasion when Lord Edward was paying her a visit, Sheridan came in and described a beautiful French girl he had lately seen, and added that she put him strongly in mind of what his own wife had been in the first bloom of her youth and beauty. Mrs. Sheridan turned to Lord Edward, and said with a melancholy smile, "I should like you, when I am dead, to marry that girl."

Lady Morgan, in a conversation with the late Lady Guy Campbell, the daughter of "Pamela," in 1832, learned some rather curious details. "She swears—frankly enough, she has no doubt—that

Lady Guy, her mother, was the daughter of Egalité and Madame de Genlis, and she told me that she has a paper signed by them both, being a contract of adoption of the child Pamela by both. She recollects an angry dispute between her mother (Lady E. Fitzgerald) and Madame de Genlis, when the latter said, 'Ne vous vantez pas d'être ma fille, vous ne l'êtes pas.' 'Pardi,' replied Pamela, 'il n'y a pas de quoi s'en vanter!' Pamela was born whilst Madame de Genlis was in the West Indies. She sent for the child to London to speak English with Mademoiselle d'Orléans. I see a great likeness in the upper part of Lady Campbell's face to Madame de Genlis; but *en beau*, very pretty from expression and movement of countenance. The King of France was present at her mother's marriage with Lord Edward Fitzgerald at Tournai; he was then Duke de Chartres, and Fitzgerald was in Dumouriez's army."

A life of constant dissipation was likely to impair a constitution naturally delicate, and in 1791 Mrs. Sheridan fell into a slow decline. The incidents of her pathetic death in 1792 are well known, as well as of the rather unprofessional complaisance of the physician who attended her. She said, "If you can relieve me, do it quickly; if not, do not let me struggle, but give me some laudanum."

During her illness Sheridan showed grief and compunction. "Oh, not a word of that kind," he would cry when some one excused him. "She is an angel if ever there was one! It is all my fault. It was I—I that was *the guilty fiend*." Then he would sink into a chair in a paroxysm. He was tender and unremitting; he carried her in his arms, and read the Scriptures to her. No doubt his grief for his elegant and interesting wife was sincere and poignant; but this, in one of his mercurial temperament, and one that required distraction and constant amusement, was not likely to be very lasting. Accordingly we are not surprised to find him soon after this event engaged in what seems a curious adventure.

Even for the luxury of indulgence in his grief and sentiment he contrived to make others pay. The beautiful Gainsborough picture of his first wife had come into his brother-in-law Linley's hands—no doubt as a security for a loan—who had sent it to a public exhibition. There were some other pictures there belonging to Sheridan, but all were seized by Burgess, Sheridan's attorney, under a claim or lien. Sheridan was filled with a passionate longing to have the picture back, and with this view obtained a loan of £100 from Linley, whose picture it was, and thus secured the picture and gratified his feelings. It, however, presently got out of his hands again.

Everything connected with this curious being has a certain

Sheridanesque flavour. Even little articles of property had each an odd history, which has reflected his character. Mr. Ward of Drury Lane, who married another of the Linleys, told Moore that "once when Sheridan was routed from one house to another, and his things, I believe, sold, a collection of *gages d'amour*, locks of hair, &c., which vanity induced him to keep, were sent for custody to a trusty person and left there till, this person dying, they came into the hands of a fellow who resolved to extort money from Sheridan and the women concerned, on the strength of them. Sheridan consulted Ward, and the plan they adopted was to employ a Bow Street officer, make a forcible and sudden entry with pistols into the man's house, and after having gained the treasure, defy him to bring his action."

When the tutor he had secured for his son first went down to Wanstead he noticed a beautiful and refined-looking child, to whom Sheridan always brought a ribbon or toy of some kind. A nurse had been hired for it "at an extraordinary salary." This was Mrs. Sheridan's infant, born a little before her death. But it was plainly waning. One night they had a sort of ball at Wanstead, the tutor about to lead off, when of a sudden Mrs. Canning rushed in. "Oh, the child, the child is dying!" It was in convulsions. A well-known doctor was brought down in an incredibly short time, but it died. Sheridan's moans on this calamity were terrible to hear. His friend Richardson came down and succeeded in drawing him away to town to business, or rather *des affaires*, where his mercurial temper made him forget his sorrows in the company of Madame de Genlis and her fascinating Pamela. When the French lady and her charge set out on her return to France, the following adventure, she relates, occurred to her.

"We left London," she says, "on our return to France the 20th of October, 1792, and a circumstance occurred to us so extraordinary that I ought not, I feel, to pass it over in silence. When we were about a quarter of a league from London, the French servant, who had never made the journey from Dover to London but once before, thought he perceived that we were not in the right road, and on his making the remark to me, I perceived it also. The postillions, on being questioned, said that they had only wished to avoid a small hill, and that they would soon return into the high road again. After an interval of three-quarters of an hour, seeing that we still continued our way through a country that was entirely new to me . . . it appeared to us very strange that people should lose their way between London and Dover. At last, after nearly an hour had elapsed, seeing that we still were not arrived at the end of the stage, our uneasi-

ness increased to a degree which amounted even to terror. It was with much difficulty that I made the postboys stop: in spite of my shouts they still went on, till at last the French servant compelled them to stop. Concealing my suspicions, I took a guide in the village, and declared that it was my wish to return to London, as I found I was now at a less distance from that city than from Dartford. The postboys made much resistance to my desire, and even behaved with an extreme degree of insolence; but our French servant, backed by the guide, compelled them to obey.

"As we returned at a very slow pace, owing to the sulkiness of the postboys and the fatigue of the horses, we did not reach London before nightfall, when I immediately drove to Mr. Sheridan's house. He was extremely surprised to see me returned, and on my relating to him our adventure, agreed with us that it could not have been the result of mere chance. He then sent for a Justice of the Peace to examine the postboys, who were detained till his arrival under the pretence of calculating their account; but in the mean time the hired footman disappeared, and never returned. The postboys being examined by the justice according to the legal form, and in the presence of witnesses, gave their answers in a very confused way, but confessed that an unknown gentleman had come in the morning to their master's, and carrying them from thence to a public-house, had, by giving them something to drink, persuaded them to take the road by which we had gone. The examination was continued for a long time, but no further confession could be drawn from them. Mr. Sheridan told me that there was sufficient proof on which to ground an action against these men, but that it would be a tedious process, and cost a great deal of money. The postboys were therefore dismissed, and we did not pursue the enquiry any farther. As Mr. Sheridan saw the terror I was in at the very idea of again venturing on the road to Dover, he promised to accompany us thither himself, but added that, having some indispensable business on his hands, he could not go for some days. He took us then to Isleworth, a country house which he had near Richmond, on the banks of the Thames, and as he was not able to dispatch his business so quickly as he expected, we remained a month in that hospitable retreat."

This story, which is utterly un-English in all its details, as well as inconsistent, is surely the product of a disordered imagination built up on some trifling facts—the postillions probably mistaking the unintelligible directions of an alarmed excitable Frenchwoman. The *misconception* and misinterpretations put by our French guests on

all that they see in this country is notorious. Mr. Moore, however, traces in her adventure an elaborate practical joke of Sheridan's. But it was not four months since his wife had died, and it was unlikely that even the most heartless would be in the vein for practical joking. "His motive," adds Moore, "was an excuse for detaining so agreeable a party, whose society he enjoyed."

This solution is unmeaning, for if Sheridan had desired her company she must have been as willing to reside at his house had he invited her before her departure as she was afterwards, considering that she stayed a month. The sequel was equally agreeable. "Mr. Sheridan having finished his business, we set off together for Dover, —himself, his son, and an English friend of his, Mr. Reid. It was now near the end of the month of November 1792. The wind being adverse detained us for five days at Dover, during all which time Mr. Sheridan remained with us. I resolved, however, to venture, and Mr. Sheridan attended us into the very packet-boat, where I received his farewell with a feeling of sadness which I cannot express. He would have crossed with us but that some indispensable duty at that moment required his presence in England. He, however, left us Mr. Reid, who had the goodness to accompany us to Paris."

In her later memoirs an interesting recollection occurred to her which she had omitted, namely, that he was passionately in love with Pamela! "Two days before we set out, Mr. Sheridan made in my presence his declaration of love to Pamela, who was affected by his agreeable manner and high character, and accepted the offer of his hand with pleasure. In consequence of this it was settled that he was to marry her on our return from France, which was expected to take place in a fortnight."

Here the improbabilities grow wilder and wilder, until at last we are driven to this solution. The lady had in some way "mixed him up" with Lord Edward Fitzgerald—who did actually marry Pamela about the date she had just named, namely, on December 27, 1792, at Tournay—with her host. It is evident, in fact, that it had been already arranged, and that the courtship had taken place in England.

But the best and most intimate view of this extraordinary character, presented too with a partiality which yet cannot struggle with the sense of equity, is that of the late Professor Smyth, later Professor of Poetry at Oxford—a man of congenial temper, who saw much of him in their latter days. Our Professor was, in fact, tutor to his son Tom, which gave him many opportunities of seeing the father in all his varying moods, which he presents to us in a natural easy way, not

untinctured by a flavour of comedy. Here we have, according to the new-fangled phrase, "the real Sheridan." "You may remember, Miss Cotton"—he addresses a lady of his acquaintance in 1840—"that after one of our pleasant dinners at Madingley you asked me while we were sitting round our evening fire what particulars I could recollect of Mr. Sheridan, to whose son I told you I had been tutor. In the morning, at breakfast, you were pleased to say 'that the company had been much obliged to you for the entertainment you had thus procured them.' As I walked home to my college, it struck me that what appeared to have been entertaining to you might be so to others, and in this hope I drew up the memoir which I now venture to print." This amiable "reminiscent" thus explains how he was induced to set down his recollections in a quaint pleasing style.

Mr. Smyth's family having fallen into difficulties, he, a young fellow at Oxford, had to look out for a tutorship. A friend, Morris, who had written a comedy and a farce, and had thus become connected with Sheridan, learned that he was seeking a tutor for his son Tom, who "had been brought away from Dr. Parr, who could do nothing for him, and that he was running wild at Sheridan's place at Isleworth—the poor mother dead, the father never there." The young man hesitated; Sheridan's habits of payment were well known; but he was assured that whatever might become of others, he would pay him. A dinner was accordingly arranged where was to be also the congenial Richardson and the eminent man himself; but two hours of waiting passed away: he never came. At last a note of apology arrived from the House of Commons in which he invited the party to meet him at supper that night. His friend Richardson made a characteristic excuse to the effect that Sheridan was never punctual, no matter what the engagement. In due time the party repaired to the tavern; "found there was no Sheridan, no supper ordered, no message left." The candidate tutor was returning to the country in high dudgeon, when next morning arrived a letter profuse with apologies and an invitation to dine at Isleworth. A chaise was to be ordered at Sheridan's house in Grosvenor Square to take him down, &c. The tutor, who could not afford to wait, was surly, but was persuaded by his friends. The house, he said, appeared forlorn and dirty, but the servant told him that since Mrs. Sheridan's death he could not bear to live in it, but always slept at Nerot's hotel. It thus appeared that he had one house to dine in, another to call at, a third into which he put his family, and yet had his home in none of them! This was the luxury of grief. Soon after they got to Isleworth Sheridan drove up in his curricle, and was so insinuating and gracious

as to quite win over Mr. Smyth, whom he put at his ease, and who found on reflection that he himself had been talking all the time and Sheridan listening. He was particularly struck with his modest air and manner. Madame de Genlis and Pamela had only just left the house. Next day Mr. Sheridan did not appear until noon, his custom invariably, and did the honours of the place in a most captivating manner. He then set off in his carriage for town. The tutor was duly engaged, and then repaired to Wanstead, where he found his charge, and noted many curious traits in the great man. Once, kept awake by the cocks and hens, he insisted that all their heads should be cut off. He showed a total absence of self-control; every nervous fancy, right or wrong, must be gratified; he was in a fever till any annoyance was at once abated. This is surely a feminine if not childish weakness. Such was "the miserable state of servitude to which long habits of self-indulgence had reduced him." The Professor describes a strange characteristic scene. Sheridan had come down from town to dine on a boiled chicken "at seven, eight, or nine o'clock, just as it happened;" he had scarcely drunk his claret and got the room filled with wax lights, without which he could not exist, when a sudden panic about his son Tom and the ice (there was a hard frost at the time) seized him. Tom would skate; would be drowned! He implored the Professor to rush off and save him. The latter, after many remonstrances, succeeded in tranquillising him. Then Sheridan set out for Drury Lane Theatre, where he must be that night; he said "it was then eleven o'clock and London five miles off." Just as the Professor was going to bed he heard a violent ringing at the gate; he was wanted; "the carriage had returned; and sure enough, what should I see glaring through the bars and outshining the lamps of the carriage, what, but the fine eyes of Sheridan." He had come back: he could not rest nor think of anything until he had got a promise there should be no more of the skating. It was no wonder Lord Grey said to him: "Have a glass-case constructed for your son at once," a remark which the lad used to repeat with great delight. No one could call this real affection; it was no more than an unreasoning selfishness which could not bear a moment's uneasiness or be disturbed about anything.

The tutor, now fairly domiciled, found his charge Tom a pleasant, gay, bright lad, with whom, however, he could do little in the way of instruction. The scenes and incidents that occurred during his time of office were truly extraordinary, and would be most mirthful were it not for the piteous feeling excited at witnessing a man of talent and ripe years, when sense might be looked for, guilty of such follies.

Whenever he figured it might be said it was by some strange grotesque shift or struggle. We see him perpetually, like the Prince of Wales, on the road from Brighton in his carriage or curricle, with flashing lamps, posting off to London or down to the country. This entailed the *keeping*, of course not the paying for, many horses. In the spirit of this wasteful, careless extravagance, he used to have *several* horses at livery, which could not be taken away, as there was no money to pay for their keep; and for not one of which could he be got to give an order to sell. He would lie in bed and take breakfast, dress himself, always smartly and neatly, then pass out through his hall really to escape into the street. "For any one who did not catch him then there was an end of him for the rest of the day—no one knew where to find him afterwards." His son's tutor, once waiting for him in his study, noted the vast quantity of unopened letters all lying heaped up —many with coronets. His treasurer, Westley, who was also in the room, then related how he thus once found his own letter, which contained 10*l.*, lying in a similar heap. He had received a letter from Sheridan in the country, headed "*money-bound*," imploring him to send the first 10*l.* he could lay his hands on. Sheridan, meanwhile, had procured the sum from another source, and never thought of the treasurer. His own valet, Edwards, actually declared that one morning he found the windows, which had rattled, stuffed with papers, and among them some bank-notes! . . . Sheridan had come in drunk, emptied his pockets, and, fumbling in the dark, had taken the notes for this purpose, "as he never knew what he had in his pockets or what he had not." The last anecdote that was told to Mr. Moore, but it was not used by him. He, no doubt, thought it even too incredible.

The incidents that led to his second foolish and improvident marriage are all of a piece. He had left his son and tutor down in Bognor in lodgings, and having so disposed of them, *more suo*, dismissed them and the subject of their maintenance from his mind altogether. Weeks, months, passed by. They were in debt and without money. At last, one morning, the son received this despatch: "My dear Tom,—Meet me at dinner at six o'clock on Monday next at Guildford—I forget the number. I want particularly to speak to you." The much-relieved pair settled that this mysterious and unusual call referred either to a seat in Parliament for Tom, or to the choice of a wife for him (just as he had so often bid him 'Take a wife;" "Whose, sir?" being the well-known answer); the pupil set off in delight, and after nearly a week had gone by his tutor eceived a letter from Guildford. "Here I am," it ran, "and have

been, and am likely to be. My father I have never seen, and all I can learn of him is, that instead of dining with me on Wednesday at six, *he passed through Guildford on his way to London*, with four horses and lamps about twelve. I have written to him letter after letter to beg he will send me his orders, for I have only a few shillings, having paid the turnpikes faithfully; and I am so vexed and wearied out with waiting here, and seeing neither father nor money, nor anything but the stable and the street, that I begin to wish myself with you and the books again. Your dutiful pupil."

Some weeks then passed over; the tutor was still left. At last arrived this letter from Tom:

"It is not I that is to be married, nor *you*. Set your heart at rest—it is my father himself; the lady is Miss Ogle, who lives at Winchester—that is the history of the Guildford business. About my own age. Better me to marry her, you will say. I am not of that opinion. Then father talked to me two hours last night, and made out to me that it was the most sensible thing he could do. Was not this very clever of him? Well, my dear Mr. Smyth, you should have been tutor to him. You see I am incomparably the most rational of the two."

A sprightly and just estimate indeed. While this foolish improvident plan was being pushed on, the poor tutor was quite forgotten, left at Bognor, a year's salary due, and no money forthcoming. The housekeeper could not get it from him to pay their bills for the place, nor could she get any answer to her appeals. More weeks went by; the company departed; the season closed; winter was drawing on, so the hapless tutor, in desperation, determined to go up to London and seek his employer. Sheridan was delighted, he said, to see him, and wondered why he had stayed away so long (!) Tom had been doing nothing but run about the town and get into mischief—he would send him off next day. "He lamented that I had not come up before. He had been so pressed with business that he could not write me a long letter as he intended, *not being willing to write me a short one*." This last trait is Sheridan "all over," and, we may be sure, is accurately reported. We laugh, but in truth it remains no more than a falsehood, one of so many. He owed him a year's salary, and the tutor was sorely pressed. He applied and applied in vain. As he says truly, it was impossible to give an idea of the rage and fury of people whom he subjected to this sort of treatment. A favourite mode with him was of disappearing,—as it were, ignoring them and their letters. Promises of the most solemn kind, engagements fixed for a day and hour, all he

put aside in the most lawless way. At last, indignant at such treatment, he wrote him an exceedingly strong letter bringing matters to a point, declining to wait further. Of this not the least notice was taken, on which he made his way to London and got to see Sheridan. He found him penitent, and full of plans, and he soothed him in his own admirable way. The tutor was to take Tom to Cambridge, which plan, it seems, was fixed upon because Sheridan wanted his country place for the honeymoon. The tutor insisted that this would be simply ruin for Tom, who would learn dissipation and habits of expensive living, and positively declined to go. Sheridan pressed him in the most complimentary and irresistible terms, assured him he should have his money, and frankly owned that his marriage might appear to be an act of folly, "or madness if you like, but it would surely turn out for the best." He prevailed, and Tom was sent to the University. He never learnt anything, but was the delight of the dons and undergraduates from his mercurial spirits and fun. On leaving the father, the tutor had felt qualms about his letter, in which he had used some sharp language. He made some excuses for his irritation. "Never trouble yourself about that, my dear fellow," said the good-humoured wit. "It's all dismissed from my mind." Presently he said, "By the way, you can have it now." And he took it out of his pocket—*unopened.* The tutor succeeded in extracting bills from his employer for the amount due to him, being advised to this step by some "knowing ones;" these he passed to inexorable holders for consideration. When they fell due, every entreaty was made to him to hold them over, but he pleaded that they had left his control. His holders pressed, and they actually were paid.

The marriage came about in this way. Miss Ogle, a young girl of a good family—which counted in its ranks "Admirals, and no less than *three* Sir Chaloner Ogles"—was daughter of the Dean of Winchester, who kept up the old state in equipages, and maintained the dignity of the Church.

Sheridan at this time, though once handsome, was quite unattractive; his face all blotched and inflamed with constant dissipation; his mouth and chin coarse and drooping, always the result of drink. The marriage was owing to a foolish silly rencontre. At a party at Devonshire House, where Miss Ogle was seated at the table, Mr. Sheridan came up close to her. It seems the young lady piqued herself on saying smart and rude things, and everything that came into her head. She called out to him, "Keep away, you fright, you *terrible creature!*" and this though she was not acquainted with

him. By this silly woman, says Smyth, this sillier man was piqued. He wished to show his power, so after some contrivance he obtained a word or two more from her; at the next party, a little conversation. Then she gave out that, though "such a monster," he was very clever. So it went on until the young lady thought there would be much *éclat* on the conquest of so celebrated a man. Her father refused his consent unless the suitor settled £15,000 on her, which seemed a prohibitory condition. But Sheridan contrived it. As Mr. Richardson described it—to the amazement of his friends and the confusion of the dean, it was found and paid down, Sheridan laughing loudly, and boasting that he had outwitted them—though he had indeed only outwitted himself. The lady had £5,000.

The sum, Moore says, was raised "by the sale of Drury Lane shares." Unfortunately this transaction was not to be so immaculate. Moore, consulting Miss Ogle's sister on the transaction, learned these particulars:

"I mentioned with respect to the settlement he had made upon her sister, that I rather believed it was by getting the Linleys out of Drury Lane and taking possession of the private boxes he raised that money. She said she had always understood that he had injured some persons in order to make the settlement good, but whether it was the Linleys, or what were the particulars of the transaction, she did not know." In another place he mentioned having been told by one of the Linleys that "Sheridan had persuaded the Linleys to part with their shares in Drury Lane for annuities which were never paid. He thus got the disposal of everything, the sale of private boxes, &c., all into his hands."

But, bad as this was, it was not all: it seems that the Ogle family and their business man knew enough of Sheridan to require that the money should *be lodged* in the funds before the marriage, and this was actually done. Sheridan, however, thought that he should be left the power of purchasing an estate with it. By some artful management, which we can well understand, Sheridan proceeded to buy an estate, no doubt satisfying the trustees that the money was "lying there" for the payment, and he selected Sir William Geary, the admiral, who had an estate at Polesden, near Leathstead, as the victim. I find, however, in an autograph catalogue now before me, certain letters, suspiciously noted as bearing on "Sir William Geary's claims," together with law proceedings. The fact was, the estate was bought but not paid for! the money remaining with the trustees, where Sheridan was not likely to be eager to disturb it. Mr. Charles Butler describes a conversation

he had with the victim of his manœuvre: "He had sold him an estate; and the English language had, said Mr. Butler, not an expression of abuse or opprobrium which Sir William did not apply to Sheridan. He then marched off in a passion, but had not walked ten paces before he met Mr. Sheridan. Mr. Butler expected a furious onset; but nothing like this took place. In ten minutes Sir William returned, exclaiming, 'Mr. Sheridan is the finest fellow I ever met with; I will tease him no more for money.'" A gift of this kind was surely an income in itself. Finally, however, the matter was settled by a resale of the estate, at a profit of £1,000, for either Sheridan or the late owner.

Even the bride herself was to find out that she herself had been tricked by this accomplished deceiver. It is, I believe, a fact that one day the second Mrs. Sheridan, looking over his papers, discovered his letters to her predecessor, and found that those to herself during their courtship were merely copies of the former. She was not unnaturally thrown into a fury by such a piece of duplicity, but probably by that time she had found him out. But he presently began to treat her to his capricious humours exactly as he had worried poor Elizabeth Linley, and, it would seem, gradually wore away such affection as she had had for him. Moore had a conversation with her sister (which, like many other curious things about Sheridan, is recorded in his diary but suppressed in "the Life"), and that lady told how curious it was to compare the letters of his two wives to him (which she found among his papers), both beginning in the same strain of love and worship for him, and both gradually alienated by his selfish and vainglorious infidelities and extravagances till they ended in disliking him—the fate he brought upon himself from both these women who adored him. But, indeed, it is high time that the proper estimate of this remarkable being were arrived at, and the old popular likeness, so long in circulation, should give place to one more just and true. It may be safely said that there was no one with whom he had dealings that he did not destroy or at least wreck. His first wife's unfortunate family, the Linleys, he reduced to beggary, swindling them out of their property in Drury Lane; Richardson, Siddons, Kemble, his own actors, his authors, he plundered wholesale. Here is a significant letter from his brother-in-law, Walter Linley, hitherto unpublished.

"Southampton Street,
"April 27, 1793.

"I did not think I should ever have been compelled to address you in the form of a petition. We are in the greatest distress

possible, and unless you immediately give an order to Mr. Westley to advance my arrears, and see that my small salary is paid me, I cannot afford my mother any assistance, who will consequently discharge her servants and remove to lodgings."

After complaining bitterly how even his nominal duties and the opportunities for coming forward were taken from him, he says that he cannot look upon his situation without disgust, and that he must go back to India, as he could not afford himself a clean shirt and a decent coat. "My sister is almost left destitute, both in respect to money and the necessaries of life. How should it be otherwise, when for the last five months we have scarcely received a shilling from the theatre. My mother has good spirits, else, I believe, she would not be alive."

This poor second Mrs. Sheridan had soon to have her share of all her improvident husband's shifts, straits, and difficulties. She was frequently left without a shilling for household expenses, while he was away, regardless or thoughtless of her situation. There is an unpublished letter of hers in which she sends her maid to the treasurer to beg for something, as, according to an arrangement made by Mr. Sheridan, she was to have a fixed sum. But for weeks she had not had a shilling, and she must, she says, raise it in some way.

When Sheridan, at last come to the end of his long term of devices, worn out by disease and dissipation, was about to shuffle off the mortal coil, Mrs. Sheridan was ill at the same time in a room above his, and without strength to attend on him. There is a curious story told by one who seems to have known him well, to the effect that he was in the habit of writing little notes to her. One of these reached her only a few hours before his death, and a gentleman who was with him asked permission to read it. It was to this effect, and written in a shaky hand: "Send Charles into my room. The sight of me may do him good." It was then that the curious tragical story got into circulation as to his destitute state, the refusal of the trifling alms sent by the Regent, the shocking squalor in which he was found; all which was pure coinage of His Royal Highness's rather muddled brain. Altogether a most sad, yet not unprofitable by way of warning, history.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE BURMESE WAR.

THE first Burmese war lasted two years (1824–1826), and cost a sum of £15,000,000. The second Burmese war (1852) lasted one year, and cost a sum of £3,000,000. The third has only lasted a few weeks, and the interest of an almost bloodless campaign is already lost in the consideration of its consequences.

The second Burmese war, supplementing the territorial aggrandisement of the first, conferred upon us, not by treaty (for no treaty concluded the war), but by the proclamation of Lord Dalhousie, a total district of 93,000 square miles, which is rather more than half the size of Spain, with a coastline of nearly 1,000 miles, and in the whole of this British Burmah the population is less than 4,000,000, or less than that of London or Ireland.

A few facts about our rule of this territory of British Burmah are a necessary preliminary to the consideration of the additional 130,000 square miles of Upper Burmah, over which the people whom Colonel Laurie calls "the ardent Rangoon annexationists" have long desired, and are now certain, to see our responsibility extended. Under the wise control of Chief Commissioners like Sir Arthur Phayre and General Fytche, the population, revenue, and trade of British Burmah have advanced with rapid strides. Still, the crying want of the province, according to General Fytche, is population. He considers that the country could hold 25,000,000 people, instead of merely four as at present, if, in addition to the 3,000 square miles now under cultivation, we could reclaim the "remaining 30,000 square miles of culturable but uncultivated territory, which is literally abandoned to the swamp and the jungle."[1] At the time of the cotton famine Sir Arthur Phayre wrote to the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester, that there were in the upper portions of Pegu millions of acres lying waste, where, it was thought, cotton of a far superior quality to any then known in those provinces could be raised. And there are as many as eight districts without a mile of metalled or bridged road outside the head-quarter town, and all,

[1] *Burma, Past and Present*, ii. 325.

though wonderfully adapted for the growth of tea, coffee, or cotton, wasted for want of communications.

We have then in the possessions we already hold the best possible market for our goods if we would but develop their resources and encourage population. How? By making more roads, railways, canals, but, above all, by reducing the oppressive taxation, which is levied in order to show a surplus of revenue over expenditure. The opening of the Rangoon and Irrawaddy Railway in 1877 caused speedily a very appreciable increase of population in the districts it ran through, and the same result would doubtless follow other railways throughout British Burmah, to the infinite benefit of trade. Taxation is as high as 13 shillings per head of the population, though Sir Arthur Phayre in 1862, when it was only ten shillings per head, deemed its reduction desirable, seeing that even then it was far higher than that of the not too lightly taxed people of India. There are taxes local, taxes provincial, taxes imperial, and there is the strangely anomalous capitation tax—ten shillings on nearly every married adult between the ages of eighteen and sixty, and five shillings on every bachelor. In this way British Burmah ostensibly pays its way, and generally sends a handsome revenue to the Indian exchequer, but it is at the cost of the real prosperity of the country and of the commercial benefits we might derive from it. The recent agitation in British Burmah for separation from India was not without justification.

Yet, with this certain source of wealth at our doors, the chimera of a lucrative trade with the people of Yunan or South-West China has so dazzled the imagination of commerce that for a long time past Upper Burmah has been an object of covetous desire at Rangoon and Calcutta. Theebaw and his doings were merely the pretext. Colonel Laurie vouches for having found the feeling in favour of war and annexation remarkably strong in Rangoon as far back as 1864.[1] "Ireland," he says himself (though he professes to deprecate annexation, yet sees in a grand vision of Imperialism the 400 millions of China brought, at their own request, under the grand imperial sway of England), "is not more necessary to the power and prosperity of England than Upper Burmah is to Pegu."[2] Or again, "the force of civilisation, if not war, must eventually knock the Golden Foot (the Burmese King) entirely out of the way." And in 1869 Lord Mayo, as Viceroy, thought it well to acquaint the Chief Commissioner at Rangoon that the annexation of Burmah or of any of its adjacent states was not an event he could contemplate or desire, and that he would view with extreme disapproval the necessity of assuming even temporarily the government of those countries.[3]

[1] *Ashé Pyee*, 17. [2] *Ibid.* 69. [3] Fytche, *Burma, Past and Present*, ii. 125.

Conquest and annexation are thus proved to have been in the air of the Anglo-Indian world long before Theebaw, at the age of twenty, succeeded his father Mengdon on the Burmese throne towards the end of 1878. The succession, as is generally the case in Burmah, was a revolution, and several political murders took place, which were multiplied three or four times at Rangoon, for political purposes. The insecurity of Theebaw's tenure of the throne, the hostility of one of his brothers and the open rebellion of the other, and the insurrection of the Theinnee Shan States, necessitated military movements in Upper Burmah, which were falsely represented as menaces against British Burmah, and led to the reinforcement of our army there. There is little doubt but that the long-desired war would have occurred then but for the fact that our spirited foreign policy had already given us plenty to do in fighting the Afghans. The change of Ministry in 1880 further staved off the danger of war, and for five years comparatively friendly relations were established with Theebaw during the prudent viceroyship of Lord Ripon.

In October, 1884, a large demonstration took place at Rangoon to protest against alleged massacres in Upper Burmah, to urge immediate action, and strongly to recommend annexation. It is a strange coincidence that one of the leading spirits of this meeting, and of the movement, should have been the Rev. Dr. Marks, a missionary under whose tuition Theebaw and his eight brothers were as boys at Mandalay. One would be glad to know what were his sources of knowledge about these massacres, which seem only to have existed in the panic or the fiction of Rangoon. The whole story resolves itself into a prison riot in Mandalay. The prisoners rose, killed a gaoler, and tried to escape. Troops were called in, and several of the convicts were killed then or afterwards. Precisely the same thing happened in July of the same year at Rangoon, which ended in the death of one convict and the wounding of several more. In the unsettled state of Burmah dacoity or brigandage has long been a source of trouble, and the capture and execution of 235 dacoits between Mandalay and Bhamo in September of the same year may have given some further substratum of fact to the stories of massacres in Burmah which have always been so eagerly swallowed at Rangoon. That the king had himself taken part in any gratuitous massacres, or that he had paid less regard to the sixth commandment than any other reigning monarch, is to this day absolutely unproven, and rests on the idlest and the flimsiest of gossip. That political murders attended or followed his succession to the throne is, of course, not denied; but such events *have* been unfortunately the only too regular accompaniments of

every change of Government in Burmah, and have little or no connection with the personal character of Theebaw. The Pagan Prince who followed King Tharrawaddy in 1846 is said to have inaugurated his succession by the murder of his brother and of a hundred other persons, and the Burmese rebellion of 1863 was marked by similar proscriptions. These facts do not, of course, make the recent state of Burmese politics any the less lamentable, but they most decidedly put a very different complexion on Theebaw's actions from that sought to be conveyed by the absurd exaggerations of the Anglo-Indian press.

Next to the massacres, the consequent paralysis of trade was the most important of the side issues urged in justification of the war. In 1880 the merchants of Rangoon memorialised the Chief Commissioner, "alleging an extraordinary stagnation of trade consequent on the uncertainty of our relations with Upper Burmah, and the insecurity caused by the large addition to the military force on the frontier."[1] But this stagnation, like the massacres, must have had its chief existence in the mercantile imagination, for, at all events, it had none in the statistics of trade. The seaborne trade of British Burmah has always been far in excess of the inland trade, and the steady increase of both was no less conspicuous in the two first years of Theebaw's reign than in the years preceding. The exact figures appear in a paper read before the Society of Arts by Sir Arthur Phayre in the year following the Rangoon Memorial, in which paper the ex-Chief Commissioner of British Burmah said: "Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory relations of the British Government with the Court of Mandalay, trade between the two countries has not materially suffered."[2] So that it is apparent that there is no Palace of Truth on the delta of the Irrawaddy, and that Ananias and Sapphira would not feel absolutely friendless in the busy marts of Rangoon.

War once wanted, a pretext for it is seldom long in forthcoming. The pretext was afforded by a legal dispute with an English Teak-wood Company. Nothing is more common in Burmah and the adjoining countries than disputes about the teak forests. The disputes, for instance, between English foresters and the owners of teak forests near Zimmé came to such a point, that in 1879 the Indian Government sent a mission to the King of Siam for the appointment of a joint commission to settle all pending cases, and to make rules for the more peaceable working of the trade in future. Had the spirit of peace instead of its contrary ruled our counsels with

[1] Laurie, *Our Burmese Wars*, 400. [2] *Society of Arts Journal*, May 13, 1881.

regard to Burmah, it is quite certain that we need never have gone to the extremity of war over some miserable logs of teakwood. But, of course, the real cause of the war was not teak, but France. Italy made a commercial treaty with Burmah in 1872. France made one, though it was not ratified after all, the next year. Last year she did make one, as did Germany also, and it has been ratified by the Senate since the beginning of the recent war. Consequently, the Bengal and Rangoon Chambers of Commerce were up in arms. English commercial interests were said to be threatened with destruction, English markets in Upper Burmah in danger of being closed. The consideration availed nothing that, even supposing the French obtained an exclusive concession of railway making in Upper Burmah, our possession of British Burmah and the ports would always secure to us a paramount influence over the external trade and railways of Upper Burmah, and that such railways would be to our advantage, by whomsoever made. The prompt disclaimer by the French Government of any hostile or anti-English policy in Burmah availed as little. To exclude the French at any cost from a perfectly legitimate intercourse with Burmah became the supreme object, so that it behoves us to glance at those ulterior hopes which make that exclusion of such paramount importance. Those ulterior hopes lie mainly in Yunan, a country whose capabilities for trade present very different aspects, according as we regard them from the point of view of unemployed railway projectors, sanguine merchants, Quixotic travellers, or of sober rational beings with some respect for geography and history. To Yunan, therefore, let us turn, under the guidance of one of its most recent visitors, Mr. Colquhoun, a gentleman no less famous for his travels than for the virulence with which, as anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, he has, on his own admission,[1] persistently vilified Lord Ripon and his policy, and for his wild idea of a network of contemplated railways which are to connect North-East India with Canton in China, Bangkok in Siam, Maulmain in Tenasserim, all *viâ* Zimmé, a sort of future Clapham Junction in the middle of one of the most anarchical regions of the globe.

From the year 1831 unceasingly for more than thirty years a certain Captain Sprye wearied the British public with his tales of the tremendous trade we might have if only we would make a railway between Rangoon and Yunan or South-West China, a railway of at least 600 miles through a district something like Switzerland, through a country probably hostile, to another country of which to this day we know practically nothing. It is worth while showing how little his description tallied with the most recent accounts of Yunan, in

[1] *See his Letters* to the *Times*, October 22, 1885, and November 10,

order to justify the Indian and Home Governments for the disregard they always showed to the worthy captain's Chinese Eldorado. "The province of Yunan," so he wrote in 1858, "close up to the British frontier, is fertile, thickly peopled, covered with populous cities and towns, connected together in all directions by excellent highroads, navigable rivers, lakes, and canals, and yields in itself large quantities of various rich commercial products suited to the English market." From both the cities of Yunan-foo and Tali-foo stretched "grand highroads to the British frontier, originally planned by the Chinese Imperial Government with enormous labour and at great cost."[1] But, if that picture was ever more than imaginary, wars and rebellions have utterly destroyed it. The French traveller Louis de Carné, in 1867, saw the ruins of the roads and the country generally. And if we may credit the latest traveller, Mr. Colquhoun, war and plague after it have actually reduced the population of Yunan from fifteen millions to four. He speaks, indeed, of the numerous towns and villages of South Yunan, of its thick population, of its rich plains and cultivations; but of the people as poorer than the ordinary Chinese, and of the absence of nearly all trade from the want of roads between town and town. If that is South Yunan, what is the North like? The country is "wild, broken, almost uninhabitable on account of the heavy mists, fogs, and rains." In the tangle of mountains there are few villages; "the population is wretchedly poor and sparse, living chiefly on maize," and only eating rice as a luxury. "Tea and tobacco of the poorest quality are grown here and there; there is no commerce nor industry."[2]

Such, then, is the Yunan of fact and the Yunan of fiction. But Captain Sprye's picture impressed itself indelibly from the very first on the mercantile imagination. For many years it rained memorials from Chambers of Commerce to the Home Government in favour of the new railway or for a survey of the route; in spite of the fact that the Geographical Society, on the authority of competent Chinese travellers like Crawfurd or Sir John Davis, condemned all such schemes as wild and visionary, for the reason that Yunan was "the most barren, the wildest, and least populous of all the eighteen provinces of the Chinese Empire," with a population of only 51 to the square mile as against more than 800 in other parts. And this is the country from whose gold mines Colonel Laurie dreams that in another fifty years we may succeed in paying off our National Debt![3]

[1] Sprye, *British and China Railway*, 7.
[2] *Across Chrysê*, ii. 195. [3] *Ashé Pyee*, 2

In 1862 the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce stated the opinion that if moderate transit duties were established by treaty between British and Upper Burmah, private enterprise would of itself open up a route and trade with China; and the fact that no such enterprise could obtain Government sanction, after such duties had been fixed by our first commercial treaty with Burmah in the November of that very same year, although as a consequence of that treaty the Burmese Government was fully prepared for the free passage of British steamers up the Irrawaddy and for the settlement of British merchants at Bhamo, is surely some indication of the utter worthlessness of the route in question. Lord Lawrence was always opposed to committing the Indian revenue to even the expense of the preliminary survey for the railway; and Lord Palmerston, in 1860, in answer to a memorial by the salt proprietors of Cheshire and Worcestershire, said that the Government had always stated that "insurmountable objections" existed to all the schemes of an overland route between India and China. The Home and Indian Governments, therefore, in 1864 refused their consent to the concession of a right obtained by an English firm from the King of Burmah for establishing railway and telegraphic communication with China, on the ground of the probable disputes it would entail with the natives of the district to be traversed. They can hardly have been wrong in their refusal if, as Mr. Colquhoun says, the making of a railway from Bhamo to Tali-foo would be equivalent to "surmounting the Alps seven or eight times;"[1] yet the grant of facilities for making this very railway by this very route was one of the conditions most strongly insisted on in our ultimatum to Theebaw as an alternative to our threat of war.

Not till the year 1866, when for a brief spell of two years the Conservative party came into power and the present Lord Salisbury became Secretary of State for India, did any Government rise to the bait of this railway to Yunan, a railway compared to which that from Suakim to Berber would have been the lightest of holiday tasks. But in that year Lord Cranborne, in the teeth of strong deprecations from the Indian Council, insisted on a survey being made, subject to the consent of the Burmese King. A survey in consequence was made, but no further than the British frontier; its ultimate result being the admirable railway to Prome, which was opened for traffic in 1877.

In 1868 Colonel Sladen was commissioned to undertake a survey of the Bhamo-China route, and a very voluminous official report

[1] *Across Chrysê*, ii. 232.

survives of the details of his adventurous expedition. He appears to have met with every conceivable difficulty, and to have been thwarted in every possible way, especially by the wild Kakhyen hill tribes. Nevertheless his verdict was decidedly in favour of the feasibility of the same route which Mr. Colquhoun assures us would be equivalent to "surmounting the Alps seven or eight times!"

No practical measures, however, followed Colonel Sladen's exploration till the year 1874, when the return of the Conservatives to power and of Lord Salisbury to the seals of the India Office was again the signal for a spirited commercial policy and for a forward move in Burmah. Immediately a survey-mission was ordered to be sent from Mandalay to Tali-foo, to the ecstatic delight, expressed in somewhat fulsome terms of gratitude, of the long-expectant Chambers of Commerce. Every precaution was taken, and in November started Colonel Browne's ill-fated mission, on which Mr. Margary and others lost their lives. They fell by the hands of the Chinese at Manwine, a place five days' journey short of Momeim, on the Yunan frontier, the farthest point reached by Captain Sladen's party, which was meant to go as far as Tali-foo. The attacking party was believed to have been the advanced guard of an army of 3,000 men sent by the Governor of Momeim to annihilate the British party. The failure of these two expeditions indicates the force of the opposition that any extension of our trade with Yunan is likely to encounter at the hands of the jealous Chinese merchants and officials in those parts. An army may be needed, not only to enable us to make our railway, but to protect it when made.

The Afghan troubles from 1878 to 1880 prevented the outbreak of war with Burmah, which the Anglo-Indian press even in those years did all in its power to foment. Peace for the time was assured by the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power and by the adoption of more pacific counsels in our foreign policy. But in 1885, no sooner was our war party in power again than a policy was at once adopted towards Burmah that was certain, if not intended, to lead to war. A pretext was at hand in a purely commercial dispute about some teak-wood between the Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation and King Theebaw, about the merits of which no more need be said than that the injustice undoubtedly done to the Company might easily have been redressed by a little patience through ordinary negotiations, had not the temptation to precipitate matters by a warlike ultimatum been sharpened by the considerations that Parliament was not sitting, and that the approaching elections made time a matter of importance. That the war has ended speedily and successfully renders it no

less instructive to test the truth of this theory by a brief review of the facts.

In the first place, why was an ultimatum sent at all? On August 28 the Chief Commissioner sent a letter, excellent in spirit and purport, to Mandalay, suggesting the settlement of the dispute by arbitration; and it is pretended that the Burmese refusal to comply, for reasons never made public, was a violation of our treaty rights, by virtue of which all Anglo-Burmese suits were to be triable by a mixed court. Why, then, did the letter use the language of petition and not that of demand? The letter expressed a *trust* that the Corporation had acted honestly, a *hope* that the decree against it might be suspended, and the *readiness* of the Viceroy to appoint an officer of judicial experience to investigate the facts, *if his Majesty were willing* to abide by the decision of an arbitrator. We may regret that the King did not accede to the request, but the letter itself proves that his refusal to do so was fully within both his legal and moral rights. Yet, promptly on receipt of his refusal, we returned an ultimatum of war, without the faintest intimation of such a consequence in the letter of August 28.

And if an ultimatum was necessary, why was it so framed that the probability of a pacific issue should be as remote as possible? For that it was in reality but a thinly veiled declaration of war is proved by the fact that several of its clauses had no manner of connection with the original grievance, and were calculated to make compliance with our demands so improbable as to be well-nigh impossible.

For instance, it read innocently enough to the English public that the Envoy to be sent by the Viceroy to the King should "not be asked to submit to any humiliating ceremonies inconsistent with the diplomatic usage of Western nations;" but when we learn that this had reference to the much-vexed "shoe question," and was a demand that in future English envoys should not be expected to leave their boots at the palace gates before having audience with the King, nor to make obeisance when in his presence, we see at once that the requisition had as much to do with the Trading Company as with the Czar of Russia, and that, however legitimate a topic for diplomatic negotiation, its only effect or intention in the ultimatum was to provoke resistance. The custom was no doubt a humiliating one, but it was one we had at least conformed to from our earliest acquaintance with Burmah. How, then, can we avoid the inference that the dispute of the Trading Company was simply made use of as a pretext to justify an aggressive policy that had its root in quite other reasons, reasons which may satisfy the demands of apparent

temporary expediency, but of which the ultimate justification rests with an extremely uncertain futurity?

Another clause demanded that the direction of Burmese external relations should be under the control of the Indian Government, and that facilities should be granted for opening up railway or other communications with China *viâ* Bhamo. Clearly, these were matters for pacific arrangement, and had no connection whatever with the professed object of the ultimatum. As demands they were obviously unjust. So long ago as 1867, when the treaty of that year was under negotiation with King Mengdon, Theebaw's predecessor, our Chief Commissioner was instructed to have a clause inserted, if possible, preventing the King of Burmah from having any communications with foreign princes, save with the consent or through the medium of the English Government, though the clause was not to be pressed if it seemed distasteful to the King. It was not even mooted, so likely did it seem to imperil the commercial treaty; but the fact proves that the fear of French influence and intrigue at Mandalay, which was the motive of the clause in the ultimatum, and was the real, though not avowed, reason for the late war, is not a growth of to-day or yesterday, but has been in operation for nearly twenty years, though accentuated and brought to a head in direct consequence of the French advance in Tonquin. "With the French pressing on our flank," said Mr. Colquhoun, in a book published two years ago, "there is no time to be lost."

As for the facilities for a railway *viâ* Bhamo, King Mengdon granted a concession of the privilege of making one to an English firm in 1864, and again in 1868 gave every assistance to Captain Sladen's expedition, and took great interest in the proposed railway; nor is there the least evidence that Theebaw would not have been equally amenable to similar amicable negotiations. But a word about the Bhamo route. It is the longest and the most difficult; and the railway route to Yunan, always most favoured by the best engineering opinion, as well as by Chambers of Commerce in England, has been, *via* Zimmé and Kiang-hung, through the Shan States, which, according to Mr. Colquhoun, have within the last few years succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Burmah. If they have really done so, it is obvious that our war with Burmah will have brought us no nearer to the realisation of our best railway route to Yunan than we should have been without it. But powerful trade interests, like those of the Irrawaddy Steam Flotilla Company, which would be naturally averse to seeing the course of trade diverted from the Irrawaddy, or of the Assam tea-planters, who look for an importation of cheap cooly labour from Bhamo as a consequence of the railway, so far triumphed,

that the Bhamo route found a place in the ultimatum, and was thrown out as a sop to the English public, to reconcile its conscience through its pocket to a war undertaken at bottom purely out of commercial jealousy of the French, for whom we could wish nothing worse than the conquest and possession of the coveted Yunan.

The war party of course argue that, had the ultimatum been less high-handed, long and perhaps profitless negotiations would have ensued. To this the answer is twofold—first, that no necessity was ever shown for sending an ultimatum at all; and secondly, that even somewhat tedious negotiations would have been preferable to letting loose the hell-hounds of war to sicken us once more, in all probability, with the hideous and inglorious tale of burnt villages, looted palaces, and massacred human beings. Thankful, indeed, should we be that this probable contingency has been partially averted; but it is interesting to see, by reference to the Secretary for India's speech at Birmingham on November 20 last, how superficial the reasons for any given war often are that are thought good enough to be presented to the people of England.

In the *Times* of November 19 last appeared the following passage from the letter of their correspondent at Rangoon: "The judgment of the Hlootdaw (the Burmese High Court), as originally pronounced, also cancelled all the leases held by the Corporation. The King, however, thinking this proceeding to be rather too strong, . . . directed that portion of the judgment of the Hlootdaw to be cancelled." Some one must have been misinformed; for the day after this was stated in the *Times*, Lord R. Churchill, as Secretary for India, said in his speech that, after judgment had been pronounced against the Company, the King proceeded to cancel the leases which he himself had given, and that that was more than the English Government could stand. So lightly was the war undertaken, that it is not quite certain that what our Government could not stand had even been done!

In the same official speech we were told that the English Government had a treaty with Burmah, in virtue of which any dispute between any English Company and the King was to be tried by a mixed and not by a native court. The fifth clause of the treaty of 1867 (a treaty which Burmah might have cancelled at three months' notice any day after October 25, 1877) did, indeed, say that in civil suits between Burmese and British *subjects* judgment was to vest in a mixed court, consisting of a Burmese of high rank and the British political agent, whose residence at Mandalay was one of the main objects of that treaty. It said nothing about disputes between

British subjects and the King of Burmah; but, apart from that, since we recalled our agent from Mandalay in 1879, we had had no representative there, so that trial by a mixed court was impossible, owing to the absence of one of the main ingredients of the mixture. Lord R. Churchill spoke with supreme contempt of the justice likely to be obtainable in a Burmese native court; but, at all events, that had been the only form of justice possible for English traders for the previous six years; and, in any case, teak having been always a royal monopoly, a dispute about teak must have been a dispute with the *King*, and therefore outside the contemplation of the fifth clause of the treaty of 1867.

One report at Rangoon was that the Burmese were ready to accept all the demands of the ultimatum, subject to the right of appeal to the people and Parliament of England within six months. Had such an appeal been made, or been possible, there would have been no war nor invasion, for it is certain that with no more patience than we have had to exercise a thousand times in our dealings with the country the commercial dispute might have been easily settled. The spirit, too, of the reply to the ultimatum was perfectly friendly, so far as appears from the abbreviated form, which was all of it that the British public were permitted to see. The King was willing to consider the case of the Company, as it was his wish to encourage foreign traders. He had no objection to the presence of a British envoy, under the conditions of the treaty of 1867. He had always been favourable to trade with China, and the protection and help always vouchsafed by the Burmese Court to traders to that country would, on application, be readily accorded. Only to the unjust demand for the absolute control of Burmese foreign policy did he refuse immediate compliance.

This, of course, was not an unconditional acceptance, and therefore war ensued, or, according to our absurd code of military ethics, was *justified*. The friendly letter for an armistice from the Burmese Prime Minister to the commander of the British war vessels is a further proof that war was from the first unnecessary, and that all real advantage we have gained from the war might easily have been gained without it. For, to assume that the annexation or protectorate will be to our advantage is, unfortunately, a gross begging of the question at issue. Burmah itself may prove the white elephant which we expected to find at Mandalay. Lord Dalhousie called Upper Burmah the "worthless rind;" nor has any reason been shown for reversing the decision of 1852 against the annexation of the whole of Burmah. The system of dacoity, never yet repressed in British

Burmah, is of far stronger growth in Upper Burmah; and wherever we set up the pillars of our god Terminus we shall find anarchy and misgovernment beyond. It may cost us less to ward off French influence from Mandalay than it cost us to ward off Russian from Cabul; but the little Burmese war just concluded is but the first step in a contest with France for the whole territory east of Burmah to the China Seas. It is the opening of an Eastern Asian Question in addition to the Central Asian Question of earlier standing. And all for trade with a country apparently less adapted for trade than any other in the world, a country only recently depopulated, such is its chronic state of political anarchy, by a war that lasted for fifteen years! To trade with the miserable population of this country or to make railways through their mountains may, and probably will, necessitate conquest and a permanent military occupation; and the indefinite scope of conquest, of which that of Burmah is merely the beginning, holds out a prospect of hostilities in the future, by the side of which the recent wars of the French in Tonquin and Cochin-China sink into insignificance. For the travellers and traders who have decoyed us into this war do not conceal the fact that, in order to exclude French, German, and Italian merchants from trade in those parts, we must conquer and either annex or protect, not merely Upper Burmah, but the Shan States beyond, and Siam, and possibly, in the dimmer distance, the whole of China itself. This may seem a golden prospect to the merchant, and one of sublime splendour to military men, but the taxpayer will have to be consulted, and he may take a more prosaic view of the panorama of conquest in Indo-China which our forward school has so gaily sketched out for him and so lightly begun without consulting him, in defiance, too, of an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1858. Let us pray that the aims and methods of the new Tory Democracy may chance, not only to rouse his suspicions, but also to meet with his emphatic veto.

J. A. FARRER.

A PROTEST AND A PLEA.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* of last November, Mr. Gladstone published a remarkable article,[1] which has already received two answers. Professor Huxley[2] has dealt with its science, Professor Max Müller[3] with its mythology and etymology; and even the "Ulysses of dialectics" will, I think, find it hard to reply to or refute either the one or the other. This protest of mine is founded on a much smaller point, but one on which I am entitled to speak, inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone did me the honour to allude to me directly and by quotation, though not by name.

The phrase to which I object occurs in a paragraph which expresses surprise " not only at the fact, but at the manner in which in this day, writers, whose name is Legion, unimpeached in character and abounding in talent, not only put away from them, cast into shadow or into the very gulf of negation itself, the conception of a Deity, an acting and ruling Deity. Of this belief, which has satisfied the doubts, and wiped away the tears, and found guidance for the footsteps of so many a weary wanderer on earth, which among the best and greatest of our race has been so cherished by those who had it, and so longed and sought for by those who had it not, we might suppose that if at length we had discovered that it was in the light of truth untenable, that the accumulated testimony of man was worthless, and that his wisdom was but folly, yet at least the decencies of mourning would be vouchsafed to this irreparable loss. Instead of this, it is with *a joy and exultation that might almost recall the frantic orgies of the Commune* that this, at least at first sight, terrific and overwhelming calamity is accepted and recorded as a gain." (The italics are my own.)

The phrase is cruel, misdirecting, unjust. As reverently as those who believe that the Bible is the Word of God—the *ipsissima verba*—and the Church of Christ the sole Ark of Salvation, do we, who

[1] *Dawn of Creation and Worship.*

[2] *The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. Nineteenth Century*, December 1885.

[3] *Solar Myths. Ibid.*

doubt of both, worship the truth and stretch out our hands to the light. If we think that such religions as the world has hitherto seen have been subjective and not given from without—self-generated and not revealed—it is not because we are indifferent to the religious idea, nor because we want to get rid of a restraining moral influence, nor yet because we despise the consolations of faith and the peace which follows prayer. It is simply because certain things, integral to those revelations, cannot stand the test of scientific truth, and fall to pieces under the touch of reason. And what is this joy, this exultation, to which Mr. Gladstone assigns so shameful a parallelism? Is it in our sense of freedom, through our deliverance from the cruel superstitions which have overwhelmed brave men with abject terror, reduced feeble minds to imbecility and inflamed ardent ones to madness—which have ruined the happiness of multitudes, destroyed innumerable lives, and put instruments of torture into the hands of fanatics wherewith to oppress their victims, till the hell they preached was translated to earth, and the devil they painted was embodied in their own persons? Must we bury that devil with the "decencies of mourning," and hang up wreaths of parsley and crowns of immortelles on the closed gates of hell? Yet neither the one nor the other is to be extricated from the correlative ideas of God and Heaven as given to us by the Bible and the Christian Churches. What is our exultation? To feel that we are men, surrounded by unfathomable mysteries, but free from the fears which desolate and degrade—to feel that we can look up to Heaven above unabashed, if questioning—that we are one with the nature we do not yet understand, but part of the whole, and not ruled off to a special destiny of eternal torment—to have broken our ghastly idol, the Moloch of our sorrow, bloodstained and tear-bedewed, and to have enshrined in its place Infinity and Law—this is our joy, deep, solemn, self-respecting, abiding; and we would that all humanity shared it. But to question the objective truth of the anthropomorphic religions accepted by man as revelations, and to have cast from us the hideous superstitions bound up with them, is not to repeat the "frantic orgies of the Commune."

The theory of direct revelation creates a dilemma from which I see no escape. Either it is necessary for the spiritual well-being of man that truths taught by God Himself should be known and believed, or it is not. If the former, then we are landed in the mystery of Partiality and the Favoured Nation; with the corollary of injustice to those excluded for no fault of their own—by the mere accident of their birth deprived of benefits essential to their eternal

happiness. If the latter, then it seems scarcely worth the trouble for Omnipotence to have delivered a message in the tremendous form assumed by Christians, if the fate of the excluded is not touched thereby, and everything is made pleasant at last for every one all round. If we accept the theory of a Unified Truth delivered by direct revelation, we are forced into the position occupied by the Roman Catholics and Mohammedans—that is, the exclusion of unbelievers from the privileges promised to the faithful—and the consequent injustice of the Divine Being, who favours some and disinherits others, irrespective of personal merits and for motives of pure caprice.

Better than a divine source seems to me the purely human origin of this belief in a specialised and partial revelation, and how it is the translation into religion of that passionate patriotism which makes its own tribe, race, nation, the finest in the world, the preservation and supremacy of which is of the first importance. It is no other than the egotism which is necessary for self-preservation, but which cannot bear the test of reason exterior to itself. Standing apart from all, and impartial to all, we can judge better than when we are face to face with one alone. And standing apart, judging for the whole human race and on the broad grounds of equal justice, we see how infinitely unjust would be any partial revelation—any creation of a Favoured Nation which should exclude from participation in its benefits the innocent disinherited. If we find joy, too, in this deliverance from the injustice involved in partial, local, and racial revelations; revelations made to some and withheld from others; it is because we open the doors of truth to all humanity alike—making it general and not special—because we think our spiritual democracy a nobler thing than the creation of an aristocracy of souls, where inherited belief in Christ, Mohammed, Jehovah, or Vishnù confers celestial rank and eternal privileges, denied to the excluded. But to see only the mind of man in concrete religious systems is not to deny nor to despise the religious idea—the instinct of reverence for the Highest Ideal—the worship which is inspired by the sense of Infinity—the confession of that Something beyond ourselves and our knowledge, which some men call God, and others the Unknowable, and others, again, the Law of Righteousness by which we are governed and to which we strive to attain.

The very fact that there are more religions than one in the world, and that each consoles and sustains its worshipper, surely of itself proves the subjective quality of creeds. Who can deny the power which belief in the gods of Olympus had on men? When wild thoughts and tumultuous desires disturbed the Greek girl's heart, did she derive

no calming spiritual influence when she fled to the altar of Artemis and laid her offerings before the goddess, beseeching her divine support? Where was the difference between her prayer and that of her younger sister who kneels before the shrine of the Virgin to-day, or turns in fear of herself to her patron saint, her guardian angel, asking each to defend her from sinful thoughts? Was the story of Actæon, slain for his presumptuous intrusion on divine privacy, less real to the Greek than is to the Jew that of the fifty thousand and three score and ten men of Beth-shemesh, smitten because they had looked into the Ark of the Lord? When women, in their hour of trial, cried out to Lucina, was it with a different feeling from that which makes the Sicilian invoke the aid of la Madonna della Catena? Was the mystery of the birth of Dionysos more incredible than that of the Miraculous Conception, or the avatar of Crishna? Like our own Divine Triad, unseen by excess of light, hidden behind the clouds, veiled in the summer sunshine, heard in the tempest and present in the darkness of the night, ever unseen but ever there, the gods of Olympus drew in council together and watched over the affairs of the men they had made. And the pious believed what they did not see, and worshipped by faith, not knowledge. When some bold sceptic denying possibility, or ardent believer seeking to realise his faith, climbed to the top of the Sacred Hill, searching for proof, what did he find? Was there but one feather of eagle or of dove, of peacock or of owl, to attest the truth of the greater by the evidence of the less?—one solitary stain on the old grey stone, swept by the wind and bleached by the snow, which showed where the nectar had fallen from Hebe's cup or Ganymede's unpractised hand?—one spangle of gold from the girdle worn by the "Most Beautiful"? Was there one smallest material proof of the existence of those Divine Twelve, to whom so many temples had been raised, so many prayers addressed? Do we believe their objective existence now? and have we buried them with "the decencies of mourning"? What to us is that vision of Athene which inspired the artist and cheered the faint and feeble?—what the worth of those processions and prayers, those offerings and sacrifices, which then were held all-powerful to avert war or secure victory, to give good crops to the land and bring divine favour to the devout? What to us are those divine advocacies or enmities in which Achaian and Trojan so implicitly trusted? Do we believe in the visit of Jove and Mercury to Baucis and Philemon—even those of us who accept as divine the stories in the Bible of how God and His angels came down to visit Adam and Eve, Abram and Sara, Moses and Mary? Where are the

satyrs who frightened the nymphs in the woods, and the fauns who linked the human with the brute? Where are the rude gods of the river, fathers of men?—the Eumenides and Ate, Styx and Cerberus? Do we not now confess their phantasmal, subjective, self-generated existence? Do we not say: "These things never were, but were only thought to be"? Yet one of the charges which cost Socrates his life was that he despised the tutelary deities of the State, *putting in their place another divinity*; which was as if a mediæval Spaniard should have denied the actual appearance of Saint Jago at the battle of Clavijo; or his brother monks have questioned the holy visitation to Fra Angelico; or as when some modern thinker stands apart from the anthropomorphism of the Christian Creed, doubts direct revelation, and questions the divine authorship of the first chapter of Genesis, in favour of unchangeable Law and progressive improvement in knowledge, brain-power, and cosmic conceptions.

Admit the theory of an Omnipotent Artificer outside Law—of an Author of Creation who could have made all things differently if He would—and we are caught in a network of contradictions from which there is no possibility of freeing ourselves. Where do we find the benevolence of that acting and ruling Deity, belief in whom has, truly enough, "satisfied the doubts, and wiped away the tears, and found guidance for the footsteps of so many a weary wanderer on the earth"? Not in nature, of which man is but one manifestation among the countless millions. All through nature we find pain and strife and death as the charter of existence. The weak are the prey of the strong, and life must incessantly be sacrificed that life may continue to exist. We make great account of our own pains, and put up prayers in churches when certain miscroscopic organisms have taken possession of us, and are rapidly destroying our vitality; but who prays Omnipotence for the small crab held down by the big one, and slowly picked to death by those ruthless pincers tearing fragment after fragment from the quivering flesh beneath the shell? What feebler-winged creature invokes supernatural aid against the terrible dragon-fly, the murderous wasp, bearing down on it for destruction? Look at the spider, the vulture, the tiger, the cannibal, and the tyrant among mėn. Are they not all parts of one great whole—integral to creation as it is—different manifestations of the same law? But if not the result of Law, working inexorably and automatically from its own centre, then are they the deliberate work of an independent Creator, who might have done differently and more mercifully if He would. In which theory lies the most reasonableness and the

most humility?—in that which confesses ignorance of the *causa causans*, or in that which creates unanswerable contradictions because of its declaration of knowledge, and its ascription of pain, misery, and death to the will of a beneficent Deity and an omnipotent and all-wise Father?

If there be any truth in science at all, and astronomy, geology, chemistry, biology are not so many delusions of the senses, there was a time when our ancestor—whom, for want of a better term, we call Primitive Man—was removed from the brute only insomuch as he had a more erect carriage, a little bigger brain, and more completely differentiated members. Of religion, morality, decency, pity, social law, patriotism, he understood no more than the ape, his brother. He was as much outside the pale of the moral law as the spider or the vulture. In his murders, his cannibalism, his bestialities was no sin, because there was no knowledge. He was simply a brute, enclosing in himself potentialities of future development. The product of the law of Evolution, he had within him the power of Evolution. By slow degrees his brain grew and his thoughts ripened. He learnt the value of fixed laws for government, and the consequent need of obedience, with punishment for infraction. He developed a conscience and he developed morality; and among his moral qualities he developed pity for suffering. Fear of the pitiless elements, of the ferocity of wild beasts, ignorance of causes and consequent fear of results, together with dreams, sickness, and death had already created an Elemental God. When the social conscienc was born, the creation of the Moral God, the pitiful Helper of ma followed as of necessity—by the same law as that which creat the elemental deity, and made visible fetishes of stones and tre prefacing the graven images and painted idols. Imperfect so conditions necessitated a Court of Ultimate Appeal. The r oppressed here by his stronger superior, and helpless in a stat society where might was right and law was not justice, needed s one to redress his wrongs—if not now nor here, yet in the future-Beyond. The tyranny of the potent kings must be punished b wrath of the One Omnipotent; the sufferings of the innocen helpless must be avenged by the Eternal Ruler who holds the and metes out justice. But our God was, and is, the transc our social condition—the measure of our knowledge. The and personal wrongs of which we make so much account the translation into human action of the material sufferings pe all animate creation. Why must a man be eternally compen a cruel and untimely death, or for the loss of his worldly gc

gear, while the worm, pulled asunder by two blackbirds or slowly devoured by flies—which tried Frederick Robertson's faith so sharply —the smaller lobster, which is ejected from its safe hiding-place among the rocks and thrown out into the waste of the sea to perish by its enemies, is but fulfilling its appointed destiny, without which life would not exist at all? This necessity for a Court of Ultimate Appeal and a righteous Judge who shall compensate those who have been afflicted here, while punishing the oppressors, seems to me no more a necessity when life is over than compensation for the worm or the lobster. Each is the same thing, differentiated by circumstances and conditions—the homogeneity of nature and the invariability of the universal Law being surely among the first lessons to be learned by those who dare to think.

Better and truer than the individual consolations of eternity are the general ameliorations wrought in time. By the law of Evolution which rules society—the expression of man's mind—just as it rules the translation of organisms, wrong and injustice create better laws when the human brain has advanced to the point when it can understand that injustice and shape a nobler ideal. The world, which in its barbarous nonage prostrates itself at the feet of crowned robbers covetous of their neighbours' vineyards—of royal murderers setting obstructive husbands in the front of the battle that the wives may be possessed in peace—in its manhood sees the greater good of equal justice to all, and preaches the nobler law of rights and duties as against that of submission and privileges. The specialised inheritance of the few enlarges itself into the generous democracy of Christ, which swept down the barriers of the court and rent the veil of the Temple. The Favoured Nation was called on to share; the aristocrats of heaven had to enlarge their borders, and the Elect to add new thrones to their number. But as presbyter, once a liberal protest, grew to be only "old priest writ large," so Christianity, which was in the beginning as wide as humanity, by the law of consolidation and contraction working in things spiritual as well as material, has become as close a guild and as exclusive a sect as the Judaism it was pledged to displace. By the dogma of a Unified Truth, of a divine and direct revelation, giving privileges to those who believe and entailing loss on those who are excluded, the Saviour, whose salvation was in His universality, has been narrowed into a sectarian deity, like Jehovah, like Allah, like Vishnù. It is the Agnostic who now takes up this lapsed creed of universality—who preaches afresh the democracy of souls—who, in his belief that the religious idea is one to be improved and finally perfected by evolution and knowledge, sees the

true salvation of men and their final redemption from error. In this belief lie his hope for the future and his patience with the present. He trusts to time to carry on the work of mental enlargement, as it has already, together with that of physical improvement; he trusts to science to give us increase of veritable knowledge—and he knows that his trust is not in vain.

All bitterness and reproach, all persecution and scorn are among the things dead and done with to the Agnostic. As little as he would curse the elements which wrecked his house and ruined his land would he curse—though he would prevent—the spiritual cruelties of his brother, acting according to the law of an uneducated mind, a brutish nature, and walking by the dim light of that dawn which is not yet morning. He knows that humanity must fulfil the universal law, and from low, amorphous beginnings reach up to moral nobleness and spiritual beauty. He knows that all society is experimental, all laws are tentative; that the stream of tendency does indeed make for righteousness, with many windings and much doubling back on its way, but always flowing onward from the darkness to the light—from the narrow rock in the mountain to the broad and infinite sea. In the abhorrence which good men feel for crime he sees the ultimate destruction of crime; in the great Man-God which forms the ideal of all religions he sees the projection of humanity itself on the screen of the future; in the fact that this humanity has ever touched the level of Moses, Buddha, Christ, he sees the possibilities of the whole race. He knows and humbly confesses the great wall of the Unknown between him and the Ultimate Verity. But in measuring where he stands now from that brutish Primitive who was his ancestor, he sees no limit to further infinite advance. He sees no limit save that of the individual. Every man must be born helpless, and if he lives to the end of his tether he must die decayed, carrying his experiences with him. All the same, the race survives.

Let it be so. The individual is nothing. He is no more than the diatom, the bit of protoplasm which helps to make a geological stratum and a biological world. From the individual as he is now—striving after righteousness, suffering for truth, offering himself as a fragment in the great stepping-stone—will come the race which shall some day be as gods, knowing good and evil. The storms of the present may wither the vines and blight the fig trees, but the roots remain; and it is better to be among the eternal roots of Yggdrasil, barren of beauty for ourselves, but helping in the life and solace of others, than to be one of the fairest of the annuals—things born of the day and perishing with the day, leaving nothing permanent nor solid behind. Ah! better than all personal gain of riches or of love,

which perish with our lives, is that immortality of influence found in the example of those who have done a noble deed or spoken a brave truth! Worst of all the errors, most deadly of all the irreligious denials, is that egotistic preference of individual gain over the general well-being. Not against those who doubt the Divine Personality they cannot see—who question the fatherly care and beneficence of an omnipotent Artificer who has made sorrow, suffering, disease, and death necessities of existence—but against the egotists who make the unit of more importance than the whole should such men as Mr. Gladstone turn their arms. Speculative opinions are incapable of proof, but moral heroism is a certain quantity; and the belief in and practice of Altruism are essentially parts of that code which has to come to the front in the future. Once men did not see the higher ideal contained in the spiritualised Lord whom Paul preached, over the deities whom Ovid vulgarised. They preferred their joyous hymns and picturesque processions to the colder, more sublime, less tangible worship of the "pale Galilean," belief in whom included the socialism of general poverty for this world and the hope of happiness transferred from life here to life after death. What was it to the joyous Greek, to the strong and sensual Roman, to whom Hades was but a world of shadows, to be told to give up all here—all that was lovable, pleasurable, tangible—for the hypothetical joys of heaven? Did he not say: "I will take when I can and hold by what I know"? just as those to whom Altruism is unwelcome because of its destruction of Egotism say: "What to me is the race? *I* suffer—*I* love—*I* desire; what do I care for the rest?" But it has to come. The nobler life is inevitable; and the day when Duty shall overcome Pleasure, and Altruism be stronger than Individualism, is as certain in the future as is the calculation of an eclipse or a new discovery in chemistry.

The loss out of his life of a personal Deity does not dismay the Agnostic, and the destruction of his belief in direct revelation has not left him desolate. As a brave man knows how to die and pass into the darkness of the grave with calmness and dignity, so a brave soul knows how to live by the light of an educated conscience only—that conscience being the result of gradual development, as much as is the sense of justice and the consciousness of shame. He waits for the time when better knowledge shall enable men to reconcile the mystery of the material cruelty of nature with the pity, the justice, the moral sense, which are the active and substantive possessions of man only—who, after all, is only matter conscious of itself to the highest degree yet attained. He does not know why the House of Life should be thus divided against itself, nor why he, who is only a

higher translation of the Force which expresses itself in the worm and the crab, should feel pity when he sees the one pulled asunder by two blackbirds—a sickening kind of indignation when the living flesh of the other is being slowly picked out by the pincers of the stronger. One with nature, and the product of material things, his revulsion from the circumstances of his origin is not to be explained by the theory of a moral sense—that something extra added by the God who has originated these circumstances. This would be to make the Creator ashamed of His own creation, and to make man His judge and assessor. It is a mystery; and the greatest of the many by which we are surrounded. Why matter, fully conscious of itself in the mind of man, should find the inevitable law, the unalterable conditions of life, cruel, and should do what it can to ameliorate them, is an enigma not to be explained away by the story of Adam and Eve—a talking snake standing erect—a God who walked in the garden in the cool of the evening—a Forbidden Tree and a Tree of Life—or any other of the mythological circumstances to which the orthodox pin their faith, finding them sufficient for their peace.

Let us go out into the open and judge for ourselves. Let us climb to the top of Mount Olympus, of Ararat, of Meru; let us lift up the lid of the Ark of the Covenant, enter the Sepulchre, touch the stone at Mecca, feel the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, and test what we find by the aid of reason and such science as we possess. If we find there things which vanish as we look—things vaporous as clouds that cannot be held—unstable as the river mist which cannot be compelled—can we still believe in the objective existence of the faiths bound up with these things? Or shall we not rather say they are all of the same order—prophet and pythoness, angel and demigod, Madonna and Hera, Crishna and Christ, Jehovah and Zeus—they are all names, not persons, and all represent analogous conditions of brain differentiated by climate and the tendencies of the race? Beyond them all lies the boundless and impersonal Infinite—the grandeur of impartial Law—the prizes to be won from the depths of the as yet Unknown—and the one concrete imperishable essence of all religion:—our duty to our fellow-men, and our duty in self-respect to ourselves.

Always the popular faith has been the last word, the supreme revelation, to those who believe; and always the first doubters—the Uhlans preceding the army of destroyers and subsequent reconstructors—have been made martyrs to their negation. To be said to doubt the tutelar deities of the city cost Socrates his life—Socrates who, before all men, taught reverence and preached virtue. To deny that Jesus, the Son of Mary, was God Incarnate has cost

many hundreds of lives. To question the divine] mission of Mohammed has been as fatal to thousands as was the denial of the supremacy of Jehovah to the priests of Baal. The world reveres its idols, and looks neither to the fashion of their make nor to the passions they typify. Jealous or cruel, punishing the children for the father's sin or demanding the sacrifice of the innocent for the redemption of the guilty—these idols are precious beyond all else, and their worship is held as dear as life itself. And ever the deniers of their divinity have been accused of preaching the wildest immorality as well as the most godless irreligion, and of desiring to break all the wholesome restraints which keep men from crime and vice and force them to obey the moral law. "The frantic orgies of the Commune!" Yes, that is the modern name for the old stone. It is always the same stone, re-named according to circumstances. But by-and-by the world comes up to these pioneers. Then it ceases to revile, and takes their place, crying out: "We knew all this before; you are telling us no new thing."

There is no more sin in questioning the objective truth of religious systems than there is in verifying a scientific position. We seek the truth; and the fact of this seeking is the proof that we have not yet found. "Judicial blindness" is the phrase of certainty so far as the individual is concerned. But his realisation does nothing for another; on the contrary, that one man realises one thing and his brother another incontestably proves the subjective quality of each creed. The cry of the human heart is yet unanswered, and the reconciling medium between man's moral sense and the natural law is yet to seek. The world stands with parched lips, waiting for this dew of Hermon by which its thirst will be slaked; and till we can reconcile these two opposing manifestations of the same Force it must remain unsatisfied. The solution is not to be found in the doctrine of Original Perfection, the Fall, and the consequent sufferings of all life for the childish disobedience of one man. Meanwhile, we who believe in the future of humanity by the law of progress wait, hoping and of good heart. Schools are our temples; science is our ritual; time is our heaven; the human race contains our future gods; and the Satan we have to conquer and to chain is that arid Egotism which despises for the race what it cannot enjoy in its own person, and cares more for the salvation of its own individuality than it does for the redemption of the world. If in this creed can be found any analogy to the frantic orgies of the Commune, I for one am content to stand in the pillory, and let Mr. Gladstone and his co-religionists pelt me at their pleasure.

E. LYNN LINTON.

GOETHE AS AN ACTOR.

"BOY or man, thou wilt never be a poet, if thou hast not felt the ideal, the romance, the Calypso's isle that opened to thee when, for the first time, the magic curtain was drawn aside, and let in the world of poetry on the world of prose!" What the play within the play is in "Hamlet," that is the theatre in the life of man; and all genius bows to the magic of the drama, to the illusion of the stage. Every poet, each imaginative writer, has, probably, if his life have been cast at all within the spell of the theatre, longed, at least, even if longing have not ripened into realisation, to try in his own person the romantic art of personation, the glorious delight of acting. What charm can be greater, to men of a certain mould, than the rapture of passing out of themselves, of quitting their own individualism, even if for two or three short but intense hours, and of transfusing their personality into that of the ideal character created by the great dramatist? Who that has known it can ever forget the tremulous ecstasy with which he has essayed to embody, upon the boards trodden by so many masters, such characters as, for instance, those of Hamlet, Romeo, Othello? Every poet in his youth—especially if a soul of fire be seated in a form of beauty—nay, every great prose writer whose realm is the imagination—must have yearned towards the players, must have burned to emulate them in their most fascinating art. Some have even tried it. The ideal, the poetical drama must be embodied in the human form divine; the art of acting uses the body as its plastic instrument, and the representative of heroic parts must be able to command the co-operation, for expression, of a sensitive frame of mobility, of nobleness, of grace. Shakespeare was an actor; but then he was one by profession. Knowing what we do of the stage on which his works were produced, we can form some estimate of his powers as a player by the parts—as the Ghost in "Hamlet," Adam in "As You Like It," "Henry VI," Kno'well in "Every Man in His Humour"—which he acted; and we recognise that he could better create heroic parts for great actors—as Burbage—than embody them

himself. Goethe, too, was an actor, though never a professional one. By the way, nonsense is sometimes talked about the difference between a professional and an amateur actor; and it is assumed that a man who carries on a banner for the wage of a shilling a night, say at Astley's, must, being professional, be a better actor than Charles Dickens, who was only an amateur. Dickens was purely touched by an ardent love for the stage, and might, if the Fates had so willed it, have been a professional actor. His grotesque talent and sympathetic drollery have pressed the boards into the service of his art; and Crummles and company stir our not unkindly laughter while the poor players strut and fret their comic hour upon the provincial stage. Thackeray, also, has depicted theatrical life and art, and has drawn for our delight the Fotheringay, and Bingley, the "Stranger." Goethe himself has taken his Wilhelm Meister through an apprenticeship to the stage as a part of the lesson of life, and Le Sage must have loved the players before he drew them in "Gil Blas."

Fortunately, we can unearth a record, suggestive, at least, if not so complete as we could wish, of Goethe's career as an amateur actor. His playing belongs to the *Genie-Periode*, and occurred in the years 1778–1782. It is, therefore, more than a hundred years ago since great Goethe appeared within "the wooden O." He acted with enthusiasm and delight, and with distinguished success. Splendidly handsome, full of fire and of genius, he filled ideal parts, appeared in robust and romantic comedy, played the lead, and "the juvenile lead," and even enacted "character parts." Beside the two Duchesses, Anna Amalia and Luise, two very charming women whom he loved—Frau von Stein and the peerless Corona Schröter—acted with him. The culture of Weimar, in its *Glanz-Periode*, took an eager and artistic delight in the theatre, and the noble and gifted amateurs had "princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene." Let us try to recall to our imagination the little playhouse of old Weimar, the grand saloon of Ettersburg, the open-air theatres of Tiefurt and of Belvedere; let us summon up Karl August, the two Duchesses, Corona Schröter, and Goethe—in about his thirtieth year—and let us bid them live again for us and once more tread the stage, embody characters, and enchant us through their worship of the two muses of tragedy and of comedy. Even while they live and act before us, the best in this sort are but shadows if our imaginations piece them not forth; and we have an even greater difficulty when we try to recall from the grave these olden and gracious artists, and bid them, shadows before the shadow of our fantasy—speak, and act, and live. Inevitably, the voice, the

eye, the form of Goethe will "take the stage," and push into comparative obscurity the companions of his revels, the partners of his acting; but our stirred fancy still lays fond hold upon the beauty, the grace, the gifts of the passionate, the ideal, the lovely Corona Schröter.

Our chief authority must be the *Tagebuch*, the diary of Goethe, of the years 1776–1782, and the records of contemporaries—as Fräulein von Göchhausen—which have been so industriously brought together by learned Dr. Robert Keil. Goethe's slight entries about his own acting are very short and simple. The fact is generally recorded, without remarks, in a single line. The first record that I find is, that on the 30th December, 1777, in the palace of Ettersburg, the little troop had "Die Mitschuldigen glücklich gespielt," *i.e.* that they had successfully represented his own youthful piece, "The Fellow Sinners." This work was written in Leipzig, in about 1766, when Goethe was not yet eighteen. It was produced in the time of his early attachment to Anna Schönkopf, with whom, by the way, he once or twice acted in private in Leipzig. It is said that they appeared in Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm." In 1777, Goethe played his own "Alcest," the lover of Söller's wife. The performance would not seem to have attracted much attention. It was his first essay in acting in his Weimar career. The piece is very dramatic and very unpleasant, the moral being "forget and forgive among fellow sinners." On the day of the performance Goethe writes to Frau von Stein, who, no doubt, was to be present, "this evening you will see me in the frivolity of dramatic representation."

Next comes his performance of Belcour, in Cumberland's "West Indian." This play is a good specimen of the more robust sentimental comedy, and many traits in the character of Belcour represent some strains of Goethe himself in his fervid, generous, and susceptible youth. I find rehearsals of the "West Indian" on the 2nd, 8th, and 12th January, and the play was ultimately performed on the 13th January, 1778. The occasion is a memorable one in the story of Goethe's short stage career.

The cast included Goethe, Rothmaler, Von Knebel, Prince Constantine (the libertine brother of Karl August), the Duke himself, Von Einsiedel, Fräulein von Göchhausen, Frau Wolff, Fräuleins von Wöllwarth and Musäus. Goethe, of course, played the fiery foundling, Karl August Major O'Flaherty (the Germans will write him Oflaherti); while Eckhoff, the eminent professional actor, was the father of the handsome Belcour.

Goethe wore a white coat, with blue silk (? sky-blue) waistcoat

and breeches, and he had adopted a touch of rouge, which may have added to the effect of his dark, brilliant eyes. Seidel writes to Goethe's mother, who took a lively interest in everything that her son did, to say that Goethe looked so handsome, so genial, and so gay, that " his figure alone would almost have played the part."

Goethe's own entry in his diary states simply, " Westindier gespielt "—" acted the ' West Indian.' "

Corona Schröter did not appear in Cumberland's comedy, which, indeed, contains no female part strong enough for her. Charlotte Rusport and Louisa Dudley would not call into play her passion or her power. When the " West Indian " was produced on the London stage, at Drury Lane, on 19th January, 1771, it was thus cast :—

Belcour	KING.	Fulmer	BADDELEY.
Major O'Flaherty	MOODY.	Charlotte Rusport	Mrs. ABINGTON.
Stockwell	AIKIN.	Lady Rusport	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Varland	PARSONS.	Louisa Dudley	Mrs. BADDELEY.
Capt. Dudley	PACKER.	Mrs. Fulmer	Mrs. EGERTON.
Charles Dudley	CAUTHERLY.		

Belcour is emphatically, even if he should never have played it, a Charles Kemble part. That most graceful of the Kembles would doubtless have been more finished in his art than was Goethe, but it may be questioned whether even Charles Kemble could have surpassed the German poet in fire, impulse, tenderness. Both would lend distinction and the magic of personality to the foundling; but Goethe may have rendered the character with more love glamour, and with a deeper touch of poetry. Charles Kemble might have more chivalry and grace, but he would hardly surpass Goethe in spontaneity or impulse.

Often the actor's art has been rendered distasteful to the performer by a private sorrow, or by that shock to sensitive feeling which is produced by some horrible occurrence. On 17th January, 1778, Cristel von Lasberg (not to be confounded with the charming Cristel von Artern) committed suicide in the Ilm, and the body was found there by Goethe's people. She was the daughter of a colonel, and, in consequence of an unhappy love affair with the Swede, Von Wrangel, she drowned herself in despair, and was found with a copy of " Werther " in her pocket. She had chosen a part of the Ilm which was close to Goethe's " Gartenhaus." The sad death of the poor young girl was a great shock to Goethe, who thought, at first, of erecting a monument to her memory, a purpose which he did not execute. But the next day, while still absorbed in " silent grief "

for the death of the fair young suicide, Goethe had to rehearse, and he then found acting repellent and the stage a hollow mockery.

On 30th January, 1778, on the birthday of the Duchess Luise, Goethe played Andrason in his own piece, "Die Empfindsamen" (afterwards called the "Triumph der Empfindsamkeit)," or "Triumph of Sensibility." The thing is written, as Goethe himself says, in the spirit of satire, or of parody. "Der Teufel der Parodie mich noch reitet," he says, writing to his mother: "The demon of parody rides me still." On 10th February, 1778, he repeated his performance of Andrason. To Goethe's annoyance, the public mistook the scope and objects of his satire. Kranz writes to the Frau Rath (Goethe's mother): "Oh, if you had seen Goethe as he comes away from the Oracle! Eyes, bearing, tones, gestures—all were perfect, I can assure you. I was no longer sitting in the theatre; I felt wholly in the atmosphere of the *Casa Santa.*"

On 20th September, 1778, Goethe acted, at Ettersburg, Lucas in "Le Médecin malgré lui"; and, in his own "Jahrmarkt," played the Marktschreier, Haman, and Mardochai. Fräulein von Göchhausen (her nickname was "Thusnelda") writes very enthusiastically about this performance. "He (Goethe) rendered both parts above all measure fitly and well." The evening was a brilliant success. Corona Schröter enacted Lucinde, and the Duke was Valère.

In 1779, Goethe was busily engaged in writing his "Iphigenie." He worked on the piece in Weimar, Dornburg, Schwalbenstein. At first his work troubled him, and he progressed but slowly. He dreamed of "Iphigenie." At last all went well, and he wrote the fourth act in a single day. On 28th March, 1779, he finished writing this masterpiece. He read it aloud to the Duchess and her circle; and on April 6, 1779, the play was first performed at Ettersburg.

Corona Schröter, of course, played Iphigenie, and Goethe was the Orestes. It is thought that Corona has seldom been surpassed in this ideal, classic part; and the stage has probably never seen such a noble apparition of Orestes as that presented by Goethe in the flower of his early manhood. He, of course, knew what he meant by the part, and Corona had his teaching.

Here again we are indebted to the enthusiastic but discriminating Thusnelda. She reports that Goethe's Orestes was entirely masterly. "His costume, as well as that of Pylades, was 'Grigisch'"—meaning 'Griechisch,' or the German for Greek—"and I have never in my life seen him look so beautiful. Altogether, the play was so well *acted that* the King and Queen might have bid the lion to 'roar

again.'" The Fräulein shows by this allusion that she must have been acquainted with the "Midsummer Night's Dream." It is, perhaps, a little strange that Thusnelda bestows comparatively little attention upon the fair Iphigenie. Goethe speaks of the "good effect which the piece produced, particularly on pure natures."

Of course, such a triumphant performance had to be repeated; and, on 12th April, 1779, the poet's play was again represented, with the poet once more in his own part of Orestes. He must have looked superbly handsome in the character, and tradition confirms all that the Fräulein narrates about the excellence of Goethe's acting. On the later occasion of the performance, Karl August assumed the part of Pylades. On 8th May, 1779, Goethe acted, again at Ettersburg, Cridon, in his own youthful piece, "Die Laune des Verliebten.' This is Goethe's earliest drama. It was written in the Leipzig days, and the two unhappy lovers represent Anna Schönkopf and the poet. In 1779 it was acted by Goethe, Von Einsiedel, Fräulein von Wöllwarth, and Corona Schröter. Thusnelda informs us that the acting was admirable, and that the play went well. Just at this time Goethe was engaged in writing his "Egmont."

On 3rd June, 1779, Goethe again played in his "Jahrmarkt," and, on 17th June, appeared once more in the "Médecin malgré lui." Both performances were given at the Duke's Schloss at Ettersburg. On 12th July, 1779, "Iphigenie" was repeated—Iphigenie, Corona Schröter; Pylades, Karl August; and Orestes, Goethe. The poet mentions the pleasure with which Karl August studied and acted the part of Pylades.

On 31st July, 1779, the Court acted, also at Ettersburg, Bode's adaptation of "Die Gouvernante." The parts were rendered by Bode, the Duchess, Thusnelda, Gräfin Bernstorff, and Fräulein Schardt (a relation of Frau von Stein); by Wedel, who "did a comic lover very well"; and by Reg. Rath Schardt, who played the lover's servant. Goethe was present. It is singular to read that Bode himself acted the Gouvernante. The performance was kept "very private," and the piece was rendered to the *gaudium* of all spectators.

Hitherto Goethe had played great, or, at least, sympathetic parts; but his next appearance was to be made under different conditions—he was to play a part which he did not like in a play which he did not admire. This play was Seckendorff's tragedy, "Kallisto," which is based upon a piece by Rowe. "O Kallisto, O! O, Kallisto!" exclaims Goethe in his diary. His emphatic declaration that "Kallisto" is a "bad piece" has restrained

me from reading it. Goethe writes to Frau von Stein : " There was a great deal of ill-humour at the rehearsal, specially on the part of the author and of the leading lady." However, the piece was acted in the Weimar Theatre, in May, 1780; and Goethe records that he took great pains with his bad part, that his performance was a distinct success, and that he produced upon the audience the impression that he wanted to produce. He has also this memorable entry: "Even though 'Kallisto' be a bad piece, it yet amused me to be concerned in acting in it." "The theatre is one of the few things in which I still take the delight of an artist and the joy of a child." This is the true temper of a man who is open to the fascination of acting and to the charm of the stage.

On 18th August, 1780, Goethe's version of the "Birds" of Aristophanes was acted at Ettersburg. Goethe played Den Treufreund, and Corona Schröter spoke the epilogue. Goethe reported to Frau von Stein that the comedy went excellently, and Wieland bears testimony to the comic effect produced by the piece, which gave great delight to Karl August and to Anna Amalia.

On 16th February, 1781, and on 8th February, 1782, Goethe's "Aufzug der vier Weltalter" was acted. Frau von Stein represented Night, and Goethe, Sleep; while the two Duchesses, Anna Amalia and Luise, were respectively the Golden and the Silver Age. Goethe records that the representation went very well.

The time came at which the poet gave up acting. Perhaps he found the pursuit too seductive, too engrossing; perhaps the dignity of the minister and the occupations of the director of the Weimar Theatre hindered the poet from performing; perhaps acting absorbed too much time; perhaps he did not wish to seem to rival the professional actors that he had to manage; perhaps he turned more to science—but, whatever may have been the reason or reasons which hindered and restrained Goethe, he certainly abandoned the stage as an actor on it; but, quite as certainly, he had not ceased to love the mimic art in which he had won such triumphs, and which had given him so much and such high delight.

The present little paper may have given a hint and glimpse of Goethe as an actor. It is clear that he fully felt the magic of the stage; not only as a spectator or a dramatist but also as an actor. He had realised the mystic emotion of the player when the green curtain shrivels up, and leaves the wide space open to the eyes of the audience, to the efforts of the artist. He knew the attempt of the imagination to subdue the body to ideal art purposes. He knew the strange blending of tremor and excitement which is felt on

the night of performance. He knew the tremulous nervousness and the elated anticipation of the player. He had lived through that elevation of the mind which seeks to sink individualism, and to transfuse the whole being into an idealism of character or a glow of passion; and he had felt that strange exaltation with which, self annihilated, and self-consciousness overcome, the actor thrills with the sympathetic response of an audience to the magic of representation. He knew the labour, the glory, and the joy of dramatic excitement; and the poet of "Götz," of "Iphigenie," of "Tasso," of "Egmont," and of "Faust," had quivered with the wild, proud enthusiasm, with the triumph, the rapture of the actor who can charm and sway masses of men and women. He had mastered the secret of the boards ; and poet, dramatist, and manager profited by the vital experience of the successful player.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ICE AND CLIMATE.

THE action of the Arctic and Antarctic ice-caps of the earth in moderating its climate is very interesting, and by no means so generally understood as it should be.

The specific heat of water is four times that of air, *i.e.* a pound of water in cooling one degree gives out as much heat as will warm four pounds of air one degree; or otherwise, to raise a pound of water one degree by means of heated air, four pounds of the air must be cooled down one degree, or one pound four degrees. A pound of air at sea-level occupies about 814 times the space of a pound of water, and this relative bulk of air goes on increasing as we ascend. Thus a cubic foot of water in cooling down one degree raises at least 3,256 cubic feet of air one degree, and *vice versa.*

But the work of thawing a given quantity of ice demands as much heat as would raise its own weight of liquid water 142½°, therefore, the mere thawing of a cubic foot of ice cools 463,970 cubic feet of air one degree, or abstracts ten degrees of heat from more than 46,000 cubic feet of air. In the act of freezing a corresponding quantity of heat is given out.

With our present limited supply of data for determining fluctuations of solar energy, the movements of icebergs is about the best indicator available. Readers of this magazine may remember my discussion of the probable effects of the collision of the great comet of 1882 with the sun, and the close approximation of its predecessor of 1880. So far these remarkable southward extensions of Arctic ice and the mild winters that have followed are confirmatory of anticipations expressed in the November Notes, 1882.

EARTH-STORMS.

SEVERAL of my notes have been devoted to the subject of earth-waves. I have contended always that whatever may be the result of complex calculations based upon astronomical data, direct physical observations of simple physical fact prove that the crust

of the earth is both viscous and elastic; that it rises and falls in great billows, lesser waves, wavelets, and ripples; that it yields in some degree (at present unmeasured) to the tide-producing energies of the sun and moon, and to the varying pressure of the atmosphere.

An unexpected confirmation of this view is afforded by the last report of the Committee appointed by the British Association for the purpose of investigating the earthquake phenomena of Japan.

Spirit levels and other instruments were used to indicate and measure the movements of the earth. They show that small fluctuations occur, not only during the period of sensible earthquakes, but at all times; that measurable earth-waves can easily be produced artificially by dynamite explosions under ground and by simply dropping heavy weights.

In September of last year an instrument was carried to the summit of Fujiyama, 12,365 feet high, and it was found that the movements on the top of the mountain were much greater than those observed in Tokio. It is evident that a given earth-wave would give greater swing to the top of a mountain 2⅓ miles high than at ordinary levels, but this was not all.

It was found that "during the heavy south and south-east gales, the direction of the displacement of the pointer was towards the south-east, which is the same result as would be obtained if the bed-plate of the instrument were raised on the south-east side, or if the mountain had tipped over to the north-west."

Professor John Milne adds, "As it is difficult to imagine that a mountain could suffer deflection by wind pressure, I will not insist upon the fact that deflection actually occurred."

But it actually did occur if any reliance may be placed on the instruments used, the only question of fact is whether the occurrence was accidental or not. This will be settled by further repetition of the observations.

If the dropping of a ball, weighing 1,710 lbs.—such as was used—from heights of only a few feet produced a depression of the earth, followed by a series of earth-waves, indicated and measured by the seismographic instruments, a wind pressure of 50 lbs. to the square foot, acting on many square miles of a mountain side, and thus pressing down its base on the leeward side with an additional force of many millions of tons, and equally relieving the pressure on the windward side, must produce a corresponding depression and elevation of the earth's crust, and thus cause the mountain to lean over.

It would be very interesting to carry these delicate observations further by placing instruments on all sides of a conical mountain,

and observing whether in gusty weather the movements were greater on opposite sides in the direction of the wind than on opposite sides at right angles to the direction of the wind, which should be the case if the mountain were rocked by the irregular wind pressure.

If this view of the action of the wind upon the irregularities of the earth's surface be correct, we have an explanation of the ordinary earth-wavelets, indicated by the seismoscopes and seismographs. They are analogous to the ordinary storm-waves of the ocean.

The earth has an advantage over the ocean on account of its ready-made irregularities of surface which give the wind a hold upon it at once. In stirring up ocean-waves the wind has first to roughen the water surface by ripples, and then get stronger hold by means of the roughness it has thus produced.

The Niagara Chronicle.

THE value of the old records contained in *The Gentleman's Magazine* has recently been demonstrated in the course of a discussion concerning the rate of recession of the Niagara Falls. The earliest account of these Falls that has any scientific value is that by a Swedish traveller, Kalm, published in this magazine, January 1751.

Kalm supplies careful measurements; describes a main fall of 137 feet with "a series of smaller falls one under another" for two and a half leagues below. Much of this series has now disappeared, and the main fall has a height of 160 feet. The Horse-shoe was then only slightly concave, and his description of its form by no means applies at present.

Kalm further tells us that above the fall in the middle of the river, is an island lying south-south-east and north-north-west, or parallel with the sides of the river; its length is about seven or eight French arpents." Also that the breadth of this island at its lower end is 80 feet or thereabouts, and its lower end is just at the perpendicular edge of the fall.

The *Popular Science Monthly* (of New York) says that "this cannot be Goat Island, which is ten times as large, but must refer to Luna Island, which, if the description is correct, has been greatly reduced since it was written. Goat Island appears not to have been touched by the Falls at that time."

The general result of comparing this early record with the present condition of the Falls is to materially increase the estimate made by Lyell and other geologists of the rate of erosion of the rock by the water and of the consequent recession of the fall. The subject is one of

considerable scientific interest, as it affords a measure of the duration of the existing state of the earth's surface at that part, the Falls having cut a gorge or long notch 7 miles long, 200 to 300 feet deep, and 600 to 1,200 feet wide in the table-land over which the river flows.

Lyell estimates, according to the rate of recession of an average of one foot per annum which his inquiries on the spot led him to adopt, that the fall has been at work nearly as at present during 35,000 years.

THE LUMINIFEROUS ETHER.

I AM accused by a very high authority in Experimental Physics of being very hard upon the luminiferous ether, and I plead guilty. What I have written against it is but a languid or diluted version of my actual animosity. I regard the original weaving and subsequent patchings of this fictitious fabric as a flagrant violation of the principles of inductive philosophy, presenting a melancholy spectacle of backsliding from the high, healthy, and solid ground of true science down to the muddy miasmatic slough of mediæval pedantry—a turning away from the worship of the sublime simplicity of nature, and bowing down before those scholastic "idols," the impotence of which was so clearly demonstrated by Bacon more than 300 years ago.

I am told that we cannot do without the ether—that we must have it in order to explain radiation. I reply that it is better to confess our ignorance than to obtain intellectual satisfaction by unphilosophical devices, however ingenious.

If only a fraction of the mathematical ingenuity which has been devoted to the creation and maintenance of the luminiferous ether had been bestowed upon ordinary vulgar matter, a far clearer, sounder, and more simple explanation of all that the ether has been made to explain might be attained. I can see this plainly enough, though not a mathematician. If I were, I could demonstrate it to others, by assuming that ordinary matter may receive a *converging* impulse, thereby be made to shiver, and radiate this shiver in all directions normal to itself. Double refraction and polarisation would come out as consequences of special strain or crystalline structure.

We know that the radiations of heat and light all originate in collisions of actual vulgar matter, by the coming together of two or more somethings. The light by which I am writing is produced by the collision of the hydrogen and carbon of coal gas with the oxygen

of air. On the molecular or atomic hypothesis of the constitution of matter, the clash of each molecule or atom should produce a single shiver, and the number of these per second would depend upon the distance between the atoms or molecules and the rate or intensity of combustion—*i.e.* of chemical union.

Regarding matter as continuous and indivisible, a view which to my mind appears far more philosophical than the molecular hypothesis, then the whole universe would be one piece, with aggregations in various places, like the lumps of callipash and callipee in the general gelatinous solution of turtle soup.

The scientific imagination must come in here, it is true, but may do so legitimately, by simply assigning to the essential basis of all matter those activities which it displays when in the act of transmitting light and heat.

It is true that we cannot see these movements or tremblings, *as movements;* we only know positively the thermal and optical effects they produce on our senses; the same with sound waves, under ordinary circumstances. To attribute the known properties of matter to activities which can be rationally shown to be capable of producing them, is a legitimate use of the scientific imagination, and consistent with sober logic and common sense; totally different from the intemperate extravagance of arbitrarily handing over these physical activities of sensible matter to an ultra-physical all-penetrating entity, which has no demonstrable existence whatever outside of the imaginations of reckless theorists.

Such theorists should thoughtfully study the history of science, and be warned by the melancholy fate of the pre-Copernican crystal spheres and the vortices of Descartes; of poor old phlogiston, of caloric, the electric fluid, the magnetic fluid, the nervous fluid, &c., which, like the luminiferous ether, were imaginary ultra-material imponderables or ethers without material momentum, yet capable of communicating motion to gross matter. They were all ingeniously shaped to fit the facts they were created to explain, and yet they have all succumbed to a logical induction corresponding to that above suggested. Heat, electricity, magnetism, &c., are now understood to be modes of motion of matter itself, instead of outside imaginary ethers.

Newton demolished the celestial spheres by simply attributing to all matter the property of gravitation which it actually displays to our senses here on earth. By reasoning on this in connection with the demonstrated laws of motion, he explained the sublime simplicity of the mechanism of the universe.

But the reader will probably assert that space is vacuous. This I deny. All we know proves the contrary. When Wollaston wrote his paper "On the Finite Extent of the Atmosphere," which is still quoted as established science, he assumed that the limit of rarefaction is reached when the air expands to $\frac{1}{3000}$ of its density at sea level, that the atmospheric ocean has this density at a height of 45 miles, and that above this is vacuum, the air being incapable of further expansion. The modern achievements of the Sprengel pump have rendered these figures ridiculous, have refuted all the conclusions based upon them, and have shown that, provided there are radiant sources to supply it with expansive energy, our atmosphere, and that of the sun, the planets, and the stars, are all continuous throughout space. (*See* "Philosophy of the Radiometer," page 59, "Science in Short Chapters," for possible means of determining the density of the atmosphere of space.)

I am not alone in advocating this simpler view. Sir W. R. Grove, in the Preface to his truly philosophical treatise on the Correlation of Forces, says, "It appears to me that heat and light may be considered as affections; or, according to the undulatory theory, vibrations of matter itself, and not of a distinct ethereal fluid permeating it."

Paper Rails.

WHEN I wrote my last month's note on European imitation of the Japanese in curious applications of paper I was not aware that a company is about to establish near to St. Petersburg a large manufactory of paper rails. We are told by the *Organe des Mines* that these can be produced at one-third the cost of steel rails, and that they are extremely durable, the paper being condensed by great pressure. Being much lighter than metal these rails may be carried and laid at far less cost. They are to be made in greater lengths than ordinary rails, and therefore will have fewer joints. This will doubtless diminish oscillation and the consequent wear and tear of rolling stock.

The success or failure of the project is simply a question of durability, and I doubt whether anybody can make any prediction better than mere random guessing concerning this. Many will, of course, laugh at the idea as obviously absurd, but all great innovations are obviously absurd to those who do not understand them.

In reference to this we must remember that much of the wear and tear of our metal rails is due to the crushing weight of the engine,

and this cannot be diminished with metal rails, for if the engines were made lighter the grip of the driving-wheels would fail. The paper will doubtless afford a far better adhesion, and thus be less violently treated, and effect a saving in the plant.

It is not a question of *wear* but of *crushing*. When there is no slipping of driving-wheels, nothing but rolling pressure, there can be little or no wear of surface; the only doubtful question—as it appears to me—is whether the compressed paper will disintegrate internally under the action of repeated crushing strain, and thus bulge out sidewise.

The tenacity of paper is much greater than is commonly supposed. The prevailing ideas on the subject are due to the fact that we usually have it before us in films that are easily torn by a cross strain. A sheet of iron equally thin is similarly tearable. If we try to break a piece of paper by a fair straight pull, its great tenacity becomes evident. Count Rumford made a bar of paper by glueing strips of ordinary sheets together. He found that such a bar having a sectional area of one square inch sustained a weight of 15 tons. This is a near approach to the tenacity of wrought iron. The Admiralty test for ship plates is 22 tons in the direction of fibre, and 18 tons across, for first-class, and 20 tons and 17 tons for second-class iron.

We must all be well-wishers for the success of this invention, as the luxury of gliding over noiseless tracks would be charming. Even our ironmasters would scarcely complain, the rail-making trade having been long since reduced to a series of transactions about as profitable as cashing one's neighbours' cheques.

My own view of the commercial part of the subject is that the superseding of iron and steel rails would be a national blessing. Our supplies of raw material are limited. We are rapidly exhausting our coal, and already have to largely import our ironstone. The capital now engaged in such crude work as rail-making would be far better employed in higher production. Better that the outside world should make its own rails and come to us for locomotives. An ounce of watch springs, or a pound of needles, is worth as much as a ton of rails, and with our excess of labour and dearth of material it is desirable that we should be forced by competition to make up value by highly elaborating small quantities of material.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

The Jacobean Drama.

So great a hold upon the most intellectual portion of the public, or what in early days were called the "keenest wits," has the drama of the Shakespearean epoch, and the times immediately succeeding it, that it is pleasant to perceive how within a short period the entire surviving drama of the epoch will be rendered accessible to a select public. The collection of old plays which, with high enterprise Mr. A. H. Bullen, one of the youngest but also one of the most capable of our editors, has printed, is in itself an important contribution to the republication of the entire drama of Shakespearean times. Containing as does the series, the fourth and concluding volume of which has just seen the light, sixteen plays, of which six have not before seen the light, it justifies the assertion of Mr. Bullen that "no addition so substantial has been made to the Jacobean drama since the days of Humphrey Moseley and Francis Kirkman." In the last volume is a play rightly assigned by Mr. Bullen to Thomas Heywood, constituting one of the numerous works that, according to his own confession, make him a rival to Lope de Vega, and somewhat curiously entitled "The Captives; or, The Lost Recovered," which is wholly strange to students of the drama, and which is of highest interest. Scarcely inferior either in novelty or in value are the other plays in the volume. As a further contribution to our knowledge of seventeenth-century literature Mr. Bullen is about to publish by subscription the works of Thomas Nabbes, William Rowley, and Robert Davenport. So high a service to literature does Mr. Bullen render in these publications, that I am glad to give his scheme all possible publicity.

The Key-note of Modern English Literature.

Ardent love of Nature seems to me the key-note of modern English literature. To trace the influences, extending over something more than a century, which have led to the latest

development requires an essay or a volume rather than a paragraph. From the period, however, when we borrowed from Rousseau the habit of gracing our style with descriptions of natural scenery to these days, wherein elaborate and accurate observations of the ordinary phenomena of Nature form a known feature in magazine and newspaper, the progress has been steady and constant. Few who have not given close attention to the subject are aware how little close observation of natural objects and how few raptures over natural beauty are to be found in early literature. A famous line in Æschylus in praise of the sea stands almost alone in classic literature, while even in our own great Shakespearean epoch such description of natural objects as is given is largely used for the purpose of enhancing the terror of some tragic situation. In the famous description by Shakespeare of the cliff near Dover there is not a word expressive of admiration. Milton, even, in poems like "Lycidas" and "Comus," Fletcher, in the "Faithful Shepherdess," and other writers of pastorals, in spite of the recurrence of passages such as "Under the opening eyelids of the morn," and the praise of flowers or fruits, display no enthusiasm over Nature. Collins, in his "Ode to Evening," is the first poet I recall who regarded Nature with the loving insight into her workmanship and her mystery characteristic of modern thought.

Influence of Mr. Ruskin upon the latest Development of English Literature.

AMONG the most potent influences to which the new birth in literature is owing are poets like Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. Most potent of all is, probably, Mr. Ruskin. For this reason, if for none other, the publication of his autobiography is an all-important contribution to the future history of English literature. Mr. Ruskin himself points out how "St. Bernard, of La Fontaine, looking out to Mont Blanc with his child's eyes, sees above Mont Blanc the Madonna: St. Bernard of Talloires, not the Lake of Annecy, but the dead Christ, between Martigny and Aosta." To the young Ruskin, on the contrary, the first sight of the Alps was, "not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume." Possessed by the wonders around him, the boy returned home to seek henceforward in the solemn silence of the eternal snow, in the flashing waters of the cataract, and the stern sublimity of the mountain peaks, the illustra-

tions of human sympathy and aspiration, and the forecasts of human destiny, which form to many the most attractive aspect of his works. After him come writers like Mr. Jefferies, who, content with simple, and to us more accessible, beauties of Nature, bring before us every aspect of noontide fervour on the moor, and every break of midnight silence in the copse. Whether the luxury of description, characteristic of modern English writing, is the beginning of a new and lasting development, or a passing phase, it is too early to say. The extent and significance of the movement are at least not easily over-estimated.

Punishment in Schools.

THE enormous expansion which education has received during the last decade, and the enforced attendance in school of the most intractable and indocile of our juvenile population, brings to the front the difficult question of school punishment. Old proverbs, like other things of the past, exercise comparatively little influence upon an eminently emancipated people, and in spite of the prestige of the author, the maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is no longer held to be the last word on the subject. In my own early days the phrase exercised a powerful influence, and my observations and experiences of school punishment would furnish material for a new chapter in "Nicholas Nickleby" concerning Yorkshire schools. Times have changed marvellously since the days in which the master of a Yorkshire grammar school could pull half off, as was the case, the ear of a pupil. Fathers of families have now arrived at the conviction that domestic authority may be maintained in most cases without physical punishment. Such a view with regard to Board Schools will scarcely be maintained by those who know the street urchins of London. It is difficult to know what course, other than castigation, will bring these mutinous young imps into order. Other forms of punishment, customary in higher-class schools, are, of course, impossible. A rebel against authority cannot be kept within doors during play hours, and an "imposition" to be done at home would be a subject of derision. Under certain restrictions the infliction of penal discipline seems imperative. What these restrictions are can easily be told. The punishment should be administered at the close of lessons, and not immediately after the offence, and, if possible, by some teacher other than that whose authority has been impugned or whose dignity has been hurt. Men are to be found whose influence over boys is strong enough to

reduce the necessity for punishment to a minimum. Such are, however, too few to secure a constant supply to Board Schools. The first necessity is to remove every element of human passion, and to make the punishment severe, but judicial.

Proposed Alterations in St. Paul's Churchyard.

FROM a distance only can a satisfactory view of St. Paul's Cathedral be obtained. The prospect from Fleet Street is ruined by the Ludgate Hill viaduct, and from no other point can the magnificent proportions of the building be contemplated. If, then, the result contemplated by those who advocate the purchase of the plot of land to the east of St. Paul's Churchyard, formerly occupied by St. Paul's School, is likely to be realised, a strong argument in favour of its purchase for public use is supplied. It may be doubted, however, whether the distance will be sufficiently great to render possible a good view. That the widening of the thoroughfare, by throwing into the street the site formerly occupied by the school, will relieve the congestion of traffic, may be granted. This is probably in itself a justification for the acquisition of the site. It is at least certain that the space, if needed, is not likely to be obtained on more reasonable terms than at present. The building which has disappeared perpetuated no memories of interest. The first edifice, founded by Colet and associated with Milton and Pepys, was destroyed by fire; and that now demolished, the third on the same spot, dated back no further than 1823. That St. Paul's is crowded in on all sides by mercantile buildings, so that a view can with difficulty be obtained, is a subject of regret. It has, however, fared better than some foreign cathedrals, to which shops and other lay edifices still cling. St. Paul's Churchyard has, moreover, associations of its own, many of them interesting enough, though these are more remote. Many of the best and most important works in the English language were issued from St. Paul's Churchyard and it is pleasant to read on a Wither's Juvenilia, or, indeed, on a folio Shakespeare (the second), "Printed for Robert Allott at the Beare in Paules Churchyard," or to see the name of Humphrey Moseley, "at the sign of the Princes Arms," to the comedies of Cartwright, and that of Henry Seyle (at the Tiger's Head) to the "Learned and Elegant Workes" of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. It may be doubted whether the churchyard of the present century, with its huge warehouses of Manchester or Coventry goods, will leave much to which future generations will turn with pleasure.

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THE MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY."

Oh, never star
Was lost here, but it rose afar.

THE Master's rooms at No. 4 Cranfield Street were a long way from Lord Ellistone's house in Berkeley Square, and though Bertie Wynne had often traversed the distance that lay between the two, it had never seemed quite as far before.

But then the circumstances were new. The calm evening sky overhead, the crowd of eager pleasure seekers, of idlers, of business people, were all alike unfamiliar, for, until the Easter of this year, his life had been perfectly uneventful, passed in the quiet old country house of Elliscourt—his father's constant visits the only variety in an existence which had grown dear through habit. But this spring had come the desire, and the wish expressed to his father, to learn music, which had ended in this journey to London, and his instalment in the great house, that as a rule, saving for servants, was as unfrequented as Elliscourt. That, however, was to him of little account. Accustomed to solitude, with his beloved violin, nothing else was necessary to his happiness, and that no reasonable wish of this child of his dead wife's should be disregarded was the father's only care.

If he were absent from home himself, he liked to be able to picture that the boy was also happy in his own way, albeit their ways were diverse. But his mother had been like that. It had been her dark quiet eyes, her gentle tender ways—so different from the loud talking and laughter that greeted him elsewhere in the world—that had made her so dear, and her gentle refining influence still lived in her child, her sweet spirit still looked from his eyes.

And thus it came about that Franz Elsler—the Master, as he was

more generally spoken of, the foreign name being difficult of retention—had come day by day to instruct the boy in the music that he loved. And the boy had grown to love the dreamy foreigner, who seemed to know so much, and was able to acquaint him with much that the motherless child had never learnt.

Permission had been asked, and readily given, for visits to the Master's home. And many an afternoon in these three months the boy had made his way thither, followed by a careful servant, who would return an hour later to find him either still listening rapt to the Master's music, or else seated on a low stool, his attention given to some strange story which had had its birthplace amid the pines of the Black Forest.

All this had become the life of the boy. And that he was happy, that was all his father cared for; and he himself went hither and thither in the full excitement of the London season, with a lighter heart for his knowledge of that fact.

But to-night no careful servant followed his steps as he made his way through the crowd.

He was alone; and well as he knew the way, and little as there was to fear, for to no one in the hurrying crowd was the slim boyish figure an object of even passing wonder, still his heart-beats were quickened by the unusualness of his proceeding.

It was striking eight now, and but a short time before he had been standing in his own room, his violin in his hand, when the idea had come to him how much pleasanter it would be to go and see the Master, perhaps hear him play, than stay any longer here alone.

His father was out, and the sounds of a distant rival violin told him that in the downstairs regions the servants were amusing themselves in consequence of that fact. He hesitated a moment. Should he send for Griffiths? But no, why should he?

At Elliscourt he was accustomed to walking about alone; the soft summer evening was very unalarming, and the Master would either send or bring him back.

He walked down the shallow stairs, encountering no one on his way, opened the front door, and stood in the quiet square.

And now that he had started, his doubts were at once forgotten, and he was picturing the pleasure of yesterday evening, that he hoped was about to be repeated.

The Master held the keys of so many worlds, and in the pauses of his music he would tell the boy such wonderful stories. Sometimes they were stories which made his heart beat quicker, of heroes, of battle-fields. Sometimes, and then tears would come into his eyes,

of heroes whose battle-field had been their home. He knew about the stars also, and would sit in the window in his great arm-chair, with his queer German pipe; the boy meanwhile, his arms on the window sill, his chin resting on them, and his eyes raised, would listen to the quaint, tender fate which the stars foretell. Stories of gods and heroes, stories of daily life, the talk was a new world, in which the boy would roam and dream for hours.

Sometimes there was present also another, who likewise held a key that led into another world, almost as strange and unreal to Bertie as that of romance—the world of hard, everyday life.

And if to Bertie Wynne the Master was the most learned as well as the most wonderful man the world contained, Bob Davis was almost as superior, though in a different way. A boy who knew everything, so it seemed to carefully guarded little Bertie Wynne. The same age as himself, but yet so far in advance, forgetting, or not realising, the cost of the acquirement of all this knowledge. The friendship that had sprung up between these two was laid on a strange basis; there was not much community of interest, it would have seemed, except those common nine years, between the slender dark-eyed son of Lord Elliscourt and the fair-haired chubby specimen of English boyhood who owned as a father some travelling pedler who rarely turned up in the room in Bell's Entry, where Mrs. Davis strove loyally to pay the rent, and keep her boy and girl clean and respectable.

Not much in common, so to others it would have seemed, and yet, if the admiration and enthusiastic appreciation of the other's boyhood was felt more strongly on the one side than the other, that appreciation was felt by Bertie Wynne. To him Bob Davis was the embodiment of all boyhood could or should be. He was in his thoughts now, as he threaded his way through the eager, busy crowd. Bob Davis and the Master, these two for the moment embodied the world to Lord Elliscourt's motherless son, and it was thoughts of these two that were companions on his onward way.

"I hope he will be at home;" remembering that on some evenings in the week, the Master played the organ at a neighbouring church.

Overhead, one or two stars shone faintly in the clear evening sky, and the boy remembered the talk of the previous evening, talk which had begun with stories and legends to which Bob had lent a charmed ear, and it was not always that Bob was charmed, except with the music, that seemed to touch his sturdy little soul more than the dreamy talk which, to him, was unreal and unsatisfactory. But when the Master played, not even Bertie Wynne was more rapt and

attentive than Bob Davis, and then how he could sing! Opening his lips, the song flowed forth clearly and easily as from the throat of a bird at dawn; listening to him one was inclined to forget that his rough red cheeks and touzled fair hair were those of a very ordinary specimen of English boyhood, and to expect when the liquid notes had died away that there would be a faint stir of wings, and the closing of Heaven's Gates. But the previous evening the story of Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, had appealed to both boys. Something in the search of him, who had been true, and brave, and pure in heart, had especially touched the one, the mingling of warfare and strife had been understood by the other, and they had both listened long to the Master, whilst the stars had come out one by one, just as they were doing to-night. The story had come to an end, the faithful trusting search had been rewarded, and the Master had shown how that, though all had striven, yet only to the pure in heart had it been granted to see the vision of God.

"That's in the Bible," Bob commented.

"Yes, truly, all good things are there, and one day, all the good will be obeyed, and then the earth will vanish away, and it will be Heaven. We must do good to those about us, those whom we meet every day, and that will help. Every man and woman, even every child, can do something to hasten the approach of that time. And when it is fulfilled, then we shall go home."

"That will be to the Black Forest, will it not?" asked practical Bob. But Bertie's dark eyes had moved from the sky overhead where he had been gazing, and his slim hand touched the German master's. The touch seemed to express that he understood.

"Ah, yes," the Master sighed, "the Black Forest here, or Heaven hereafter. Either will be home, for must not the greater contain the less?"

But neither of the boys understood the sigh, or the words.

Then the Master had taken off his spectacles and wiped them, and had said that he saw a ladder that reached from the evening star, and that it seemed to touch the earth, and both boys strove to follow his upward gaze, but the phenomenon was unseen in the clear, still night.

"Well, that is fortunate," and the Master smiled, "because we can only see those ladders when tears are in our eyes, and that is why we must think that they are the way by which our loved ones have gone home. Time enough to see such mysteries when one was thirty-nine; at nine, that was too young to begin to bear the burden."

Then shortly after Griffiths had appeared, and Bertie had had to say good-night.

It was of that delightful hour he was thinking now, hoping such another was in store for him.

It was then with a pang of disappointment that he learnt the Master was out, and that nothing was known as to when he might be expected back. But having come so far, Bertie was not inclined to return at once. He would wait a little—perhaps he was practising at the church—he might be home very shortly, he would stay at least ten minutes; and the rather grimy maid, caring but little for the visitors of the solitary foreigner, left the boy to find his way upstairs. The narrow stairs were dark after the clear twilight abroad, and he stumbled a little turning sharp corners, but in the small second-floor room the windows were wide open, the windows gay with flowers whose sweet scents perhaps cheered the bull-finch's imprisonment during his many lonely hours; and by the open window stood a shabby fair-headed boy, his hands behind his back, his head lifted, as he whistled to the caged bird.

"Bob?"

"Hallo!" The fair-headed boy stopped whistling, and turned towards the new comer on the threshold.

And then, seeing who it was: "Do you want him?" he observed vaguely. "He's out."

"Yes, I know, but perhaps he won't be long?"

"Guess he will though, 'cos I've been here half an hour, and now I must be off—and I wanted awfully to see him. Lizzie's ill," he added, after a pause, during which the bird whistled softly.

"Is Lizzie your sister?" Bertie asked quietly. He always felt a little shy about questioning Bob. He did not wish to seem curious.

"Yes, she's younger than me. She's never been ill before," he went on in a jerky, would-be communicative fashion; "I have. But she's really bad."

"What is the matter?" the other questioned.

"She's got an awful sore throat, and she begged me to get her a bit of ice, 'cos she was so hot, and I come off here, 'cos I knew that if he was here he'd give it me for her. He's been very good to Liz."

A delicate shade of colour stole into Bertie Wynne's cheeks.

"I——" he began; and then, thrusting his hand into his pocket, "I have got half-a-crown. Would that buy some?"

"Half-a-crown!" repeated Bob, a little contemptuously, at the display of so much ignorance. "Threepence would buy a lump,

but sixpenn'orth would last longer. A small bit ain't much good, it melts so quick. Is it all your own?" he added, with eyes steadily averted from the wealth that Bertie now held in his hand.

"Yes; why?"

"A lemon, now, it ain't dear, you know—two for a penny; and a lemon when you're hot and have a sore throat makes something like a drink. I had that once when I was ill. He," with a jerk towards the empty chair, "made it for me."

"I am so glad you told me," said Bertie, simply. "Well then, we can go, can we not, and get the things, and Lizzie will have them sooner."

Bob, picking up his cap, announced himself to be ready, and they started off together.

It was growing dusk now, and the streets into which Bob turned were new to his companion, but the two children hurried on, regardless of everything, heedless of the passers-by, their minds set entirely on the issue of their journey.

"It was fortunate I had that half-crown in my pocket," Bertie Wynne said, "if it saves Lizzie from a bad night."

And Bob agreed it had been a stroke of luck his appearing at that very moment. "And it is good of you to spend it in ice and lemons for Liz," he added.

No curiosity had been roused in Bob's somewhat care-hardened breast, as to whence came this boy whose acquaintance he had made at 4 Cranfield Street. As in Bertie Wynne's case, the common nine years, and the music, and the love for the Master, were the connecting links. He was a gentleman; that is, a boy who always had enough to eat, and plenty of warm clothes to wear.

Those two great facts were broadly, to Bob, the great gulf which divided the boys of one part of London from those of the other.

And now he further saw in him one who was willing to help him in his need, and that was quite enough to cement yet stronger the links that bound them to one another.

"I am afraid," Bertie Wynne remarked, "I shall never find my way back," as the streets grew narrower and darker, and the air more close and unwholesome.

But Bob cheered him. He would take him back all right; right to his own home, if he wished it. He didn't believe—and Bob showed all his strong white teeth—that there was a hole or corner in London to which he couldn't find his way.

"You are very clever," Bertie answered. "But I found my way to the Master's alone to-night. It was the first time."

"Why, I," retorted Bob, proudly, "have never had a soul to look after me since I could walk. Once father lost me when I was about four, but I found my way back. I don't believe any one could lose me now."

They were carrying the ice by this time. The fishmonger from whom they had bought it had given it to them in a basket, and it rather impeded Bob's usually rapid trot to have this companion by his side, for Bertie was growing tired with the long, unaccustomed walk, and when at length they entered Bell's Entry the dusk was fast deepening into night. The door of the room which Mrs. Davis inhabited stood wide open, and as the two boys appeared in the entrance a tired wan woman, coming out, told Bob his mother was away. Lizzie was worse, and she had gone to the doctor to try and get something for her.

"We've brought some ice, Mrs. Jamieson; that'll do her good."

"'Deed but it will, poor lass; give her a bit now."

Bertie stumbled at the narrow entrance, and shrank back a little as the hot stifling air met him in the tiny room, but Bob did not seem to mind it.

He groped his way to a bed in the corner, and a minute later Bertie Wynne, conquering the momentary shrinking, moved after him.

In the bed lay a little fever-stricken child, her tangled fair hair on the pillow, her parched lips and feverish eyes all telling the same sad story.

"I've got the ice, Liz," Bob said. "That'll do you good. This 'ere young Master as I've spoke to you about had a half-crown, and he bought it for you. We've got it in the basket. And a lemon—you mind what a good drink the Master made ye afore."

Lizzie's hot little hands were stretched out, and Bertie broke off a piece and gave it to her. His slim steady hands were not rough and clumsy like Bob's; there was something in his dark gentle eyes that attracted the sick child, and she smiled gratefully up at him. He was always in his ways so like his mother, the thought had crossed Lord Ellistone's mind hundreds of times. But to-night, with hot-house flowers, rich scents, and sweet sounds all about him, no warning voice told him where the child was; the curtain hung thick and dark between seen and unseen.

But when Lizzie's rough voice had faltered out a word of thanks, Bertie roused himself, and, remembering home and the other world in which he lived, said he must go, or they would miss him and be anxious. His mind was in a tumult—this was the other half of the

world, Bob's faint allusions to which had passed by him, not understood. But now he had been into it, had seen with his own eyes, and every chance allusion for the future would be comprehended. This was how such people fared, little children younger than himself. Never again, so it seemed then, standing once more in the dark stifling court, could he forget the good that was always close at hand to be done. That was what the Master had meant last night, when he had said that, if we all did our share, the kingdom of heaven would come more quickly.

Through the still night loud, angry voices rang, men and women alike, and almost unconsciously Bertie moved a shade nearer to Bob.

"They won't hurt you," he said. "They be loud and rough, different to what you're used to, but they won't hurt you."

"Who's your pal, Bob?" a big man, leaning idly against a door-post, called out. And he added slowly a moment later, "You serve to show him off, you do, and that's the truth."

Bertie flushed a little under the criticism, but Bob merely shouted back, without turning his head, "If it's an introduction you're wanting, I'm pressed for time now, but you can call again." There was a faint responsive laugh from a bystander as the boys hurried on. They were back once more, threading their way through numberless narrow turnings, not talking, for Bertie was becoming very uneasy at the increasing darkness, uneasy for fear of the possible disquietude at home. But after all, his father was out, and he would be safely back long before he had had a chance of missing him. He had proposed to Bob that they should take the first cab they came across, and though the wild extravagance of the idea would not have occurred to Bob's unaided intelligence, yet he acquiesced when his companion declared his father would rather pay a cab than suffer five minutes' uneasiness as to his whereabouts. Cabs in this part of London were not of frequent occurrence, but turning a corner Bob fancied he saw one. He stood still to make sure, and as he stood thus some one pushed up against him, some one who had disappeared when later he turned his head, and in front of him was an elderly stout gentleman pointing to a purse lying at his feet, to a handkerchief in his hand.

"Stop thief!" some passer-by shouted, and at the words a strong detaining grasp was laid on Bob's hand.

"It warn't me," he cried, trying to wriggle free. But the policeman was holding the slim hand of the other child as well.

"It doesn't matter which of you it was," he said; "you were together: I've watched you."

In the meantime the gentleman had repossessed himself of his property.

" They are very young, policeman," he said gently, and his eyes looked kind ; "perhaps you might send them home."

" Indeed, sir, I shall not. It would be mistaken kindness; they'll be a deal better in the lock-up."

"It warn't him or me," Bob went on passionately. "We was walking along quietly—'twas another boy who —— "

" Hold your row," said the policeman. "Now, there's no use talking like that. You're caught, that's what it is, and you'd best make no fuss about it."

" Well, let him go," Bob went on, evidently damaging himself in the policeman's eyes by his useless noise and persistency ; "he's done nothing. Can't you see he's a gent?"

" A gent !" repeated the policeman, ironically, " taking a walk with you ! What's his name ? "

" Robert."

"Robert what?" interrogated the old gentleman, who still followed the little cortège with an anxious expression of countenance.

" I don't know," Bob replied unwillingly, " but he'll tell ye."

" That's a good un," the policeman replied. " Now, you young imp, come along with me. You can explain your names and your professions in the morning."

" Tell them yer name," Bob whispered hoarsely to the other ; " your pa's name, and he'll send you home mayhap."

But Bertie shook his head. No, he was not going to leave his friend at this terrible juncture, but there was a bewildered sensation in his mind as to what it would be right to do. After all, they were not to blame; they must wait, and try to prove their innocence. In the morning his father would be at home, and perhaps they would send for him, and to him he could explain what had occurred.

But to vociferate and declare his innocence, and be dragged along like unruly little Bob, seemed to him an indignity which he could not stoop to. So he stepped along silently by the big policeman's side, the original cause of so much woe on the other.

But at length the lock-up was reached, their captor exchanged a few words with the old gentleman, who went in and spoke to the superintendent, giving him his card, and then the two boys were led into the small gaslit room. Their crime was detailed, and they were left together to wait for the morning.

Now that this point was reached, Bob's placidity returned. His knowledge of the world, founded on a sharp and ripe experience,

ght him that outcries and demonstrations now would be of no il, would indeed only tell against him. To be on the floor or a ch till morning was perhaps uncomfortable, but not much worse an being at home. Liz had her ice and lemons, his mother would turn to her, and in the morning—well, he would see what could be one. The Master could be sent for to speak to his knowledge of im, and it would come right. But to Bertie Wynne no such philosophy came in aid. No morrow comforted him, all life was compressed in that word "to-night."

By-and-by his father would return, to endure hours of anxiety before he could be heard of. Now he would like to cry out and pray to be listened to, or for a messenger to be sent to his home. But he was too young, too inexperienced, to know how to arrive at what he desired. It must be borne, borne too in silence, because Bob was so plucky, and the misfortune which was their common lot must be borne together bravely. He did not cry, though the tears would have come with but little provocation; he only still held Bob's hand, which he had clasped on entrance, feeling a certain protection in his sturdy, unwavering resolution. "Are you hungry?" Bob asked. "I am. Wish I'd had my supper. It'll be a long time to morning."

"What time did you have your tea?" Bertie questioned, by way of showing interest.

"Missed it, along of going to the Master for the lemons."

Here, so it seemed to Bertie, was another example of the unevenness of the fate which had overtaken them. He had had his supper at seven o'clock. There were no pangs of hunger joined to his other troubles.

Very shortly Bob curled himself up, and shut his eyes, with the determination to make the most of the one means of forgetfulness that lay within his reach, a means which Bertie could not seize. He sat on by his companion's side, thinking in dry-eyed misery of this present horrible night, and of the more horrible coming morrow.

Hours seemed to pass in this way, but perhaps he had unconsciously grown sleepy and lost count of time when Bob stirred, and finally opened his eyes and sat upright, looking about him in bewilderment.

Then, "Tell you what," he said, "my throat's awful bad; 'spects I'm going to have the fever."

Bertie murmured a consolatory word; he was very sleepy now; but when, after a little, he felt Bob's hot, feverish hand clasp his, he grew wider awake with sympathy.

"Does it hurt much?" he questioned, as Bob turned and twisted about.

"It's awful bad," Bob replied hoarsely; "I wish we'd brought some o' that ice on with us"—and he laughed a little—"or a lemon."

"I'll get you one in the morning," Bertie said, "but I hope it isn't the fever."

"Rather guess it is, though. Have you got a mother?" he asked immediately after, in an irrelevant fashion.

"No, she's dead."

"She's been saved a deal o' bother," was Bob's comment. "Mother often wishes she was dead, specially when dad's at home."

Bertie found himself trying to picture the sad necessities of such a home, where Death was the friend, a friend that even childhood had learnt to look upon without fear.

As the night waned, and Bob's throat became more sore and his voice hoarser, they crept closer together, sitting hand in hand, waiting for some human help, trusting, with the faith of childhood, that some one would come and straighten matters for them in the daylight. Whilst they sat thus, Bob's feverish hand in Bertie's slim small fingers, distracted servants were flying hither and thither. The dirty maid at 4 Cranfield Street had told of the arrival of the two boys, and of their departure later on together, and Griffiths and a policeman had traced them to Bell's Entry, had heard of their departure thence, but could learn little more. Lizzie lay panting on her little bed in the hot airless night, but she could only tell of the kind visitor who had brought her the ice and lemons, and whom Bob had gone to show the way home.

"Which he'll have lost his way," Griffiths suggested.

But the policeman shook his head. "Such as them," with a jerk towards Lizzie, "doesn't lose their way. No, they'll be in trouble."

But what the trouble was he could not tell.

And meanwhile Griffiths had to return home and meet Lord Ellistone with his story. His heart sank within him at the prospect, but better it should be done at once. An idea might come to Lord Ellistone; he must be told—it would not do to hide such a grave matter.

So back went Griffiths to Berkeley Square, to learn that Lord Ellistone had returned and gone to his room, but that none of his affrighted servants had dared to tell him of the disaster that had occurred during his absence.

"But I will," Griffiths said, and, though his heart beat fast, he went up to his master's room.

It was ten o'clock, and one by one the little string of human beings had been brought up before the magistrate. Bertie, feeling dirty and hungry, still clinging to Bob's grimy hot hand, was the last.

"And you two boys?" the magistrate inquired. "You are very young," and he frowned a little, "to be brought before me like this."

Bertie began the story, but it sounded very confused to Mr. Grey's ears. Something about Lizzie and the lemons—there was a good deal of repetition here—and then Bob broke in, and his voice sounded strange and hoarse.

"I tell'd him last night," pointing a scornful finger at the policeman, "that this was a gent, he'd nothing to do wi' me, except he were takin' a walk, for the lemons——"

"And now," said Bertie, "he's got the fever too. It came in the night."

The magistrate was trying to comprehend the tale, was trying to grasp the fact that it might be true. "They looked honest boys, and if this one," and he put on his spectacles to examine him more closely, "yes, certainly, if this one were not so dirty and tear-stained, he might be—dear me, what had they been saying about the fever? This other boy certainly looks very ill——"

And then there was a little confusion. A card was laid before the old gentleman, but before he could read it a tall fair man, haggard and weary, was standing beside him, and, "Father!" such a cry rang through the room. "Father! oh, take me home." But it was only for a minute Bob was forgotten. "He's ill," Bertie said; "he has a dreadful sore throat and a headache, and we think it's the fever," repeating their little formula. Almost instinctively Lord Ellistone drew his son nearer to him, away from the companion by whose side he had passed all this terrible night.

"Do let him go," Bertie went on: "he isn't a thief; it wa somebody else. Oh, please let him go, he is so ill."

Explanations were made. Lord Ellistone, still jealously holdir his son's hand, so as to keep him near himself, away from Bob, ga directions as to how the latter should be taken to an hospital, wh they could see what was the matter with him.

"Good-bye, Bob," Bertie said. "I'll come and see you; th take great care of you."

"Don't touch him," said Lord Ellistone, but he felt half asha had spoken. But Bertie obeyed, drawing

his hand that he had stretched out, and Bob said at once, "No, don't, perhaps I'd give it to you. Thank you, sir," he added, and he smiled as he turned away, looking very giddy and white, in the strong morning sunlight. But he smiled again when Bertie waved his hand, and called back, "Tell Lizzie."

"Yes, I'll tell her," Bertie replied.

"And——" there was something Bob was trying to say, and Bertie went a step nearer and heard: "Tell the Master where I am," and Bertie nodded again. There was time for nothing more.

Lord Ellistone said very little; his fair face looked careworn and troubled, but he did not speak his anxiety aloud. The doctor was sent for, and he advised fresh country air. "Send him back to Elliscourt, my lord," he urged. "He will be better there. I do not myself think there is much danger." So down to Elliscourt it was decided he should return, Griffiths with him.

"May I see the Master?" Bertie had asked, but his father would hear of no delay.

"Will you tell him about Bob and Lizzie?"

"Yes, I will write, or you can." Lord Ellistone was vexed with the Master, though strictly speaking it had not been his fault. But it was his doing originally; he it was who had thrown the boys together; "and if Bertie should be ill, and he is very delicate, I shall find it hard to forgive."

But in the meantime there was nothing to be done.

Once more Bertie was down at Elliscourt, wandering about through the lovely gardens, dreaming under the cedar trees, playing on the violin that was now, besides a beloved companion, the connecting link with his dear master.

But his dreams were not the same as they had been three months previously; he had left the enchanted garden, and had been abroad into the real world of sin and sorrow. Its shadow had fallen upon him, even upon him, in his careful, sheltered boyhood, and his heart ached often for Lizzie and Bob, both suffering, and perhaps wanting the things that he could have given them.

Day after day passed; his father came up and down and watched him anxiously, and was tenderer than ever. Old Griffiths seemed as if he could not make enough of him, following him about for fear he should be lonely, even begging for a tune occasionally, though love of music had not formerly been a very pronounced trait in the old man's character.

But at last, one morning, Lord Ellistone, in his Berkeley Square house, turning over his letters, found a telegram awaiting him. He

opened it, and it seemed to him before he had done so he knew what he should find inside.

"*From* Dr. Etheridge *to* Lord Ellistone. He has scarlet fever. Bring a nurse."

That was it—yes, he knew now what he had been waiting for. It had come at last; but expected or not, the blow was just as heavy. His dear child! First the wife, now the child. He took up the message again. There was something to be done, no use breaking his heart yet, not at least till he had done all he could. He sat down and wrote a note which he sent by a messenger, and then paced up and down ceaselessly till the answer came. It was in a woman's hand, and he tore it open, the first gleam of peace on his face since he had heard the news.

"I am going to see a nurse myself, and send her down by the train you name. Come and speak to me. I have brought this note on the way to the Home."

Outside a brougham was waiting, and a woman's anxious face looked forth from it.

"Dear," she said, taking his hand in hers, "do not despair," looking into his miserable eyes. "We will save him yet. Keep up a good heart. He shall have good nursing, and that is the great thing."

"Thank you," he said, brokenly; "you have given me the first grain of comfort that I have had to-day."

"That is what I came for," she replied. "Ah, we will keep him yet."

But there was still another to whom Bertie had grown so dear that these ten days had been filled with anxious care. Every morning a gentle, absent-minded foreigner had found his way to the house in Berkeley Square, and after having interrogated the servant had gone away with a lighter heart at the answer, "He is well." The first time he had begged to be permitted to see the master of the house, but at the sight of the card Lord Ellistone had turned away, and had refused him admittance.

"It is his fault," was the thought in his mind; "he let them meet, with no thought of the danger to him. No, I never wish to see him again. I am engaged," he said shortly to the waiting footman. "Tell the gentleman that the child is well."

But nevertheless, day after day, before he went to his daily work, the Master trod the long hot streets that lay between Berkeley Square and Cranfield Street to ascertain the fact of Bertie's well-being afresh for himself. And the day's work over, he went to see that other boy lying so terribly ill in the hospital, hoping always to hear that he was

better. It would have been a kind of encouragement to hope that all would come right again. But the two children, Lizzie in the hot stifling court, Bob in the great airy rooms of the hospital, were alike battling for life against the illness; inch by inch the ground was being contested. Everything was against them, excepting their youth and strength, and how much longer would that stand out? So the doctor said. And hearing that, the Master thought of the slender dark-eyed boy who had so little strength, and prayed that the danger might pass him by. He grew easier as the time passed; every day made the escape more possible. He had been able to enjoy his choir practice on the previous evening—was it really only a week since he had returned home to learn of the boys' visit to his deserted room?—had enjoyed it, though Bob's sweet young voice was sadly missed; and now the blow had fallen.

Turning away down the hot pavement, he felt his heart die within him; the child had grown so dear, and he might not even see him; might not even, as he had done in Bob's case, go and sit by the sick bed, and hold the small hot hand.

No, he would learn nothing more. His blank uneventful life would continue just as it had always done. One day some paper would tell him that the widowed Lord Ellistone was childless also. That would be all.

He could not give his lesson this morning. He turned homewards, and climbed the steep stairs drearily. How the days passed after that he did not know. Mechanically he took up the threads of his daily life—he gave lessons, and played in church, and went to see Lizzie and Bob, and helped those poorer and weaker than himself, as he had always done. And every morning and evening he made his way to Berkeley Square, and was told the latest news by the solemn black-coated butler. He was very ill; there seemed no variation in the few sad words.

"They were all very anxious," the butler added, touched by the genuine distress on the Master's face, "but the doctor said he was young, he hoped still he would fight through." Just what they said of sturdy little Bob. But how much youthful strength had this other child to rely upon?

Often now, as the Master wended his way homeward to his dull rooms, there were ladders reaching from earth up to the far-off stars.

It was evening. The Master sat in his arm-chair drawn up to the window, where the two boys had listened to the story of the Faithful Knight; the evening was as clear and lovely now as then, only now there were no listeners to the solitary dreamer's tales; when

there was a ring below, and immediately after the door was thrown open by the dirty maid, and a woman entered the room.

The Master, roused from his dreaming, stood up and bowed doubtfully. "You will not know me," she said, in answer to the look. "My name is Grace Desmond; I have come to ask you if you will go to Elliscourt? Bertie wants you."

There were tears in her sweet eyes, tears in her soft voice; and as the Master hesitated in his perplexity, "See," she said, "I come with this message from Lord Ellistone, because he cannot leave him to come to you himself."

"But of course, madame, I am ready to go. Have I not longed to see him? And he asked for me, you say?"

"Yes;" but she did not look at him. "He has, I fear, often called for you, though he would not know you, you understand. Lord Ellistone thought it was merely delirium, but the doctor said, as he was so persistent, if you would come——"

"I am ready," he said: "tell me where to go."

She gave him a few directions; then she hesitated a moment, and added: "You may, perhaps, wonder who I am. I—— When we are happy again," she said gently, beginning a fresh sentence, "I am going to marry Lord Ellistone."

There was tender sympathy in the Master's kind eyes. "It was very good of you to come for me," he said: "it has been great pain for me not to see him."

A large room, the windows wide open to the still summer afternoon; in the bed, a slender, dark-eyed child, tossing restlessly to and fro. A woman moved about the room; now and then one or another entered, looked and sighed, or asked an eager question, and passed away again.

No one could help, no one could foretell whether the restless misery would only be hushed in the quiet arms of death, or the feeble strength of childhood would yet win the fight.

On the threshold appeared at length a worn and wearied man, at whose coming the nurse rose up and moved to his side. He stood still and listened to the low, incoherent talk—now and then a clear concise word, startling by its distinctness.

"The Master—let me go to him. I want him! I want him!"

Lord Ellistone took a step nearer, and the child turned and looked at him; then: "No," with a cry of disappointment, "you are not the Master. Take me to him."

"It would be as well to humour him," the nurse said. "He has gone on like that for hours. It may do no good, but sometimes even

when they do not know what they are asking for, having the wish granted soothes them."

"He is here," said Lord Ellistone: "I will bring him."

"The Master! the Master!" The child raised himself to utter his cry, stretching out his hands as he did so. They were taken and held in a man's strong clasp; the Master's plain, kind face met the boy's excited eyes.

"Bertie," he said gently, with the little familiar foreign accent, "I have come—I am here."

"Stay," said the boy hoarsely.

"Yes, I will stay."

Did he know he had that for which his fevered fancy had craved? or did the Master's calm, quiet presence still the sick brain?—it would be difficult to tell.

"It is a miracle," the old doctor said, when he stole into the darkened room, where the quiet figure of the foreigner sat, hour after hour, holding the small hand in his, his looks turned to the thin face resting on the pillows, to the eyes closed in sleep. "It is he who has wrought it," he added as he departed, quietly, as he had come. "Let him," taking the father's hand in his—"let him finish the cure."

"He will live?" Lord Ellistone asked.

"I believe it, but the morning will tell us."

The tears were in Lord Ellistone's eyes as he turned away. The man whom he had refused to see, the man whom in his first blind anger he had accused of all the ill, was the chosen means of giving him back the child. And he had hesitated so long; it was Grace's doing that he was here now. All through the hours of the night he waited, to learn in the dawn that the doctor's hopes were true. As the summer sun rose, carrying its glad message to all, the Master's vigil was over. The little hand had relinquished its hold on his, the boy slept; the life, dear to so many, was given back. In the early sunshine Lord Ellistone stood beside him, holding his hand, thanking him for the prompt answer to his summons, thanking him that no thought of self had stood between him and the boy's wish for his presence.

"Life and death, dear sir," the Master said, "are in His hands who never makes a mistake. I am glad that it is not a half-day's work the Lord has required of the child."

No, the half-day's work was required from another.

The children came back from the valley of the shadow; Bertie in his luxurious home, with everything that could aid the struggle and give life the victory; Bob in the airy hospital, where life seemed to

him so easy and prosperous that it was hard to realise it was the same battlefield as that where Lizzie, in the close, stifling atmosphere of Bell's Entry, was also turning back to the light. Cheerily and gallantly Bob faced the future, and got up one day feeling very weak and faint; but the folk were kind to him, and he'd lots to eat, and so, as he told his mother, whenever hard-worked Mrs. Davis could leave the one sick child to visit the other, he expected he'd be about again in no time.

"But where was the Master?"

Both children wondered over his silence and absence; Lizzie at home, Bob in the intervals of relating countless adventures to the other inhabitants of the ward. Neither of them thought that whilst they were gaining ground inch by inch he, on the other hand, was daily treading the border-land that lies between here and there. The fever that had touched them all, and had relented, had at last chosen his victim, and the Master's life was forfeited.

Perhaps he had not the courage and strength of youth to assist him in fighting the battle, perhaps long years of sorrow, and poverty, and exile, had deprived him of something that might have fought for him, if life had had much to give. But he died, giving no sign—the name of no friend passed his lips, though Lord Ellistone would have given much to think there was something he could have done for the man who had done so much for him; and it was only when the steady brain could no longer control the wandering words that he spoke a little of his home by the Rhine, and of his mother, and once cried out on "Hans, Hans. You took her from me," he said; and then added softly, "but if she loved you, perhaps it was better." And so, carrying his secret with him, he passed into the eternal silence. Bertie, when he heard it, wept silently, thinking of that last talk when the Master had spoken of going home. Back to the vine-covered hills, or through the valley to the heaven beyond, either way it would be going home, and through those words his childish heart was comforted. He understood that it was "well" with the Master; he had what he had desired; but as for him he was not too young now to see the ladders that reach from earth to the distant stars, and which can only be seen through tears.

Bob and Lizzie, standing together by the sea waves, gaining health and strength for what was before them, did not forget the Master either. Bob did not cry, where he lived there was no time for tears; but there was a lump in his throat when Lord Ellistone came to the hospital and told him the story, and even the knowledge that Bertie was well, and remembered him, did not quite serve as comfort. It

threw a shade over that visit to the sea which Bertie had planned and his father carried out, though not for long. The great salt waves, the wide stretch of sea, appealed to dormant instincts in Bob's nature, which some remote ancestor, a strong-limbed, seafaring Norseman, had implanted there, and all his sturdy soul rose up in answer. It was when standing thus that he learnt what was the restless spirit that possessed him. This free air, let it blow soft or strong, was what he needed. The Master's insight, that had recognised the loyalty and honesty of the inhabitant of Bell's Entry, and had brought them to the surface in making a companion of the untaught boy, had proved itself correct. The spirit of adventure and daring is not dead, English boys abound ready to answer the call of England, and Bob was one of them. When Lord Ellistone next saw him, he found him possessed of but one idea—how soon he could be a sailor.

"And your voice, Bob?" Lord Ellistone urged. "You might do so much with your voice."

But Bob was not to be persuaded: the voice that in the old days used to charm the Master, and open a new vista to little Bertie, was destined never to entrance and charm the world; but perhaps Bob's sweet notes raised in song, to cheer in joy and to comfort in sorrow, were as dear to those who loved his rough fair head and kindly eyes, as if, as the Master had once fondly hoped, the voice he had delighted to train had been destined in the future to belong to the greatest singer of the age.

HOME RULE.

HOME RULE is the question of the hour. Every one appears to be talking of it, thinking about it, writing upon it. The newspapers daily devote leading articles to the consideration of every phase of the subject, couched in the most contrasting terms of approval and disapproval. Most of them allot a portion of their columns to the reception of outside opinion of the most varied kind upon the problem. Statesmen of every school seem eager to express their views on the platform and in print upon the question whether Ireland is entitled to any form of self-government or not. Mr. Labouchere writes upon the subject with the same cool, keen, good sense, and the same steadfast adhesion to Radical principles, which have made him for so long almost the sole representative of a Radical Party in the House of Commons. Sir James Stephen, on the other hand, fumes and flares in the columns of the *Times.* He is consumed by fiery indignation. He is all for an appeal to the god of battles. The good old principle of might meaning right animates and sustains him, and his attitude towards the Irish people appears to be the old-fashioned "Squelch them, by God!" one. It is a relief to turn from letters like Sir James Stephen's and from speeches like the Duke of Westminster's, which, if uttered to express the other side of the case, and printed in the *Freeman's Journal* or *United Ireland*, or spoken on National League platforms by any prominent Nationalist, would have been denounced for their shameless attempt to sow dissension between the two races—it is pleasant to turn from such utterances to the letter from Mr. Ruskin which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Tuesday, 5th January. I am glad to be able here to express my gratitude to a great man, to a great Englishman, for having cared to remember just now, first that the Irish "are an artistic people, and can design beautiful things, and execute them with indefatigable industry;" secondly, that "they are a witty people, and can by no means be governed by witless ones;" and, thirdly, that "they are an affectionate people, and can by no means be governed on scientific principles by heartless persons." If English statesmen had more often cared to recognise or to remem-

ber the truths which Mr. Ruskin has now so opportunely enforced, the question which is called Home Rule would not have so long and so profoundly troubled the minds of politicians and the time of ministries.

At last, after a period of infinite pain and infinite patience, that proud patience which the gods are said to love, the Irish people have found their reward. The question of Home Rule has been at last admitted into the charmed circle—as unstable in its circumscription as the enchanted tent of the fairy Pari Banou—the region of practical politics. It is ten years since the words Home Rule became the watchwords of a political party; it is five years since they became the recognised war-cry of a devoted and determined minority in the House of Commons. Those ten years have been years of more than Egyptian trial to the Irish people. During the first five of them, the age of what our opponents are now pleased to call the moderate Home Rulers, the English press and the members of all English parties were well-nigh unanimous in their assurances that the question of Home Rule was inadmissible and undebateable, and that if we pleaded till the crack of doom no English statesmen would ever condescend to entertain any scheme whatever for the restoration of an Irish Parliament. Hearing, indeed, was not refused to us—occasionally. In that Saturnian epoch of amiable inactivity when Butt and Shaw swayed the destinies of an almost absolutely unimportant section of the House of Commons, the Government was wont, every session, to allow the Home Rulers a field night for the exposition of their hateful but harmless doctrines: hateful because they were the expression of any discontent with the perfection of English rule in Ireland; harmless because they were but the birth of a midsummer madness working on the brains of a few idle or eloquent politicians, and were about as serious a contribution to statesmanship as the desire of the moth for the star and the night for the morrow. So these field nights came and went, and Mr. Butt made his speech and Mr. P. J. Smyth gave a well-prepared entertainment, in which the ideas of 1848 and the perorations of Henry Grattan formed an ingenious and not unattractive medley, and Mr. Butt's other followers said their permitted say, and were decorously listened to. Then the leaders of the Treasury Bench would make elaborate replies, in which the Irish demands were quietly puffed out of sight in a cloud of compliments to the sincerity and the ability of Mr. Butt, or Mr. Shaw, or Mr. P. J. Smyth. At this rate of progress any recognition of the Irish claim would have been accorded at the time when, according to Rabelais, the Coqcigrues come home—that is to say, never.

But towards the end of the last Parliament which Lord Beaconsfield presided over, the Home Rule party in the House of Commons began to display signs of unusual animation, of commotion, of agitation. Their languid ranks had been recruited by some new men, and the new men carried on the fight after new methods. This heralds the opening of that second period of five years, the period of Parnell.

When the late Liberal Government entered into office in the early spring of 1880, Mr. Parnell was the chosen leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. That party, in obedience to the wishes of the Irish people, sat in opposition to the new Government, and announced their intention of sitting in opposition to any Government that refused to recognise the right of Ireland to regulate her own local affairs after her own fashion. That resolve, apparently a slight thing in itself, had a deeper significance in it than any English politician at that time was keen enough to perceive. Up to that hour every Irish party in Parliament had been made the victim of a spurious tradition which forced them into an alliance with the Whigs, and dragged them helpless and hopeless at the tail of every successive Liberal Administration or Liberal Opposition. The recent elections, which have for the first time severed all connection between the Whigs and Ireland by banishing every Whig member from the Irish constituencies, was the fitting sequel to and the fitting justification of the attitude of the followers of Mr. Parnell in 1880. A few fossil members of the old sham Home Rule school still displayed their allegiance to the Whigs by sitting below the gangway on the Government side of the House, but these have all vanished from the field of Irish politics, and their place happily knows them no more.

I am not going to tell over again the history of the past six years as it affected Ireland in and out of Parliament. The Liberal Government, face to face with a small but solid group of Irishmen who boldly avowed that they placed their own country's interest before the interests of either of the two great English parties, lost its temper and its head. In defiance of the principles which are popularly supposed to be most dear to the Liberal mind, the Government determined at once to grapple with this defiant minority and crush them out of existence. Then began one of the most marvellous constitutional struggles which the world has ever witnessed. On the one hand was the most powerful ministry of modern times, numbering in its ranks all the talent of its party, supported by a swollen and certain majority; on the other, a band of men, all unknown, almost all young, led by a young man who had only been a short time in the House of

Commons, but to whom the Government already paid the compliment of a cordial dislike. The Irish nation at home, in England, in America, and in Australia, watched the contest with burning eyes and throbbing hearts. They saw their representatives expelled again and again, for fighting against coercive measures of new and miraculous strictness. They saw their country bound by successive Coercion Acts which recalled, by their ingenious ferocity, the pleasant days of the Penal Laws. They saw their leaders imprisoned for failing to admit that the administration of Mr. Forster was the greatest blessing that heaven and Mr. Gladstone could offer them. They saw the degradation of Dublin defended by what it seemed not unfair to term a ministerial conspiracy; they saw themselves reproached for crimes and outrages which were the direct fruit of the administrative folly of Mr. Forster and the political sins of Lord Spencer. They saw, day by day, how the most influential voices of the English Press kept taunting the party which followed Mr. Parnell with representing in no sense either the Irish people or their wishes, and assuring them that, come what might, they should never, never have Home Rule.

Well, they saw all this, but they saw other sights which made their spirits more of comfort. They saw their leaders come out of prison as determined to carry on the struggle as when they went into prison; they saw victim after victim of the coercive laws sent as delegate of the Irish people to take a place by Mr. Parnell, and help him to fight for the cause in the House of Commons. They saw the fall of Mr. Forster; they witnessed the resignation of Mr. Trevelyan. They saw, finally, the defeat of the great ministry itself by a majority caused by the united action and the united vote of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

The bitter taunt which has been so often levelled at the Irish Parliamentary Party, that they do not represent the Irish people, has been satisfactorily answered once for all. The principles which Mr. Parnell advocates have swept Ireland from the centre to the sea, and he returns to Parliament the unquestioned leader of a following of nearly ninety men, of whom no inconsiderable portion are recruited from that province of Ulster which was for so long the hope, the prop, and the garrison of "ascendancy" in Ireland. Lord Hartington finds some cheer in still repeating the old parrot cry. When once Lord Hartington gets an idea into his head, it is not very easy to dislodge it, and accordingly Lord Hartington still finds a strange delight in declaring that Ireland cordially detests Mr. Parnell and all his works and pomps, and is only coerced by the terrible National League into returning his lieutenants by enormous majorities.

Horror of coercion in the mind of the upholder and the approver of coercive laws for Ireland seems to me as incongruous as the name of honour in the mouth of Joseph Surface seemed to Lady Teazle, or as the name of God seemed on the lips of Margaret to the dying Valentine. For a Liberal statesman, to whom the voice of the Caucus is as the breath of his nostrils, to be moved to holy horror at the idea of any pressure on a vote is grotesque enough. If, however, Lord Hartington can really delude himself into the belief that Ireland sent eighty-six men to support Mr. Parnell in Parliament because Ireland distrusts and detests Mr. Parnell, I can only express my sympathy for those who see in Lord Hartington the future leader of the Liberal Party.

Other statesmen, however, and other politicians are not so self-complacent as Lord Hartington. They admit that Mr. Parnell has a following, they admit that Ireland is perverted enough to prefer Mr. Parnell to any other leaders, Liberal or Tory. Unable to say that the Irish Parliamentary Party do not represent Irish opinion, they propose to take up a new attitude towards the Irish Party. Those who know anything of recent political events know that Mr. Gladstone has occasionally expressed his opinion that the Irish vote ought not to be taken into consideration in cases where the great English parties were pitted against each other.

Nobody, however, seriously supposed that Mr. Gladstone was in earnest in expressing such an opinion. It was merely the playfulness of a great mind, or at worst the momentary irritation of a minister whose plans were occasionally thwarted. Mr. Gladstone showed that he did not seriously intend any such fantastic violation of Liberal principles and the theory of a constitutional government when he left office in consequence of the Irish vote.

But what Mr. Gladstone uttered in jest, a few of Mr. Gladstone's followers, and most of Mr. Gladstone's opponents, have taken to preaching in sober earnest. They seriously urge that the Irish vote in Parliament should not be taken into consideration at all, that its influence upon the total of a division, its power of making or unmaking ministries, should be as slight, as valueless, as if the followers were so many bodiless, voiceless, and in consequence voteless fantasms.

Upon this point a newspaper so little inclined to sympathy with Parnellism as the *Observer* spoke decisively enough a few Sundays ago. So long, it declared, as Ireland was entitled by the Constitution to return a certain number of members to the Imperial Parliament it was idle to talk of ignoring their votes. Every constituency

has an equal right to recognition in the person of its delegate, and the mere fact that a member, or any body of members, happens to entertain views that are distasteful to the existing Government, in no sense justifies that Government in attempting to destroy the legitimate rights and privileges of that member or body of members. So long as the Imperial Constitution not merely sanctions, but absolutely enforces, the return of members for a hundred Irish constituencies, so long the vote of an Irish member must be of the same value, and possess the same constitutional weight, as the vote of a member from England, from Scotland, or from Wales.

The question that is before the English public just now is simply this: "Are you prepared to listen at all to the voice of Ireland, speaking as it does in strict accordance with constitutional tradition and usage through the mouths of a vast preponderance of Irish members, duly and constitutionally elected, or are you determined to deny to Ireland that expression of a national desire and that freedom of national government of which you are so proud to have been the champions in almost every other country in Europe?"

What, after all, is the meaning of this demand for Home Rule, of which in one way or another we have heard so much for the last decade? What is the question which for ten years the leaders of the two great English parties have agreed in ignoring, and which now the leader of the Tory Party has only, it would appear, abandoned because the leader of the Liberal Party has announced his intention of dealing with it?

The opponents of Home Rule are, roughly speaking, of two kinds: Those who refuse even to consider the question at all; and those who temporise with it, who do their best to dyke it back for the time being, for the hour, even for the minute, and who feel a curious gratification in the most temporary postponement of a puzzling problem. The first of these two classes of opponents of Home Rule has at least the merit of simplicity in its arguments. It boldly asseverates that Home Rule means dismemberment of the Empire, and it stubbornly refuses to listen to any argument which would interfere with that assumption. "Dismemberment of the Empire" is its catch-word, its countersign; it promises to become its war-cry. It repeats it as the credulous might repeat some wizard's spell in the hope of dissipating the danger which it believes to menace it. Lord Salisbury is apparently acting like Faust in the poem: he has uttered the cabalistic words that call up the earth spirit, and when the spirit appears he can think no higher thought and cherish no loftier d than to banish it out of sight and memory immediately.

In certain of his speeches, most notably that ever-memorable utterance at Newport, Lord Salisbury invoked Home Rule. When the invocation was answered, he seems to have shrunk from the consequences of his own temerity and to be now nursing a baffled indignation because a stronger statesman than he has stepped boldly forward and prepared to deal righteously with the spirit of Irish discontent.

It would be folly to pretend that for the last five years Ireland has felt any warm affection for Mr. Gladstone. Speaking for myself alone, I at least have loved him little. I cannot but regard the misfortunes which have fallen upon Ireland during the last five years as the direct result of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary departure from the old lines of Liberal politics, and his most unhappy determination to disregard the voice and silence the expression of Irish opinion in the House of Commons. But far bitterer enemies of Mr. Gladstone than can be found in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party must admit that when Mr. Gladstone has made a mistake, and has become convinced that he has made a mistake, he has never shown the slightest fear of admitting the fact, or displayed the slightest hesitation about at once endeavouring to redress his error.

Mr. Gladstone lost a great opportunity when, after his visit to Ireland some years back, he failed to perceive the strength of the national demand, the keenness of the national desire for some form of home government. He lost some precious years in the effort to suppress the Irish Party in Parliament, and by shutting his senses to the fact that they were strong because they spoke with the voice and acted with the strength of a people. But Mr. Gladstone is too great a statesman to let one lost opportunity prove the precedent for another, or to excuse loss of time in the past by losing more time in the present. Whatever he may have thought of the opinion of Ireland before, however much he may have persuaded himself that Mr. Parnell and his Party were in no sense the leaders of the Irish Nation, the result of the recent elections must have, and, indeed, as we see has, altered his opinions. That political map of Ireland which the *Pall Mall Gazette* published the other day would be enough in itself to convince a more stubborn judgment, a mind less open to receive even unpleasant impressions, than Mr. Gladstone's. That map, with its vast surface of white, representing the constituencies which have returned Mr. Parnell's followers, and its pitiful patch of black in the far north to distinguish all that is left of Ireland which is not national, is the eloquent symbol of a more remarkable change than has ever

been represented in any atlas of maps of Europe by treaty. If the voice of a nation is ever to count for anything, the voice of a nation has spoken in Ireland, and Mr. Gladstone has been too ardent an advocate of the rights of nationalities abroad to deny their existence at home.

The Irish Party and the Irish leaders have been blamed, to my mind most unreasonably, for failing to bring forward a definite, well-digested scheme of Home Rule to submit to the English Parliament and the English people. Up to the present moment the very principle of Home Rule has been strenuously opposed by the leading statesmen of both parties and by the leading English daily papers. Only *Truth* among weekly papers, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Echo* among evening newspapers, have, as far as I am aware, persistently and consistently advocated the rights of the Irish people to self-government. What would have been the use of Mr. Parnell or any other Irish leader bringing forward a cut-and-dried scheme, a "new theory of the conjugation of irregular verbs," *à la* Siéyès, to submit to a ministry that openly refused even to regard the demand as a matter for legitimate discussion?

There is in a certain part of Australia a wide and desolate tract of land, a heart-breaking region which has been christened the "Never-Never" land. It is so called, I believe, from the impression which its drouthy wastes convey to the mind of the traveller on first entering within its loveless limits that he will never again emerge therefrom. The Home Rule Party in Parliament have for a long time been living in a kind of political Never-Never land. "Never, never" has been the invariable answer to all their entreaties that the right of their country to administer her own affairs in her own way should be recognised. While that right was stubbornly denied there was no earthly good to be gained by drawing up paper schemes and building constitutions in the air. What the Irish Party and the Irish people have been striving for all these years has been to get their right of self-government recognised at least as a subject which a man may fairly defend without being denounced as a knave or pitied as a fool. That right has been at last recognised, fairly and frankly recognised. Mr. Gladstone has made it known that he intends to have the honour of associating his name with this great Irish question, as it is already associated with land reform in Ireland and with the Disestablishment of the so-called Irish Church. The *Daily News* has recently advocated some scheme of Home Rule for Ireland with almost as much warmth as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and even the *Scotsman* has discovered that there is really something to be said

for local government in Ireland. Now is the time for formulating schemes and projecting constitutions. For my part, I think the production of a plan for the better administration of Ireland rests at this moment with Mr. Gladstone—assuming Lord Salisbury to be out of the running—rather than with Mr. Parnell.

If, however, any explanation of what Home Rule means is really needed—and I am compelled, to my surprise, to believe that it is, from hearing the question so often asked, in all honesty, "What do you Home Rulers really want?"—I can explain what I mean by Home Rule easily enough. I should like to see, I hope soon to see, Ireland placed in the same relationship to the Imperial Parliament as that in which a State of the American Union stands to the central governing body at Washington. That I consider to be, roughly speaking, the length and breadth of the Home Rule demand. It may perhaps, however, serve to make the matter more plain to the English mind—a mind which I am convinced will sympathise with us when it really understands what we want and appreciates how sorely we need it—if I venture to set down a few of the things that Home Rule does not mean.

It does not mean dismemberment of the Empire, or disintegration of the Empire, or any injury whatever to the Empire. It does not mean separation or anything like separation. It does not include any control of an army or a navy, or any power of levying what may be called Imperial taxation, or of negotiation with foreign Powers. It does not propose to abrogate in any way the Imperial functions of the English Parliament. It no more proposes to do any of these things than the State of Massachusetts proposes to do them. The only point, indeed, in which my parallel fails in perfect exactness is with regard to the customs question. Certain advocates of Home Rule think that Ireland ought to have the right, if she pleases, to protect her manufactures. That is a point which may fairly be left for settlement when the whole great question is being argued over in Westminster. It is not, on the face of it, a very alarming demand. Other portions of the Empire have long since been allowed to protect themselves against England. Canada and the Australian Colonies protect themselves against England, and yet the Empire appears to exist notwithstanding.

What is there so alarming in the suggestion of Home Rule for Ireland? Englishmen see with composure some form of Home Rule or other existing in all the dependencies of the Crown, from the great Antipodean colonies to the little Isle of Man, within almost a stone's throw of these shores. If Canadians and Australasians and Manx have Home Rule, and having it are happy and contented, and the

solidarity of the Empire is in no way injured, but rather greatly strengthened thereby, why should it be denied to Ireland?

But if Home Rule for Ireland, some of our opponents argue, why not Home Rule for Scotland? why not Home Rule for Wales? To which I answer, question for question, with "Why not, indeed?" If Scotland and Wales desire Home Rule, I can conceive no just or even sane reason for denying it. If the Scotch people were to demand Home Rule to-morrow, with anything like the unanimity of the Irish people, we all know perfectly well that it would be conceded to them immediately, and almost without discussion. The reason why Scotland does not demand Home Rule as yet is because, up to this time, she has practically enjoyed the bulk of its benefits. Scotland has had her own way all along. She has worshipped in freedom at her own shrines; she has lived beneath the shelter of her own laws. When she wishes for greater freedom than she now enjoys, all she has to do is to ask for it and she will get it immediately. But because Scotland and Wales do not ask for Home Rule, and presumably do not want it, is no reason why Ireland, who does ask for it, and does want it, should be denied her petition.

Some writers and speakers have expressed a fear that, in the event of any system of self-government being granted to Ireland, the Protestant minority would suffer, in one way or another, from oppression at the hands of the Catholic majority. Such an apprehension is curiously unfounded. It is scarcely likely that a people, many, indeed most, of whose best beloved heroes were Protestants, and whose present leader is himself a Protestant, would be likely to prove in any sense or degree hostile to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. I may remind my readers that while Protestants have been returned, again and again, as representatives of Catholic constituencies in Ireland, that while Irish Catholics have, again and again, entrusted the representation of their grievances to Protestant delegates, it was until within the last few months practically impossible for any Catholic to find a seat in any English constituency. The present Parliament, upon its new and extended franchise, does contain a few Catholic representatives of English constituencies, but in the late Parliament there was, I think, only one, and he was regarded as remarkable for having gained that rare and almost unattainable distinction. It is not long ago since the English Press and English public opinion generally seemed unanimous in agreeing that the career of Lord Ripon as a statesman and politician was closed in England because he had become converted to the Catholic faith. On the other hand, I have heard that Catholic voters in Ireland

expressed regret that some Nationalist candidate was not a Protestant in order that they might show their tolerance of a creed which was not their own, and in the present Nationalist Party several Protestants are enrolled among its most prominent members. It is a matter of statistics, too, that a large number of Protestant votes were recorded for the Nationalist and Catholic candidates at the just-passed general elections, a fact which serves to show that a very great number of the Irish Protestants do not share the apprehensions expressed for their safety by some writers and thinkers on this side of the Channel. The tolerance which English Protestantism has not always extended to Catholics, the Irish Catholics have always extended, and always will extend, towards their Protestant fellow-countrymen.

I hope and believe that the time of Home Rule for Ireland has arrived. I am convinced that it will bring peace and welfare and content to my country. Her manufactures will again arise and flourish; commerce will once more visit the grass-grown wharves of her sea-cities, and fill the vacant spaces of those deserted buildings which now stand in ruined desolation, more melancholy than Karnak or Corinth. A people trained at last to patience and self-reliance will take a just pride in the fulfilment of those duties as citizens of which they have been so long deprived. The Church that has for so long guided the nation through darkness and the valley of the shadow of death will exercise its loftiest duty as the guide and guardian of a regenerated race. The Irish nation has been taking shape under our eyes; her children need now only the privileges of freedom to exercise those privileges worthily. The activity of the country will be directed into its proper channels. National occupation, and the responsibilities of administration, will bring with them those virtues of statesmanship which the Irish race have always shown in lands more happily ruled than their own. That national strength which now is spent, and rightly spent, in agitation for a great end, will be then employed in the fulfilment of those civic duties which the new conditions of political existence will create and establish.

Not to Ireland alone, however, will the advantages be limited. All that is to be gained from friendship instead of enmity, from trust instead of distrust, from loving fellowship and the heart's alliance instead of suspicion and the heirloom hate, all these may yet be England's if England choose. In God's name, is it not better to have, across that strip of stormy water, a nation of free men who are friends, fellow-workers for the Empire's welfare, firm allies in danger, than to be the most unhappy masters of an island of unconquered insurgent bondsmen?

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

THE recent establishment of a modern side at Rugby is another proof that the movement in favour of a more liberal and varied system of public school education has not lost any of its vitality. The upholders of the old classical curriculum would do well to note this significant event; for it seems probable that the other public schools will follow the example of Harrow and Rugby, and that we shall eventually see the reformers victorious all along the line. That this may be the result of the conflict must be the wish of all those who have realised the disastrous effects of the present classical monopoly. The unjust preponderance of classical teaching is fatal to all true progress in our schools, and the removal of this anomaly is one of the first objects to be aimed at.

For it is important to remark that the desire to establish modern sides need by no means imply any hostility to classical learning. It is not the study of Latin and Greek which has been found to be at fault, but the exclusive and tyrannical method under which that study has been conducted. I would urge, therefore, the necessity of setting classical learning free from the false position in which it has long been placed, and of saving it from its so-called friends by a timely "disestablishment," the object of which would be its perpetuation, and not its destruction. The classics have of late been brought into undeserved disrepute by being forced on a great many boys who ought to be learning other things, and by being taught in a manner which makes failure well-nigh inevitable. Those who are most strongly impressed with a sense of the great value of classical literature ought to be the first to join the party of reform. In the present article I wish to say a good word for classical learning, as distinguished from what is ordinarily known as a "classical education."

Let us begin by finding out the cause of the present reaction in favour of modern studies. For centuries the votaries of the classics have had it all their own way. Why are they now being ousted from the privileged position they have so long enjoyed? It is because they have not really taught what they professed to teach, but have

relied too much on the immemorial belief in the virtue of a classical education, whether that education be a real one or a sham. Very touching and very long-suffering has been the confidence reposed by the English nation in the representatives of classical learning. We all remember how powerfully Mr. Tulliver was impressed by the reported accomplishments of the tutor recommended for his son, the "thoroughly educated man," who was "at no loss to take up any branch of education." But when it is found that a boy may remain several years at school without acquiring any apparent knowledge of Latin or Greek, it must eventually dawn on the parental mind that something has gone wrong. Tutors and friends may suggest the charitable supposition that in some mysterious and invisible manner the boy has "improved his mind," and, though he has not actually learnt anything, has been "learning how to learn." Yet, after all, this consolatory theory is very far from being satisfactory or self-evident. It may have passed muster in former times, but it will not do nowadays, when the British parent expects some practical results from the money expended on his son's education. Hence it is constantly happening that when an elder son has been initiated into the classical mysteries, and has come out with no more definite acquisition than an "improved mind," the disgusted parent determines to send his younger boys to a modern school. It is impossible to deny that there is already a widespread distrust of classical education, and that this feeling is always on the increase. It finds expression in the sentiment so constantly heard, that modern studies are much "more useful" than classics.

On the one hand, then, we have the assertion of the classicists, unsupported by any definite evidence, that the old classical system affords the best mental training; on the other hand, modern studies are very commonly recommended on the ground of their superior utility. Which party are we to believe? It seems to me that there is serious error on both sides, and that the essential points on this educational question are in considerable danger of being overlooked. The classical apologists seem to forget that the object of instruction is that the pupil may learn, and that it is idle to take refuge in far-fetched pleas of "improving the mind" and "learning how to learn," unless there is some practical sign of substantial progress. The average school-boy devotes five or six years to the study of Latin and Greek, and at the end of that time is found to be almost a stranger to those languages. When those who are responsible for this state of affairs are called to account, having no practical results *to point to, they* are compelled to advance a fallacious reason—a

mere after-thought, in fact—in justification of their system, and to argue that their object was to subject the boy to a severe mental exercise, and *not* to teach him to read the classics with facility. By thus degrading classical learning to a fruitless drudgery they play into the hands of the advocates of modern studies, and by the palpable uselessness of their own method enhance the apparent utility of the modern one. I say the apparent utility, for there is a great fallacy underlying the common assertion about the superior usefulness of modern studies. In what sense are modern languages more "useful" than the classics? To some people, no doubt, a knowledge of French and German, mathematics and science, as the case may be, is of the very highest professional value, or even necessity; yet from a purely educational and intellectual point of view it is at least as beneficial, and therefore as useful, to study the classical masterpieces as anything else.[1] Is it of no use to read Homer and Virgil? Even the most zealous opponent of the present classical method would hesitate to say that. The truth is that all subjects which are in themselves worth studying are useful, in the best sense of the word, for the purposes of education. Classics, *as at present taught* (*i.e.* not taught at all, unless the word "teaching" is to be understood in a very elastic and Pickwickian sense), are undoubtedly less useful than modern studies, in which some sort of progress is looked for and exacted, but they are not necessarily inferior in utility. Once let classical teachers grasp the fact that progress is a vital feature of successful education, and they will be well able to hold their own against the rivalry of modern studies. But to effect this, I believe that two reforms will be found inevitable.

First, it will be advisable not to inflict the study of classics on *all* boys in our public schools, since many find more congenial occupation in French, German, and the various modern subjects. Secondly, those who still continue to learn Latin and Greek must be taught by improved methods, so as to ensure some practical result.

But before discussing remedies it may be well to say a little more

[1] Mr. Marindin, in his article on "Eton in '85," published in the *Fortnightly Review* last May, claims a practical utility for the study of Greek which I fear is hardly borne out by the facts of the case. His idea of "the average sixth-form boy" landing at the Piræus, and at once utilising his Greek learning by reading the newspapers and conversing with the natives, is ingenious, but scarcely convincing. One begins to wonder if it is not Lord Macaulay's schoolboy, rather than Mr. Marindin's, of whom we are speaking. And the tragic fate of the shipwrecked monkey, when, in answer to the dolphin who was bearing him to shore, he pretended to a knowledge of the Piræus beyond that which he [illegible]ed, should be a warning in this particular.

on the subject of the disease. Mr. Cornish, in his interesting article on "Eton Reform,"[1] very truly remarks, "There must, one would think, be something wrong in the methods of teaching." He suggests that the cause of failure may be found in the recent tendency to substitute strict grammatical accuracy and "Attic usage" for the more literary, though less exact, teaching of a quarter of a century ago. That Mr. Cornish is here touching on the root of the evil, viz. the attempt to turn ordinary school-boys into commentators and grammarians, I fully believe, but I cannot help thinking that this unhappy method of instruction is of a less recent date than he seems to imply. This sacrifice of the end to the means, this exaltation of the instrument at the expense of the object of education, has long been the bane of our public schools, and is not the result of any recent importation from a Cambridge lecture room. Sydney Smith, in his essay on education, published over seventy years ago, brought all the force of his ridicule to bear on this same absurdity:—

"The epithet of scholar is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μ. The picture which a young Englishman addicted to the pursuit of knowledge draws—his *beau idéal* of human nature, his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. . . . . Scholars have come, in process of time, to love not the filbert but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself. It is not so much the man who has mastered the wisdom of the ancients that is valued, as he who displays his knowledge of the vehicle in which that wisdom is conveyed."—*Too much Latin and Greek*, pp. 191, 192.

Such was the classical system in 1809, and if there has been a change since then, I believe it has been for the better. But a glance at the methods of instruction even now in vogue at our public schools will show that there is still need of a very real and drastic reform, unless classical learning is to be finally smothered and done to death by the dead, dull weight of lexicon and grammar. The ordinary curriculum may be conveniently considered under the following heads:—

(1) *Construing.*—Here we find that, as if despairing of the possibility of any rational interest and intelligent grasp of the subject, classical teachers have confined their efforts almost entirely to verbal and textual criticism. A "lesson" of Homer or Virgil,

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, Oct. 1885, p. 591.

or whatever the subject matter may be, both in its preparation and performance, is, in nine cases out of ten, a deplorable record of wasted time and energy. The vast majority of school-boys are quite unable to "make sense" of the passages set before them, consequently, all that can be exacted from them is practically no more than to look out some unknown words in their lexicon or dictionary. This manual task of thumbing a detested school-book—a sort of educational oakum-picking—they perform with more or less diligence, according to the character of each individual, but with a singular uniformity of result. The lesson is then gone through in the class-room, where the unfortunate students, instead of being enabled to realise the true meaning and significance of the literature which they are supposed to be reading, are bewildered still further by the introduction of various perplexing and arbitrary rules of grammar and syntax, an ordeal from which, like the Northern Farmer, they "come away" in a state of mental stupor and stolid resignation. They have not learned anything, neither have they "learned how to learn"; on the contrary, they have been impressed with the idea that all such learning is unattainable, for, as Sydney Smith remarks, "the boy who is lexicon-struck in early youth looks upon all books afterwards with horror, and goes over to the blockheads."

(2) *Repetition.*—This supplementary and subordinate, but nevertheless most valuable, branch of education, is rendered almost useless in the classical routine, because its success is dependent on that of construing. If boys do not understand the sense of a Latin author it is of but little use to attempt to make them learn the words like a parrot. School-boys' memories are seldom very tenacious, and when the passages which they are invited to repeat are, to them, meaningless, the struggle becomes almost hopeless, and had better be abandoned at once. Under proper conditions repetition might be as pleasant and helpful as it is now wearisome and fruitless.

(3) *Grammar.*—All that is said of the excellence of grammar as a vehicle of education may theoretically be true, yet in practical dealing with ordinary boys I believe the excessive amount of grammatical teaching does far more harm than good. In studying grammar, as in every other pursuit, it is possible to have too much of a good thing. We have all heard how a grocer, to check the untimely appetite of a new

purposely regales him at the outset of his career with a surfeit of sugar-candy. One would think that classical teachers had a similar object in view, and that they wished to fill their pupils from the very beginning with a disgust for everything connected with Latin and Greek, so studiously do they tease, and bully, and bewilder them with all the complexities of accidence and syntax. To this process they have given the name, in bitter mockery one would imagine, of *grounding*, and certainly the boy who is thus treated is, in one very significant sense, "grounded," "floored," "grassed," and laid low at the very commencement of his educational training. He is so effectually grounded that he is not very likely to get up again, but is content to grope and grovel in darkness through the many intricacies of "Parry's Greek Grammar" and the "Public School Latin Primer," or some of the numerous grammatical school-books which learned men unhappily persist in compiling.[1] Grammar, if it is to be taught successfully, should be kept in the background until the pupil has some knowledge of vocabulary and idiom; then, and not till then, the study of grammar can be introduced in a rational and profitable manner. It is almost equally important that the books employed should be short, simple, and popular in the extreme. Exactly the contrary system to this prevails in most public schools, where grammar is taught at a period when it can be nothing else than meaningless, and through the medium of books which are models of pedantry and circumlocution.

(4) *Composition.*—This, too, is a cause of much trouble and lamentation to the unfortunate school-boy, who, in nine cases out of ten, is naturally incapable of learning to write Latin, still less Greek. It may be rash to assert that *any* study, however misguided, is absolutely and entirely useless, because, by the beneficence of nature, every sort of mental occupation seems to yield some small grains of profit; yet, surely, this "composition," as it is grandiloquently called, is the nearest approach of anything hitherto discovered to sheer, downright waste of time. Still worse than that, it is positively mischievous, for, like grammar, it has a most disheartening effect on the minds of those who are compelled to labour at it in vain.

[1] The publication of a new "Eton Latin Grammar" marks the latest addition to the educational chamber of horrors—a resurrection which is not likely to be very welcome to those masters of preparatory schools who will be compelled to use it as well as the ordinary text-books.

Even in the case of really clever boys it is not difficult to see that their time might be far better employed in other branches of learning than in this most precarious and unprofitable pursuit. "Versification in a dead language," wrote Lord Macaulay, "is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection." This is true, not only of versification, but also of prose writing, and, indeed, of all those niceties and elegances of composition, the *ignes fatui* of education which have lured so many a benighted school-boy into a veritable slough of despond and hatred of everything intellectual.

This, in plain words, is the state of the case as regards a large majority of English school-boys. They are taught for several years, at the time of life when their minds are most impressionable and docile, to construe, say by heart, parse, and compose, the classic languages of Greece and Rome; and when they leave school they are still conspicuously destitute of these accomplishments. A few clever boys, of course, meet with some success; though, when one considers the large amount of time devoted to a classical education, there seems to be little room, even here, for congratulation. But with ordinary boys, of whom I am now speaking, the result is certainly deplorable; the more so, because many of those who are at present forced into the groove of classics might stand a far better chance of making progress if they were allowed some latitude in the choice of their studies.[1] Antiquated methods of teaching, and a total disregard of individual tastes, have lowered classical learning to the level of a dull and dreary task. If it is not to be allowed to fall gradually into total discredit and disuse, we shall be compelled to have recourse to the two remedies which I have already mentioned, and of which I may now proceed to speak.

[1] It may be objected that at many public schools French and other "modern subjects" *are* taught, side by side with the old classical system. This is nominally the case, but practically it is hardly worth considering; as, unless an equivalent amount of classics be dropped, the modern subjects must necessarily be a mere smattering. If they are seriously enforced, the impossibility of teaching so many things at once furnishes another strong argument for the establishment of a modern side.

The following is a copy of a report written by one of my late colleagues at Eton, on the work of a boy then in the middle division of Fifth Form:—"He knows no Latin and Greek, and never will. He seems a good honest lad, behaves very well, is punctual, so I do not grumble at him, but pity him for being put down to learn ancient languages, to him an impossibility." Comment is needless.

First, we must not claim the right of making the classics compul sory on all school-boys ; we must let go those who are incapable and those who are unwilling. Such was the wise plan of Leonidas before the battle of Thermopylæ ; and such must be our principle of action if we hope to defend our time-honoured camp against the imminent attacks of the barbarians. When the very existence of classical learning is at stake, it is no time to weaken our own resources and to play into the hands of our opponents by filling our lines with mal-contents. In other words, we must do our best towards furthering, instead of opposing, the establishment of "modern sides." I am aware that the attempts already made in this direction have not been invariably successful, and that some experienced teachers dislike this system of dividing a school into two portions, viz. classical and modern, on account of the loss of unity and completeness. Mr. Cornish has advocated, in preference to a modern side, a system of "bifurcation," under which the bulk of the teaching would be the same for all the boys, though at certain fixed hours they would part company, some studying Greek, others German. If this can be arranged without involving too great a complexity of organisation, I do not see why it should not effect all that is required ; and educational reformers need not rigidly insist on the adoption of any one remedy to the exclusion of others, since they are enamoured not of the mere name of "modern side," but of the general principle thereby indi-cated. It is worth remarking, in passing, that if the members of the "German branch" are to continue to do their Latin lessons in company with their classical school-fellows, there will be an increased necessity of improved methods of instruction in this part of their training; for nobody who is supposed to be having a modern education can possibly find time to study Latin in the manner at present in vogue, with its full accompaniments of grammar and composition. That, however, appears to be a matter of detail, the main object that we desire to secure being this : that any boy may be able to drop the study of Greek (and, I should be inclined to add, Latin also) and substitute that of modern languages and science. Those who are most devoted to classical learning ought to welcome heartily the prospect of some such reform, which would rid them of their present encumbrances, and give them a free field for proving that Latin and Greek are really first-rate subjects of education—a contention which, if we are to judge by results, it must be confessed they have not hitherto demonstrated very satisfactorily.

Secondly, it is at least equally important that where the classics *continue to be* taught at all, they should be taught effectually.

Improved methods are an absolute necessity, if we wish to do justice to classical literature. Life is short, and in all other human enterprises the value of time is well-nigh universally recognised; yet, where Latin and Greek are concerned, schoolmasters seem inclined to forget that we are not immortal. "There is no royal road to knowledge," they say, and forthwith plunge their unfortunate pupils into a "seven years' war" of grammatical drudgery, an unequal and dispiriting contest between a sulky boy on the one side and an interminable array of nouns, pronouns, verbs, particles, augments, reduplications, accents, and what not, on the other. Now, it is true that in every branch of education difficulties must inevitably arise, and that these difficulties must be fairly met and mastered; but this surely is no reason for deliberately increasing the number of obstacles that beset the path of a youthful scholar, as is the case in the present public school system, as if the object were to create difficulties rather than to overcome them. Let us avoid cant in this matter, and trust a little more confidently to the touchstone of common sense. A school-boy has only a limited time to devote to the study of Latin and Greek, and it is, therefore, the paramount duty of his teachers to turn that time to good account. What would be thought of a teacher of modern languages if his pupils could not read an easy French sentence? or of a mathematical master if his class were puzzled by a rule-of-three sum? In classics only do we tolerate such a spectacle as that of a number of boys unable to read or translate the authors with whom they are supposed to be conversant. I would strongly urge the desirability of altogether discontinuing the study of Latin and Greek composition in the ordinary curriculum, and of postponing the teaching of grammar until the pupil is so far advanced as to be able to read an easy text-book with some facility. This, to my mind, would be a far truer and sounder method ot "grounding" a pupil than that which is at present in favour; for it would at least insure some substantial basis of knowledge to which the refinements of "scholarship," if deemed desirable, might be afterwards added.[1] But it may here be asked, *how* is a boy to be taught this elementary knowledge of Latin and Greek idiom? Under the present system of preparing lessons by the extremely laborious process of word-hunting in a dictionary, boys can only be taken through a very small portion of an author in a school time, and seldom succeed in getting a clear and connected view of the subject, or an

[1] "If grammar ought to be taught at any time, it must be to one that can speak the language already; how else can he be taught the grammar of it?"—*Locke on Education.*

accurate knowledge of the text. By what "improved method" are we to effect a result which to the ordinary school-boy has hitherto proved unattainable? I reply by the "Hamiltonian system"—a term which possibly requires some further elucidation. "Hamilton's Method of Teaching Languages," which formed the subject of an essay by Sydney Smith,[1] was based upon the use of interlineal translations instead of grammar and dictionary. Through the enormous saving of time and labour thus effected, the pupil is enabled to go over far more ground, acquire a far more extensive vocabulary, and grasp the meaning of the Latin or Greek far more thoroughly than is possible at English public schools. The object of the system is, in fact, to teach the ancient languages by a modern and rational method; and this, as I have attempted to show, is precisely what has now become necessary, if we hope to preserve the study of classical learning, and to prevent Latin and Greek from becoming "dead languages" in an unpleasantly literal sense. The prejudice that exists against "cribs" on the part of public school teachers is, I know, very strong, and not wholly unreasonable. A translation is, of course, a very bad thing for a young boy, unless he is taught how to use it; still more so when he can only study it furtively, and when the translation happens, as is usually the case, to be a villanously bad one. No wonder that under these circumstances a "crib" is a contraband article in all public schools, to be seized and confiscated whenever detected by the vigilance of the master, or betrayed by the awkwardness of the boy. It may chance that a backward boy construes his Virgil on some particular occasion with unwonted and suspicious fluency. "Did you learn that lesson with a translation?" inquires the tutor. "No, sir," replies the boy. "Run and fetch it," continues the master, well versed in this kind of controversy, and in a few minutes the boy produces a well-thumbed volume of Mr. Bohn's educational series. All this is perhaps unavoidable as long as the present manner of teaching prevails; but it should not blind us to the fact that, though a bad translation may deserve to be condemned, a good one is an extremely valuable instrument of education. If schoolmasters, instead of troubling themselves to appropriate the worthless "cribs" that at present circulate among their pupils, would arrange for the authorised use, under proper supervision, of really good translations, they would soon find signs of unwonted progress in their class. Instead of stumbling helplessly through a very few lines of the school-book, and forgetting them as soon as read, the boys would be able to prepare five or six times as much in amount, and

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, 1826.

would understand it infinitely better. They would grasp the sense and proportions of a classical book, instead of puzzling themselves in vain over grammatical trivialities; in short, the whole process would be changed from dull and disheartening drudgery into a pleasant and rational labour. Nor need there be any fear that by relieving our pupils of the most irksome part of their present work, we shall be taking away a valuable stimulus to mental exertion, and so weaken their intellectual powers; for it would be always easy to set them, as an occasional exercise, to translate unseen passages without the use of a translation, though the bulk of their reading would still be carried on in the Hamiltonian method. When some considerable progress had been made, the study of grammar might be introduced; repetition would certainly be found a very valuable adjunct; and, in exceptional cases, composition might also be taught, but it would be best to treat this as an extra and voluntary study, a "curiosity of literature," rather than a material part of education.

If some such system as that which I have just sketched out were adopted in our public schools, I believe we should find that classical learning would be able to hold its own in fair rivalry with modern studies. The classical students would not be obliged to devote nearly the whole of their time to that particular branch of study, as used to be the case; but they would be able to give proper attention to history, geography, mathematics, and certain other subjects which at present fare but indifferently. It is true that many educational reformers advocate the entire disuse of Greek in the ordinary school curriculum, and certainly the wretchedness of present results would quite justify such a course. Personally, I confess I should be sorry to see Greek altogether drop out, especially if Latin still continued to be taught in the old, reckless way; for I believe that the two languages might be acquired, under a rational method, in less time than is now sacrificed to getting a smattering of either. But, after all, the question of the use or disuse of Greek is one of detail rather than principle, the essential points which I have tried to enforce being these—that we must cease to claim for classical learning more than its due share of attention, but, at the same time, must do it the justice of teaching it in a way which does not preclude all possibility of success. The Universities might do much towards a successful solution of the difficulty if they would cease to make classical subjects obligatory in any of their examinations, and thereby pave the way for a general adoption of modern sides, or some similar arrangement, in the public schools; while head-masters, in their turn, might render

invaluable service to the cause of education by the introduction of simpler and more sensible methods of teaching Latin and Greek.

I fear it is undeniable that this latter reform is much less certain to be carried out than the former. That the demand for the just recognition of modern studies will somehow or other be satisfied is now beyond all doubt, and may be regarded as merely a question of time; but one cannot feel equally confident that the classics will ever be taught rationally and successfully, although the very existence of classical learning may depend upon this being done. Would that the upholders of the old system could realise the fact that their position is now a critical one, and that instead of insisting on the full retention of ancient privileges, they would do wisely to secure a safe retreat while they can! The old classical coach lumbers bravely on its course; but it is sadly over-weighted and top-heavy, and the wolfish pack of modern studies is gathering closely in the rear. If anything is to be preserved, something must evidently be sacrificed. What can we best afford to cast out? "Nothing!" cry the head-masters in chorus. "We carry nothing that is not absolutely necessary to a gentleman's education." It would be wiser, I think, if they could bring themselves to throw away that particularly heavy portion of their baggage which consists of grammar, gradus, and lexicon; a sacrifice which would not only materially lighten their time-honoured vehicle, but would also provide their importunate pursuers with very substantial matter for rumination and delay.

H. S. SALT.

FRÉDÉRICK LEMAÎTRE.

I.

ONE day in the year 1805, at the port of Havre-de-Grâce, the pupils of an architect named Lemaître were collected in the class-room situated in his own house, in the rue de la Gaffe. This school of design was gratuitous, and had pleased the First Consul, Napoléon, so much, on one of his visits to Havre, that he had intrusted the construction of a new basin to its founder. The building where the pupils were sitting was almost in the shadow of the great church of Notre-Dame, and this conspicuous object in the centre of the town formed an excellent mark for the guns of the English ships which, when the tide was in, came up the estuary of the Seine sufficiently high to cause the inhabitants great distress and annoyance. The lecture was almost over, and amongst the students looking forward to departure was a little lad five years old who attended for amusement, but was probably pretty well tired of sitting still, when suddenly a shell broke into the building and exploded amongst them, though, as it turned out, without injuring a single person! Alarmed at the frightful noise, a woman rushed in, caught up the boy, wrapt his head in a shawl, and made off for the citadel. The boy was called Antoine Louis Prosper, and he was son of the lecturer; and afterwards adopting the christian name of Frédérick, became so famous and popular an actor that he was generally mentioned, even in the play-bills, by this christian name alone. "I was reared in one bombardment and seem likely to die in a second," he wrote sorrowfully enough in January 1871, when the Prussian shells were humming over the streets of Paris. This was not to be. He lived five years longer, the same period which had elapsed since his birth, before the realities of war were so strikingly brought home to him.

One of Napoléon's great gifts was the discernment of capacity. Assured of the talent of the elder Lemaître, he kept his eye on him, and in 1811 summoned him to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where a camp was kept up, long after all idea of invasion had passed away. Being conservator of the theatre, Lemaître went thither to inspect it before

his departure. The dusk had set in, and the carpenters had neglected to fasten the trap concealing the aperture where at that time the prompter was usually located. Lemaître, in stepping backward on the stage, fell into this hole, and was so injured that a tumour formed in his knee, under the results of which he sank. His death was a fearful loss to the family. Madame Lemaître, the daughter of a music-master named Mercheidt, had a married sister living in Paris, with whom, too, her widowed mother resided, and to their house Frédérick was taken. M. L'Amiral Hamelin had interested himself in the boy, and had promised to obtain for him a scholarship at the Collège Sainte-Barbe. Under these circumstances the metropolis was entered by one who, after a rough novitiate, was to gain a hold on its attention which it required long years to relax. Full of dreams as to what the great city would be,—a place, he thought, of fair palaces and fountains, where the air was lighter and the sunshine more constant than such as he had known, the men gay and the woman beautiful; and, intermingled with all this, where the theatre was a fairyland of scenery, wit, and adventure (for his curiosity about things dramatic was congenital),—he arrived on a wet day at a tall sallow house in the rue Guénégaud, hard by the Quai Conti, and behind La Monnaie. The gutters were full, the light deficient, the boy's bedroom looked out on the roof of the grey and sombre pavilion of the Mint. No wonder that his heart sank. And when he got into the regular routine of Sainte-Barbe, and his daily exercise was restricted to walking to and from his task—a trip which, as the college is near the Panthéon, lay entirely through crowded streets—he soon began to mope and lose his spirits. His discontent took at first the form of truancy, and he would go and sit under the chestnut trees in the Tuileries garden for hours together and mourn over his misfortunes. At length his health failed, and the doctor who was called in suggested, with what might well have seemed to the patient considerable naïveté, that it would be a good plan to divert the thoughts and amuse the mind: he might with great propriety be taken to the —— theatre! It was like suggesting to a sick botanist that a Brazilian forest might possibly prove a beneficial change. Frédérick's heart leaped for joy. He was taken to the Ambigu Comique: the play was "Madame Angot," even then a stock piece, and destined about half a century later to be revived with astonishing success. That night settled his fate. He returned with a fixed determination to become a comedian. With great trepidation of heart he unfolded his wishes to his mother, who, as was not unnatural, was warmly opposed to the idea, and for a length of time

resisted all steps towards its realisation. Meantime the boy's health continued to decline, and at last M. Coussin, his mother's brother-in-law, perceiving how deep-seated and persistent the passion was, recommended that no further obstacles should be raised. The mother yielded. And penetrated with gratitude, Frédérick promised not to neglect some ordinary avocation for support, but to find extra time for his theatrical studies.

With much trouble and perseverance, he got himself admitted as what was called an *élève auditeur* into the Conservatoire, and was enrolled in the class of the tragedian Lafon, a player who had at one time enjoyed a remarkable vogue, and had even been pitted by injudicious friends against Talma himself. The first report on Frédérick was, that he had a certain intelligence about him, but that his pronunciation was thick and indistinct, and his Norman accent pronounced. Till further orders he was to listen, to mark, and learn.

Far from discouraged, he again sought his favourite chestnuts in the Tuileries garden, and, like a new Demosthenes, spouted his tirades in the roofless hall of open space. His school-time had ended, and, faithful to his promise of supporting himself, he took work first in the office of a *procureur*, and next appeared in the *étude* of a notary as junior clerk, that functionary who, in recognition, doubtless, of his many errands, has had assigned to him the name of gutter-skipper (*saute-ruisseau*). Soon tired of this post, he set up as a retail merchant on the smallest of scales,—rice, sugar, coffee, and what not,—and was living in this avocation when there broke upon Paris the strange interval known as the Hundred Days.

When on March 20, 1815, Napoléon entered Paris, and it was spread far and wide the next morning that the Emperor had passed the night in the Tuileries, a perfect delirium raged through the city. And this enthusiasm, when it became known that the allies would at once take the field, assumed the form of a passion for enlistment. Frédérick forgot his artistic predilections—marched to the military authorities, and was enrolled in the 2nd regiment of the line. His career in arms was inglorious, and his only feat, desertion, must rank with the lost shield of Horace and the other performances of such as have a decided preferential capacity for the arts of peace. He actually started on the campaign which ended at Waterloo, but the cruelty of an officer and the hardships of the road took him so aback that he seized an opportunity of escape on the line of march, and ran off to his mother's house. She, poor lady, was terrified at the possible consequences of his behaviour, and cried, as well she might, "*Malheureux! Tu vas être fusillé!*" Yielding to her sensible

advice, Frédérick returned without delay to the barracks at which he had been formerly posted, and reported himself as injured by a fall into a ditch, and now unable to catch up his regiment. He was arrested and shut up on bread and water. Days passed and brought no alleviation in his lot, till at length the rumour of a great disaster became so universal that it penetrated into his seclusion. And the sergeant-major, entering one morning, said, "You must want air, my boy; there is a pipkin of soup to be taken to the soldiers at the fortifications up in Montmartre, and you shall have the job." These were the fugitives from Waterloo, who had been at once put to dig on works of defence. He carried the pipkin some distance, but the weather was hot and the ascent fatiguing. He stopped to rest, he eyed the soup. Half he consumed, and the rest he upset into the roadway: away to his mother's house once more, and his military career was ended!

Three months afterwards an engagement, to be gained by competition, was offered at the Odéon for students of the Conservatoire. Frédérick entered the lists and was defeated. He gained only a single vote. It was that of Talma. The kind and appreciative Picard told him this some years afterwards.

Stung with disappointment, he offered his services to the director of the Variétés Amusantes, and they were accepted. In a few days he appeared as the lion in "Pyrame et Thisbé." He could scarcely be said to walk the stage for the first time, because he had to retain the position of all-fours.

But at last he was a comedian.

II.

The name of the theatre where Frédérick made his first appearance might lead to the supposition that little but what was gay and volatile would be exhibited there. This was not so. The Variétés Amusantes was really the home of heroic pantomimes such as "La Jérusalem Délivrée," "Le Siège de Grenade," etc. And from these boards he passed to those of the Funambules, at that time associated with the successes of Gougibus in the old Italian comedy line, where gesture took so large a part in the representation. Gougibus, it was said, was seldom without a litter of kittens on the carpet of his apartment, whose graceful, lithesome, and suddenly changing attitudes he was never tired of studying. At this theatre, in company with Debureau, Frédérick made a great name amongst an audience, little critical perhaps, but who thoroughly enjoyed a good laugh when such pieces were played as "Arlequin Robinson" or the "Faux

Hermite." The serious lessons with Lafon continued in the mornings, whilst the evenings were devoted to the Funambules. And to this mixed education may, doubtless, be attributed in some measure the versatility which was such a remarkable characteristic in the art of Lemaitre, as well as that command of feature and significance of gesture, picked up perhaps from Gougibus, he afterwards turned to such good account.

He was at this time exceedingly good-looking: his figure graceful and supple, his face handsome, with its nobly cut features and expressive eyes; and yet, though his fine gentlemen had an unmistakable air of distinction about them, his vagabonds were terribly realistic, stamped with unscrupulous tricks and mean shifts, and redolent of the *guinguette* and the *pot à fumier*. In his search for notoriety Frédérick had got as far from the higher dramatic walks as Franconi's circus even, when another competition occurring at the Odéon, he was this time successful, and was admitted as a *pensionnaire*. But he was not at home yet. It was of course a great privilege to associate with such men as Picard—who entirely foresaw his future powers,—the painter David, Talma, and Lafon; but he tells us that as he stood in the sombre tunic of Arcas or of Pylade to listen to the long tirades of Agamemnon and Orestes the blood boiled in his veins. He found that the hand of the king of kings lay heavy on his shoulder—felt it compress his wings and check the flight he knew he was capable of sustaining. Such was his position when he received a proposition from the directors of the Ambigu-Comique to play at their theatre. And in March 1823 he appeared for the first time at the house with which his name was afterwards to be closely connected. It had been the first theatre he had visited in Paris, and a kind of instinct told him he had now found his groove. "L'Ambigu, me dis-je, voilà le véritable terrain, sur lequel il me sera réellement donné de pouvoir essayer mes forces."

He made his bow in a revival of the "L'Homme à Trois Visages" of Pixérécourt, a writer never quite to be forgotten whilst the Dog of Montargis retains its proverbial celebrity. It was not, however, till the management determined to produce the melodrama entitled "L'Auberge des Adrets" that Frédérick had an opportunity, of which he did not neglect to avail himself, of once for all securing an original and commanding position on the Parisian stage. This celebrated play, as is well known, turns on a murder committed at a wayside inn, by the adventurer Robert Macaire, the blame of which is thrown on a poor woman passing the night there, who turns out to be the murderer's neglected wife. It was the [illegible]

Antier and Saint-Amand (the latter only died last year), and was not intended by them to be comically treated. But Lemaître saw that the piece would admit of being offered as what we now call an extravaganza, and with the acquiescence of Firmin, who was cast for Bertrand, this idea was carried out with the greatest success. It may be necessary to point out that the satirical comedy founded on this melodrama, in writing which comedy Frédérick associated himself with the original authors, was entitled simply "Robert Macaire," and embraced objects in the denouncing of political and commercial chicanery which were, of course, never contemplated in the old "L'Auberge," and had a success of a different character in the exposure of passing vices and follies. The drama, however, called "Robert Macaire," produced in this country by Mr. Charles Selby, and played for the first time at the Victoria Theatre in December 1834, and afterwards at Covent Garden, with Wallack as Macaire, and Vale as Bertrand (Jacques Strop), was a version of "L'Auberge des Adrets," with none of the extravagance toned down, the creaking snuff-box retained, and Strop's "Oh, my poor nerves!" added, and does not represent the later drama. Although the treatment introduced by Lemaître was purely farcical, he found opportunities for emitting real flashes of tragical genius, so striking—so terrifying indeed, it may be said—that his capacity for simulating the deepest emotions and throwing himself with overwhelming force into a situation was completely established.

The present writer never saw Lemaître, but from the accounts given by contemporaries he supposes Robson to have come nearer him than any other English actor. A friend who witnessed the performance of "L'Auberge des Adrets" at Brussels informs him that the expression on Frédérick's face when he came out of the chamber where the murder had been committed was something so horrible—such a mixture of outward bravado with a consciousness of the baseness of the crime, and the brag and fear again shot, as it were, with a pathetic look of helplessness, as if he were fulfilling a destiny from which he could not escape—that some of the female spectators were unable to stand it, and screamed aloud.

Many other less effective parts were played by Frédérick at L'Ambigu, and in most of these he had for a partner Mlle. Sophie Hallignier, the sister of Madame Boulanger—Julie Hallignier—who was *première dugazon* at the Opéra-Comique. The nature of things seemed to suggest the fitness of a match between the handsome pair—for Mlle. Sophie was also very good-looking—and it came off with every prospect of happiness on October 9, 1826. One

cloud only overshadowed the nuptial day. The ceremony had taken place at the church of the *Petits Pères*, and the ball later on was about to commence, when the news spread through Paris that Talma was dead. So beloved was this distinguished man that no idea of continuing the festivities could be entertained, and the party broke up abruptly.

After a four years' engagement at the Ambigu, Frédérick passed over to the boards of the Porte Saint-Martin, where Victor Ducange was about to produce a drama called "Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur." This play is assigned on the title page to MM. Ducange et Dinaux, but the latter name was the joint pseudonym of two young men called Goubaux and Beudin, who were indeed the actual authors; but Ducange had adapted the piece for the stage. The alterations were so considerable that the two young friends, being present at a rehearsal, modestly disclaimed any share in its merits; but Ducange, a highly honourable man, would not admit that his own labours had been more than supplemental; the original idea, he declared, was, after all, the main thing.

Nothing could be more essentially melodramatic than this play, which follows the career of a man who, in the earlier scenes quite young, is successively represented as of maturer age and in advanced life, and yielding more and more to a passion for gambling, which leads him, through every degradation, to forgery, and last of all to—murder.

Warner (played originally by M. Mesnier) is his Mephisto, an abandoned companion, who attempts to seduce his wife, induces him to shoot a benefactor, and in the end recommends him to murder a stranger, who is really his own—the gambler's—son. The plot concludes on a mountain, where Georges Germany—the hero—during a frightful storm, and when pursued by the avengers of a murder he had committed on a traveller, drags his evil friend into the flames of a hut which Warner himself had ignited to hide the attempted assassination of a second traveller, who is really Germany's son Albert. This small sheaf of incidents may give an idea of the extravagance; but there are, notwithstanding, many striking situations in the piece—many instances, in fact, of the great French gift of invention—and these were emphasised by Lemaître's versatile powers, whilst the sufferings of the gambler's wife were so represented by Madame Dorval as to form one of her finest creations. This lady was an actress with whom Frédérick delighted to act. He has recorded regarding her these words: "What made Dorval the supreme comedian she proved herself was, that whether she had to

smile or weep, whether to implore or to menace, she was always true woman throughout."

The great success of "Trente Ans" led to many plays being written to suit the two and they acted together, at one time at the Porte Saint-Martin, at another at the new Ambigu, built after the fire in 1827, till the year of revolution, 1830. The political events of the period caused the failure of the Ambigu, and Frédérick accepted an engagement from the well-known M. Harel, who was then director of the Odéon. But Harel, though himself a man of considerable gifts, was very much under the thumb of Mlle. Georges, and with her Lemaître never quite hit it off—though he acknowledged willingly enough her commanding personal gifts and the large manner of her acting. However, he had some successes at this house, especially in the creation of the part of Duresnet in the comedy of "La Mère et la Fille," and afterwards by his great impersonation of Napoléon in the drama of Alexandre Dumas. The romantic fever was, however, now at its height.

Mademoiselle Mars had appeared in "Hernani" and Madame Dorval in "Marion Delorme," and Mlle. Georges was so bitten with the desire of trying the same line that she persuaded Harel to buy the Porte Saint-Martin house for sixteen thousand pounds, which, at that time, was deemed a fabulous price. At Frédérick's suggestion the new proprietor determined to open with "Richard Darlington," a drama sketched out by the two young designers of the "Trente Ans," MM. Goubaux and Beudin, but written principally by Dumas. This play, though containing some considerable absurdities and simply preposterous in one of its leading incidents—namely, that to an English girl of birth running away with an attractive stranger who turned out to be the common hangman—still in its development of ambition is extremely powerful, and in many parts admirably written. Richard Darlington marries the daughter of a country doctor to give himself sufficient local influence to get into Parliament, but he never loves her, and the gradations of coldness, weariness, repugnance, and at last hatred—urging him in the end to get rid of her as standing in the way of his ambitious schemes—with the corresponding gradations from disappointment to despair in the poor girl, are worked out with wonderful effect. Lemaître was, of course, Richard; it became one of his most admired parts. The rôle of Jenny was filled by Mlle. Noblet.

But Mlle. Georges was not content to patronise romance through her manager and from her box: she very soon determined to astonish her rivals by assuming the part of Marguerite de Burgogne

in the "Tour de Nesle," a drama Harel had engaged to produce. Frédérick was to have been Buridan, but he was seized with the prevailing epidemic of cholera, and during his enforced absence Harel assigned the part to Bocage. The first representations of the piece were, however, few in number. It was 1832. There was a serious outbreak in Paris: the theatres were closed, and the city declared in a state of siege.

When matters calmed down a little and Lemaître had recovered his health, he cancelled his engagement with Harel and started on a provincial tour, commencing with Havre, which he revisited, after so many years' absence, with great emotion. He was received with genuine enthusiasm, and a similar reception awaited him at Rouen. But at this latter place, after playing some of his favourite characters with extraordinary success, he received an intimation from Paris that Victor Hugo had offered his "Lucrèce Borgia" to Harel, on the condition that the rôle of Lucrèce should be created by Mlle. Georges and that of Gennaro by Frédérick. He hesitated. He had not been treated well by Harel and Georges in the matter of the "Tour de Nesle," but to appear in a drama by Hugo was too seductive. He put his pride in his pocket and started for Paris. The "Lucrèce," as every one knows, was a great success, though some opposition was for a time kept up by the enemies Hugo's literary and political sentiments had raised around him. The author himself declared that M. Frédérick had realised with true genius the Gennaro of his dream. After this there was an attempt to bring back Madame Dorval to the Porte Saint-Martin in the "Beatrice Cenci" of the Marquis de Custine, but three representations only were given and the piece was withdrawn—whether owing to the influence of Mlle. Georges cannot be stated, but Lemaître evidently thought his old friend badly treated.

A proposal arising to revive the "Tour de Nesle," Lemaître agreed, after some natural reluctance, to appear as Buridan, and from the date of his doing so commenced that long popularity of the play which years have failed wholly to extinguish. Harel running short of new things, it occurred to Frédérick to propose a revival of "L'Auberge des Adrets," and this was carried out with a new Bertrand in Sèvres, and a new and farcical termination where Macaire throws a gendarme out of a box into the theatre, and Bertram gets into the orchestra and escapes through the aperture used by the prompter. This revival was very successful, and it suggested to Frédérick a notion that a comedy of manners might be constructed out of the old materials, which should make Robert Macaire the vehicle for pungent sati

on the state of society under the bourgeois system of Louis Philippe. With the aid of Antier and Saint Amand, he wrote the play to which allusion has already been made. Harel was willing to receive it, but critical friends tried to persuade him that the conjuring power of the name was gone, and Jules Janin declared that no matter what expedients might be resorted to, "Robert Macaire" was dead. Piqued with this discouragement, Lemaître threw up his engagement at the Porte Saint-Martin. Six months afterwards, Mourier, manager of the Folies Dramatiques, proposed to Frédérick that the new "Robert Macaire" should be brought out at his house. It was put at once into rehearsal, and in June 1834 was produced for the first time. Success of a phenomenal kind attended the experiment. It became the rage of Paris, and the grand world,—ladies, diplomates, financiers, fops and fribbles—deserted the opéra for the stifling atmosphere of a third-class theatre, attracted thither simply by the spell of genius. Add to this that the despised piece, which, in allusion to Jules Janin's sarcasm, Frédérick had himself nicknamed the "Burial of Robert Macaire," ran for a hundred and fifty nights without a check, and laid the foundation of Mourier's ample fortune. Indeed, the run was only arrested by an engagement for Lemaître to visit England, which could not be cancelled. In the souvenirs which Frédérick left behind him, and on which this paper is chiefly founded, but few particulars of this first visit to London are given. His "Othello" was coldly received—but then it was the "Othello" of Ducis. The "L'Auberge" and the later "Robert Macaire" became popular, but the "Tour de Nesle" and "Richard Darlington" were prohibited, as Frédérick declares, by the Lord Chancellor. An attempt was made, according to him, to square the Woolsack through Count D'Orsay, but our visitors had to be told that they manage these things differently in Great Britain. On his return to Paris, Frédérick was engaged at the Variétés, where eighteen months passed without any very distinctive event, except the production of "Kean, ou Désordre et Génie." This play, though roughly designed by Théaulon and De Courcy, was written, and admirably written, by Alexandre Dumas. It has no reference to the real history of Kean, further than that the hero is represented as an actor of high genius, waylaid by dissolute habits, though always accessible to noble sentiments.

The plot is very good, and one of the characters, Miss Anna Damby, whom Kean saves from a forced marriage, and ultimately himself espouses, having a great taste for the stage, some brilliant passages occur on the position of the actor, which might well have

been introduced into the recent discussion on that subject. One incident where Kean, in acting Romeo, breaks away from the text and makes personal allusions to the Prince of Wales and a certain Lord Mervil, then present in the theatre, is very original and powerful. The scene is laid in England, and some striking events occur in a tavern called the "Trou-du-Charbon" (Coal-hole), which is kept by Peter Patt, and where John Cooks, *le boxeur, avec sa société de buveurs*, is wont to disport himself.

In the year 1838 a certain depression was plainly visible in Paris, weighing upon the fortunes of the drama proper. Tragedy in the person of Rachel, triumphant at the Théâtre Francais, had the warm support of Government, from the belief that revolution was less to be feared from the buskin than the sock. The Odéon was stagnant, and the Porte Saint-Martin, through the weakness of Harel, had got down at last to wild beasts. Under these circumstances Victor Hugo persuaded M. Guizot to grant a special privilege for a theatre to be devoted solely to drama. Hugo made over this privilege to a M. Antenor Joly, and he, with the assistance of M. Villeneuve, took the Salle Ventadour, re-christened it the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and opened it with no less an attraction than "Ruy Blas." Lemaître was engaged and took the title rôle. Saint Firmin was Don César, and Louise Baudouin the Queen. Through bad management this celebrated piece did not then obtain a money success, but it of course excited great literary interest, and its author was abundantly satisfied with the interpretation the Porte Saint-Martin company gave to his work. The fame of Frédérick may be said to have culminated in his impersonation of the glorified son of the soil—lackey, statesman, and lover. And it will be in place, therefore, to introduce the splendid eulogium pronounced on this performance by the greatest poet of France, in review of his own creation :—"As to M. Frédérick Lemaître—what is to be said? The enthusiastic acclamations of the house greeted him on his entry and followed him to the very last. Dreamer and profound muser in the first act, he was pensive and sorrowful in the second, and in the third showed himself great, impassioned, and sublime. But it was in the fifth act that he rose to one of those stupendous tragic efforts: on the heights of which the radiant actor dominated all the traditions of his art. For the old, it was Lekain and Garrick combined in one individual; for us of the present time, the bearing of Kean was here mingled with the emotion of Talma. And then above all, beyond the electric splendour of his playing, there were those tears which Frédérick knows how to shed—those genuine tears which make others weep, those tears which Horace had in

mind when he wrote 'Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.' In 'Ruy Blas,' M. Frédérick offered to us the ideal of a great performer. It is certain that the whole of his theatrical career, both what is past and what is to come, will be illuminated by the effulgence of this successful creation. For M. Frédérick himself, the evening of the 8th of November, 1838, was not so much the opportunity of a representation as the occasion of a transfiguration."

III.

Lemaitre had reached his apogee. In the full vigour of middle life, he undoubtedly owned no superior on the French stage. He had a charming chateâu at Pierrefitte, on the road to Chantilly, and was surrounded there by an attached family. But troubles were thickening ahead. The theatrical bookseller, Barba, had stenographed and published an edition of "Robert Macaire" without his permission; and though the law, when invoked, arrested M. Barba's proceedings, the publicity given to the book of the play led the Censure to prohibit its representation. The privilege obtained by Hugo in favour of the drama did little or nothing to promote its interests. But insignificant aid was extended by the large theatres; Harel was on the verge of bankruptcy. It was at this time—1840—that Frédérick was a good deal thrown with Balzac, first on taking the part of Vautrin in the unfortunate play so called, and afterwards in working at "Mercadet" in co-operation with its great author. The magazine—*Belgravia*—having some time back devoted a paper to the first night of "Vautrin," more need not here be said than that if Frédérick be right in his account, the resemblance in his head-dress to the *pear* of Louis Philippe was a foolish practical joke of Moëssard, who put the stage hairdresser up to arranging the wig in that fashion, and the actor was quite ignorant of the circumstance till the murmurs of disapprobation on his appearance brought to his ears, amid hisses and hooting, the words "Le roi! Louis Philippe!" The Duke of Orleans left his box before the termination of the act. An order of interdiction arrived next morning. The collaboration in "Mercadet" consisted only in suggestions dictated by his stage experience, which Balzac took with admirable alacrity and self-suppression, but nothing came of the labour at the time, and the piece was not produced till after the death of its author.

The brothers Cogniard, having taken the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre some time after the complete failure of poor Harel, determined to open with the revival of "Ruy Blas," and Frédérick was engaged. The success was this time very great, and was followed

by another in the dramatisation of the "Mystères de Paris," then in its great popularity as a novel, and prepared for the stage by its author with the assistance of Goubaux and Lemaître himself. The task, already difficult, of giving dramatic unity to a long series of pictures of city life, held together by a very slender thread, was greatly increased by the meddlesomeness of the Censure.

Considerable interest—though, it may be confessed, of a morbid and unhealthy kind—was, however, created, and Frédérick, in the character of Barbe-Rouge, had a fine opportunity of displaying his versatility, and was highly applauded by Théophile Gautier, in one of those picturesque notices which, if they erred, did so only in the direction of a too kindly appreciation, the critic sometimes lending the colours of his own fine imagination to illuminate the work of others. Adolphe Dennery also, for Lemaître's especial benefit, obtained leave from Hugo to use the character of "Don César de Bazan" for a separate play of his own, and also in collaboration with Anicet Bourgeois produced "La Dame de Saint Tropez."

Both pieces were successful, and those who remember our Alfred Wigan in the English adaptation of the latter will readily believe how great Frédérick was in the celebrated scene where, as Georges Maurice, he sees in the mirror the faithless hand dropping the poison in the cup to be presented to him. Indeed, it is recorded that the cry of horror that broke from him produced through the house an audible murmur of awe. The year 1844 ended brilliantly for the actor, but an engagement with Mitchell at the St. James's Theatre, London, took him across the Channel in January 1845.

On his return to Paris from an outing of some months, he had the great pleasure of finding his old friend Madame Dorval engaged at the Porte Saint-Martin, and in a revival of "Trente Ans" they appeared together, awaking within themselves as well as in the breasts of the audience many vivid remembrances.

Perhaps the last genuine success Frédérick made in creating a character was in the "Chiffonnier de Paris" of Félix Pyat, a melodrama which still holds its ground in the French provinces. For the "Tragaldabas" of Auguste Vacquerie was received with tumult amidst the political excitement of 1848, and the "Toussaint Louverture" of Lamartine obtained a respectful hearing, but nothing more.

The great changes which were taking place produced alarming failures in theatrical circles, and frequent successions in managerial authority. Poor Frédérick made one great effort of high spirits at the Gaieté in "Paillasse," a fantastic piece of Dennery, which in more recent language would be called a *risquade*, depending entirely

for success on a brisk interchange between hilarity on the stage and laughter in the pit, but not claiming serious criticism.

The decline of the great actor was neither happy nor—it must be admitted—quite dignified. His family circumstances were greatly changed. His daughter was married; his son Frédérick had the theatre at Versailles; his son Charles fell a victim to an epidemic of smallpox.

Lemaître tried to live at Versailles, occasionally appearing there, occasionally getting a fugitive engagement in Paris. But he was only the spectre of his former self. He would sit under the trees in the park of the great château, and he might well have thought of the chestnuts in the Tuileries Garden—when he was young, and all yet in the future! And his chagrin rose up before him. He was not in good circumstances; he held a small pension from the Government, but a scheme for his farewell benefit fell through.

He returned to Paris, but only to obtain occasional employment, sometimes showing a gleam of his former greatness, as in the "Comte de Saulles," sometimes sinking to subordinate character, as in the "Crime de Faverne." He had always been somewhat touchy and capricious; these things were remembered against him, and he was credited with other habits, not impossible, certainly, to a man of a highly strung temperament, and weighed down by petty cares, and what he at any rate regarded as disappointment and neglect.

The overthrow of the Buonaparte dynasty was a final blow to him. He lingered on, however, and it was not till January 1875 that, after dreadful suffering from cancer of the tongue, he breathed his last.

His funeral drew together all Paris.

Not for the first time in that city a man who had died in obscurity was ostentatiously interred. Victor Hugo pronounced a eulogium over his grave.

Lemaître will always remain a remarkable figure in the history of the French drama. He was not, of course, the product of the Romantic movement, but he was in accord with those feelings and that condition of the public mind which produced the movement itself. He was in the acted drama what Eugène Delacroix was in painting—what Hector Berlioz was in music, what the leading writers of the day became under their great prophet Hugo, a living protest in favour of the freedom of the intellect, the rejection of artificial trammels on the imagination, the breaking away from all allegiance except that which is owed to nature.

Hence he disapproved of the traditional instruction offered at the Théâtre-Francais—the artificial elocution, the studied gestures—

just as much as Gautier and his compeers objected to mythological allusions, paraphrastic expressions, and the desire to clothe visible and invisible things in conventional language. His great forte was the Aristophanic quality of commingling large laughter at the absurdities of life with a deep sense of its sorrowfulness and poetry; and he possessed a power the illustrious Greek did not apparently exercise, of touching without dwelling on those fearful chords which lie in the character of our destiny, and whose resonance occasionally startles us amidst the commonplace tasks of life. His fine face and supple figure, and undoubtedly, too, the pantomimic powers which he had trained in concert with Gougibus and others in early life, greatly aided the gifts of his genius.

And yet it is somewhat sad to look back at the long list of his creations. Can it be honestly said that any of them were quite worthy of him? For Corneille and Racine he had no taste, for Molière no opportunity. In youth he appealed to the Boulevard, and to the Boulevard he had to go; and the Boulevard, in some measure, required that he should adapt his powers to its tastes.

It may be urged that he created the *rôle* of *Ruy Blas.* Well, of the splendour of the diction, the poetry, the rhetoric of the Hugo plays, there is, there can be, no question; of their great dramatic power in situations, in contrasts, in effects, equally no question. But the time is not calm enough yet to inquire with profit whether these plays are founded on a patient study of the heart, a study producing other results than the contrivance of psychological problems; whether, again, the conduct of the characters is such as human nature would have led them to display, or whether they are constructed to speak and act with considerable reference to the points thereby to be made.

Be this as it may, it can scarcely be admitted that an actor whose highest range was *Ruy Blas* had a full opportunity for the display of those powers his contemporaries agree in assigning to Frédérick Lemaître. He will go down, perhaps, to posterity as an actor of quite exceptional gifts, but with scant opportunities of exhibiting them to complete advantage.

J. W. SHERER.

THE SMALL FARMER'S OWN STORY.

WE are now in England mourning over the absence of the small tenant farmer. Improved methods of agriculture and the use of machinery—including railroads to carry the produce to wholesale markets—have, among other causes, rolled the land into wide areas, each occupying a large capital in stock and implements; but, as every one knows, the result so far is highly unsatisfactory. We have been accustomed to hear that "the agricultural outlook was gloomy," but to-day we are face to face with stern facts which prove that this sort of farming is carried on at an actual loss. One cause, and perhaps sufficient of itself to render the large farmer's failure quite inevitable, lies in the fact that his profit is not all spent upon the farm.

Music, foreign travel, and the arts are, for instance, all worthy objects of expenditure; and the man who successfully employs a large capital thinks he may indulge in them; but these are for those only who mine the earth, and not merely scratch the surface. The farmer must put back all the surplus which he extracts, or his fate will be just the same as that of the foolish fellow who sells his manure—money and manure being synonymous terms on a farm.

Without, however, waiting for this certain though slow ruin, the large farmer has lately met a more active enemy. Foreign competition has rushed in and put a sudden end to the struggle. Asia and America supply—and over supply—the wholesale market which was all his own, and his occupation is gone, never, while peace reigns, to return; and it is a fact that large farms in England are now wanting purchasers at prices which would have been commanded a few years ago by one season's crop.

The remedy has been suggested of once more dividing the land into small farms, that the men who till them should at least find a living; the retail market at their own doors enabling them to pay their rent. The following narrative illustrates this subject, and being told

by a woman, also throws some valuable light on the difficult problem of finding profitable employment for others of her sex.

FOUR YEARS ON A SMALL FARM.

In 1881 I rented an eighteen acre farm in Surrey, something less than twenty miles from London. It was close to a large village and railway station, and being the remnant of what had no doubt once been a much larger farm, there was a considerable collection of outbuildings ranged round the straw yard. A small barn, a good cow-house, capable of holding seven or eight cows, an ample wood shed, a fowl house, and a cart shed.

All these, however, were in a rather dilapidated condition. I need not tell much of the cottage which stood by the farmyard. It had five rooms then, and afterwards it was enlarged and made more comfortable—but this has nothing to do with the story. The land consisted of a nine-acre meadow, and a seven-acre piece of arable, one part of which had the previous year been laid down for grass. A crop of oats was standing in the sheaf upon the remainder. Another acre adjoining the farmyard was fenced off and constituted the homestead, in which was a surface water pond and an old granary, and at the far end of the property was a well-grown wood of fine beech-trees, covering about another acre. This was the farm, and the rent was £67 a year on lease, so small a sum only being demanded by reason of certain rights of resumption retained by the landlord.

FIRST YEAR.

Possession was obtained in September 1881, and in justice to my story it must be told that there was absolutely nothing on the whole farm, not even a blade of grass in the meadow, nor, except in the buildings and on the farmyard (the bottom of which was afterwards discovered to be some feet below the apparent surface), was there any manure. Moss covered the meadow, and it was a marvel that weeds found sustenance and even throve on the arable land, so poor and neglected was it.

The soil is a light loam lying over chalk, in places deep enough for anything, and in others quite a thin layer. The start was therefore not very favourable.

It took my man a good day's work to lay bare the really well-paved floor of the cow-house, and then it was limewashed; and late that night I borrowed two trusses of straw in the village, and led

home the two cows which had arrived by train before they were expected. The buying of those two cows was an event worth relating. I went to an importer of Jersey cows in London, and selected two—one a Jersey with her calf at her side; she was a pretty little thing, said to be two and a half years old; but now I know from my long four years' experience she was not even two years old; and the other an Ayrshire. This one was to calve in October, and I raised the question as to whether it would be safe for her to travel by train at the end of September. How that famous dealer must have smiled in his sleeve. It was January the 5th before that cow calved! I will not express opinions, but merely tell the tale, and I tell it truly. I paid twenty-six guineas apiece for those two heifers.

In the village I found there were plenty of people who owned horses and carts, and either possessed such farm implements as ploughs and harrows, or knew where to borrow them, so I had the oat stubble ploughed and harrowed, and I sowed one triangular extremity of the ground, measuring about one and a half acres, with vetches. This was at the end of October; and I purchased of a London seedsman one thousand roots of prickly comfrey. I grumbled at the roots when they came, packed in moss in two hampers, for I expected the roots to appear to bear some kind of relation to, or suggestion of, the succulent plants I had seen growing, and what I got for £3 per thousand were apparently mere bits of black sticks, something like broken pieces of horseradish roots, and I could scarcely tell which end up they should be put into the ground. A very careful inspection, however, showed that the very respectable tradesman to whom I gave the order served me well, and almost every bit of root was a crown, or part of a crown; and the way those miserable-looking things have grown and thriven, providing tons of beautiful food for my cows, has been delightful to contemplate, and has contributed very much to the success which I have now so happily achieved.

This was all the cropping I did that autumn; but in the following spring I put in an acre of potatoes on the remaining portion of the arable field. On looking back at my books for that period I find I must have paid very dear for labour. The ground reserved for the comfrey, the only level piece on the whole farm, was also ploughed and harrowed; but my man was scarcely skilled enough to plant the comfrey, and I employed a professional gardener. The rows were a yard apart, and he put them in quite straight (an important thing when the crop is to stand for all time), and the sets were a yard apart in the rows. My own man, whom I could not trust to do this plant-

ing, was, however, a valuable man in his way. I brought him from London with me; he had a splendid appearance, and I thought gave a highly respectable tone to the place. He could milk a cow, and he was strictly honest; indeed, it has been my good fortune always to be served by honest servants; but his intelligence was not to be measured by his charming manners or his grand presence. He would pose with a pitchfork or a broom in his hand just like one of Sir John Gilbert's "Standard-bearers," and declare that it was of all things necessary to have what he called a "right understanding" about any simple thing I wanted done. But I learned in time that no amount of consideration ever bore fruit in intelligent action. I paid him *22s.* a week for about a year, then, after one or two temporary changes, I engaged a local man at the same wages. He, too, was honest as the day, and afterwards I raised his pay to *23s.* (for cottage rents are high here); but he never, in all the time he worked for me, originated one action of his own free will and intention. Whether it was to bring the cows in during a snowstorm, or wash out their drinking troughs in summer, or sit up with a calving cow, or see that a big pig did not eat all the food away from a little one, it was all the same—I must give my own instructions regarding what had to be done, and he very faithfully did his best to carry them out. I tell this, not to glorify my own part of the performance, but to point out that it was by this means that I was able to learn the details of the farmer's craft. I was, as it were, thrown into the river, and had to learn the art of swimming while getting to the land. I had a good many duckings by the way, some of which may be worth relating. My poultry-yard I started by buying twelve pullets from the mistress of a London dairy, who had a farm in the country. They were crossed Dorking and Brahma, and Dorking and Cochin, fine birds; and she would not send me the young pure-bred white Brahma and white Cochin cocks until the early spring, telling me very truly that the pullets would grow and thrive much better until the laying season if running alone without a cock bird. From the same source, too, I had three young Aylesbury ducks and a drake; and from that stock, and having bought two or three well-bred cocks from time to time, and with one change in my stock ducks, I have raised from 100 to 150 chicks, and nearly as many ducks, each season, getting them earlier each year, until this spring, 1885, I had young fowls fit for table, and of a good size, in plenty of time for the asparagus, and 4-lb. and 4½-lb. ducklings long before the peas could be grown. The last two years I have tried keeping also turkeys and geese, and I succeed with the latter very well, but the turkeys are too trouble-

and take up too much time, so I have given them up. The process by which I have succeeded with my poultry has been rather complicated, and I must go into some detail. The first hen was put to sit in the old granary, and in a week her eggs began to vanish. Other hens' nests were also robbed, and the bitter truth of what had been said in the village, that chickens could not be raised on this farm, began to be realised. Rats infested the place. Out of the very first brood of chicks, three were slain in one night, and then the campaign fairly opened.

A ferret and a little terrier dog were added to the live stock, and three spring traps were bought at the ironmonger's. It was a fierce fight, and many a rat and many a chicken fell the next month, but in the end peace reigned—profound peace, not a rat remained. I may say at once that since that fearful time their occasional return has generally been promptly repelled by two good cats and the same little dog, and this year I have only lost two chicks by the teeth of the enemy, and not one duckling. I think, too, he must have felt fairly baffled when he came and found a series of fine wire-enclosed houses which I had had erected against the sheltered end of the barn full of young ducks or goslings, and that not one of them could be reached.

I already had some experience of keeping poultry, and it did not turn out that I made many mistakes. I was aware that pure-bred fowls are not so hardy, nor such good layers, nor so good to eat as cross-breeds. I also knew the sort of treatment necessary for sitting hens so as to ensure good broods. I got early eggs by hatching early pullets, and this, of course, necessitated a great deal of attention, seeing that the hens came regularly off their nests and did not stay off too long; catching the lazy ones and putting them back on their nests, and, if necessary, shutting them in on their eggs until they settled down quietly again; and as soon as the chicks or ducklings (for I always had hen mothers for my ducks) began to hatch, carefully bringing each one or two indoors, and keeping them warm by the fire until the brood was complete, and then handing them over to their mother in a clean, dry, and sheltered pen. Then, later in the summer, when every hen on the farm would want to sit, I noticed each delinquent in turn and promptly popped her into prison. This was a very uncomfortable and rather dark little pen, without any roost or even the semblance of a nest, and there, with plenty of water and the best of food, I feasted her well. After a day or two her comb would once more look red and bright, and she would go back to her duties and lay me an egg a day as she

ought to do. My own constant attention to the poultry also enabled me to detect all sorts of defaulters—hens which fought and hens which were greedy, hens which made a great fuss and only laid an egg or two now and then, and hens which laid such little eggs as to be no credit to the farm, and these were no longer allowed to cumber the ground.

The ducks were always kept in their house until they had laid their eggs, or they would be sure to lay abroad somewhere about the farm or in the pond, and the young ones, fed up from the day they were hatched, were always killed off at ten weeks old.

When I first started my farm I had one good customer, a family whom I undertook to supply with milk and butter. They lived two miles off, and I employed a little boy to go every morning by train, taking the locked cans full and bringing them back empty. Soon I had one or two other customers for butter, and then began a very severe part of my apprenticeship—namely, to learn the art of making good butter, not by chance but as a certainty. Sometimes it was good and sometimes it was distinctly bad. More than once I discovered, perhaps the next day after churning, that the butter, which seemed nice when quite fresh, would not keep, and I had to send my little maid-servant round to the people to whom I had sent it and get it back, only to be thrown away ; but I will tell how I at last mastered the art later on. As soon as the first winter set in I bought a chaff cutter, and for food for the stock purchased hay, straw, cake, and bran ; middlings for the pigs, barley meal, Spratt's poultry food, barley, maize, buckwheat, and rice for the fowls. I bought a nice little young cow with first calf at her side—half Brittany and half Jersey—from a neighbour for £18, and at a sale I got an Alderney cow and a sow with litter of pigs. Of the vetches I sold some standing in lots of forty or fifty rods each to people in the village at 1*s.* a rod. Each of these operations taught its little lesson. I found that the little Brittany cow was not "everybody's money." She was so small that I foresaw I must not keep her a day beyond her prime or I should lose by her. Then in her prime, or near it, she was a first-rate gentleman's cow, so when next she had her calf at her side I sold her to another neighbour for £18, the same money I gave for her. The old cow only cost £9, and gave me a good supply of very rich milk, but only for a short time, so, as I could not give her any character which would get her a good place, I sent her to market and sold her for £7. The sow I kept until she had given me four litters of pigs, so I may tell her story later on. As for the vetches sold standing, I made no bargain as to when they

should be cut, so the purchasers came in just when they liked to cut as much as they wanted for present use, and I had these strange people about the place at all hours, and the crop was not cleared from the ground until I had nearly missed the season for the next crop, so I learned never to sell any standing crop in that way again. At the end of the first twelve months the valuation of all my stock was very carefully taken, and I found I had laid out in horse labour £8. 14*s*., in man labour £94. 8*s*. 2*d*. I had embarked £180 as capital, and after debiting the account with the rent of the land, exclusive of the cottage, and interest at 3½ per cent on the capital, I had cleared the sum of £7. 9*s*. 6*d*.

SECOND YEAR.

The second year's crops off the arable land were 1¼ acres of barley, about eighty rods of kohl rabi, and, on the acre where I had potatoes the first year, I grew vetches. These last were manured with an artificial mixture called phospho-guano, three bushels to the acre, which was harrowed in with the seed, for I could only afford a very scanty dressing of farmyard manure before the land was ploughed. I cut this crop by degrees for my own cows, just as I had seen the other people do to whom I had sold the plots the previous year; and when the haystack wanted topping up, I cut and made hay of what remained, and it answered very well. The barley was a great success I thought, for, in addition to the stack of straw, which was good feeding for the winter, and lasted a great part of the year, I got eight quarters of grain, some of which I had ground into meal. I put twenty loads of good manure on that bit of land, and 3 cwt. of superphosphate of lime; and when the young corn was just out of the ground, 1 cwt. of nitrate of soda was scattered over it. This was a very expensive piece of cultivation, and I especially grudged the £2 and the quarter ton of coals which it cost me to have the machine to do the threshing. The same method, practised on a larger scale, would be very profitable; but I decided that the growing of corn, even for my own consumption, was too great an undertaking for my small farm, where so much expensive labour had to be hired. The kohl rabi were sown in a small bed, and planted out like cabbages, and during the hot weather watered laboriously with hundreds of buckets of water from the pond; and they throve amazingly. I had my doubts, however, whether my butter was so perfectly good while the kohl was being consumed by the cows; at any rate, it always took longer in churning. This may have been merely from the change of food, for any such change is likely to

damage the butter—that is to say, it upsets the cows, and in that case some bad result is sure to follow. This is one of the most important leading facts I have learned about butter-making, and I have not gathered very many such which can be communicated so clearly and completely in words. Butter is the staple product of my farm, and I always make it myself. At first I used also to set the milk and skim the cream, but I have long since taught my maid-servant to do that quite as well as I can do it myself; and now in two hours, twice a week, I churn and make up into quarter-pound square pats from 12 lbs. to 22 lbs. of butter, which commands a ready sale at 1*s.* 8*d.* a lb. in summer and 1*s.* 10*d.* in winter. There is not much art in the actual churning; but it takes a rigid apprenticeship to learn and to practise that degree of absolute cleanliness which is so important a part of the performance that anything less entails failure. Although the temperature of the cream to be churned had best be 58° in summer and 63° in winter, I discovered that considerable variation from this is not of any consequence if there has not been any sudden change from heat to cold, or the reverse. The milk set in the pans must not be skimmed when it is sour or inclined to be sour. The cream intended for butter may go quite sour in the crock where it is daily collected, and no harm happen at all; but the milk, when the cream is skimmed, must be perfectly sweet and good, or the butter will be bad. It does not matter whether the milk is skimmed after twelve or twenty-four hours as long as it remains sweet; but it is best not to keep any milk after it is thirty-six hours old to skim for butter. In spring it is always easy to make the butter good; but in very cold or in very hot weather, or in thundery weather, the most careful attention to every detail must be observed or failure is all that can be expected. A great deal of this is well described in books, and I need not repeat. The grand secret, however, of the whole lies, not in the dairy at all, but in the cowhouse, when other food than grass is supplied to the cows. Good hay and bran are harmless though expensive foods. Decorticated cotton-cake is also good, and a few crushed oats occasionally is a luxury. Wurzel produces a great quantity of milk, but it should never be given to the cows if really good butter is required; or swedes either, unless these latter have *the crowns carefully chopped off.* I learnt that swedes if treated in this way are a good milk- and butter-producing food, and perfectly harmless. Some practical people to whom I have suggested swedes treated in this way, say they have tried it and failed. So have I; but on each of these occasions I have invariably found that the somewhat tedious process has been shirked, and the crowns have *not* been cut off.

I had no serious losses of any kind during my second year, and the figures at the end came out thus:—Paid for horse labour, £13. 11*s.* 6*d.*; and for man labour, £85. 8*s.* 9*d.*; and again carefully valuing the stock down to what it would fetch at auction, and debiting rent and 3½ per cent. interest on the capital, now increased to £220, I had £60. 12*s.* profit.

Third Year.

One of the first things I had discovered was that the fields must be subdivided by fences. The large nine-acre field was being wasted and ruined by the cows walking all over it; and I realised the truth of the saying that on those dewy autumn mornings each cow has five mouths. She treads down more than she eats, and the grass being wet and wanting the springiness of summer, it lies down where it is trodden and is wasted. I had a post and rail fence put up dividing that field into two; and that portion of the other field which had been laid down for grass before I came was, of course, useless until I ran a seventy-yards post and rail fence across to divide it from the arable land. Later on, learning that the best direction in which to economise was in the extra labour, I fenced off the triangular corner of the remaining ploughed field, and, sowing it with clover and rye grass, commenced in this way to lay it down too as permanent pasture; so now I have only about 2½ acres that is not grass; one-third of this is comfrey, which is permanent, and on the remainder I have grown cabbages (which were a partial failure) and a fair crop of swedes, the ground being in each case dug with the spade.

A part of the farming which I do not like, and for which I am, as a woman, not at all fitted, is the buying and selling of cows and pigs.

I could go and inspect the stock the day before a sale, but it was impossible for me to attend a sale or a market alone, and my husband was daily at work in London, so that I had generally either to buy or sell of my neighbours, or send my man to a market for me. Some curious things happened in this way. Once I selected a beautiful Alderney cow, numbered in the catalogue to be sold next day, and my man brought me home another one, because she was cheaper. He only gave £12 for her, but she was of no use to me, so I sent her to the next market and sold her for a pound less than I gave. I once bought a very handsome pure-bred Jersey cow with a long pedigree at a sale, hoping that her calf, which would have a still finer pedigree, would be a valuable addition to my stock; but it proved to be a little bull, and so went to the butcher, and I found my pedigree

cow was getting old, so I sold her for £3 less than I gave. So much for speculation. Another time I went to a neighbouring village to buy one cow, and bought two because they were so cheap. They both gave me a good supply of milk, and the cows which come to me always seeming to thrive and "better themselves," I was able to give one a good character, and sold it at a profit to a neighbour, but the other one I sent no less than three times to market before I could sell her at all. She was a disagreeable beast that knocked the other cows about with her horns, and even threatened to run at me in the field; and I finally sent her to the monthly market with orders to my man not in any case to bring her back. She sold for £6, and I should have been glad to have got six pence rather than have that cow back in my yard again. Two of the cows I have now in milk I brought up myself from calves, and they are the most satisfactory of all. In the third year I lost a cow, the only one I have had die on the farm, and she was murdered. My man was giving her what is called a drench, which means a dose of medicine out of a bottle, after her calving, and she was choked! I do not think that will happen again.

At first, when I kept a sow and reared little pigs, I found she paid very well, for I then had plenty of skim milk to give the growing family, and there seemed to be a ready market for little pigs. But later on all the neighbouring cottagers came to purchase my skim milk at twopence a quart, and the pigs went short. I thought, too, that everybody had started keeping a sow, for little pigs became a drug in the market, and I had to sell mine very cheap or not at all. Having not much skim milk, I preferred the former alternative, and then decided that circumstances were altered and it no longer paid to keep a sow. I sent her to market, seven miles off, in my spring cart, and an adventuresome day it proved. The cart was a poor old thing which my husband bought of a poor man at the door, in the dusk. The start was made full late, and the pace had to be hurried. The cart, hitherto used gently in doing very light work about the farm, began to drop to pieces. The tire came off one wheel; the pig jumped out of the cart; a long chase in the hot sun, with much paid assistance called in, resulted in her recapture; a pig net was bought by the way; a wheelwright employed; and being then much too late for the market, the man and pig and what remained of the cart came home again late in the afternoon—the cows all waiting to be milked. After that I got rid of the pig by private contract, and sold the cart for 10*s*. But my pony, bought of a neighbour, was, and is, a treasure, and I got him a beautiful little cart from the Bristol Wagon Works, and very handy and useful it

has proved. In the spring of 1884 I built my silo, and put the first cut of clover and ryegrass into it, and the ensilage was in every way a great success. I passed it through the chaffcutter mixed with hay and straw, and it lasted three months. As a food for cows I was very pleased with the result, and to my gratification they gave me a first prize for a sample I sent to the Smithfield Show.

My books at Michaelmas, 1884, showed the following outlay:— Man labour, £77. 14*s.* 2*d.*; horse labour, only £9. 10*s.* Every penny paid and received since I first came is entered in the books, and the third year's profit was £67. 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is not yet time to make out the balance-sheet for my fourth year, but I look forward to a still more satisfactory result than hitherto. The season has been remarkably productive, and there is already an abundance of food stored for the winter. The silo is now filled with the second year's cut of clover and ryegrass, which in the interval has had a thorough good dressing of manure; the hay too is in good condition, and I have considerably more stock than in any previous year.

Sufficient of my story is now told. It is only of private interest that my farming has afforded me infinite amusement, and that I have gained the most robust health: but a more generally interesting conclusion may be drawn. The two things necessary to the success of my little farm have been capital and intelligent energy; but the first of these is not usually at the command of the labourer, and my story, as I have faithfully related it, goes to show that the necessary intelligence is equally scarce. Were it otherwise, the conclusion would be justified that, had my man been the farmer instead of me, there would have been an annual deduction to be made from the item of labour of £59. 15*s.*; and he would have earned, with a capital of £220, the first year, £67. 5*s.* 6*d.*; the second year, £120. 8*s.*; and the third, £127. 6*s.* 6*d.*; and if he brought my now four years' experience to bear he would have saved many a pound besides.

July 1885. A. S. BRETT.

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HENRY FAWCETT AS A MAN.

WHEN Mr. Fawcett was appointed Postmaster-General, it was my privilege to be acquainted with several gentlemen concerned in the responsible practical work at St. Martin's-le-Grand. I violate no confidence when I say that, if they were not scandalised, they were disappointed and concerned at the prospect of having a blind man at the head of a department which, in their view, more than others demanded quick and clear eyesight. How were they to make plain to him any complicated question of administration involving folio on folio of figures? How were they to explain to him any proposal of change, or recommendation of improvement? They shook their heads, and feared that no progress would be made—that it would be practically a standstill whilst he was at the helm, and that the autocracy of the Treasury would become more and more absolute. This state of feeling was quite natural; and they only illustrated the gigantic difficulty which had faced Mr. Fawcett throughout the whole of his public career, from his first start as candidate for the chair of Political Economy at Cambridge. It recurred in full force when he first attempted to procure a seat in Walworth, as later in Cambridge. How was he "to catch the Speaker's eye?" was, in the minds of committeemen, a posing question. In Cambridge, as Political Economy lecturer, nevertheless, he attracted more men to his class-room than had been there before; the perilous problem of "catching the Speaker's eye" was soon solved when he found himself within the doors of St. Stephen's as member for Brighton; and even the officials at the Post Office, before very long after his appointment, had cause to say that in his case he brought to bear a good substitute for eyesight.

If, as the ancients said, a good man struggling against fate is a spectacle to please the gods, the history of such a career as that of Henry Fawcett is a grand example for men—one especially fitted to aid and to cheer those who are struggling against adverse circumstances and against great odds in the world. And this the more that the great factors in his success were those which can most pr

be cultivated—strong common-sense, fidelity, determined resolution, cheerfulness, and power of enjoyment, deliberately confirmed and extended in all possible innocent directions. With the aid of the careful and discerning biography from the pen of Mr. Leslie Stephen,[1] his fellow-student at Cambridge and his life-long friend, it is possible to follow the career of Mr. Fawcett step by step, and with something like full insight. Our readers, we believe, will not object to accompany us in making a hurried survey, and in some reflections that naturally suggest themselves.

Mr. Fawcett had certainly no strong family influence in his favour to start him in political life. His father, who had been a draper in Salisbury, had become a farmer—that *rara avis*, especially forty or fifty years ago, an anti-protectionist farmer. But the up-bringing, if plain and unpretentious, was not without its compensations. There were simplicity and unaffected aims at culture; and the father was in constant association with active politicians of liberal convictions, Cobden amongst them. Fawcett's family connections thus from the first impressed upon him liberal ideas, and encouraged free intercourse with the people of all classes. He profited so little by ordinary school education in his earlier years of schooling that his governess said his mind was "like a cullender." But he early began to reflect and to reason on matters that do not usually come within the scope of the young schoolboy. He preferred the streets to the school-room for a study, we are told. "His father's patience was often tried by the string of questions prompted by his early curiosity. What is the price of cheese and of bacon? What was it yesterday, and what will it be to-morrow, and why the difference? This eager curiosity," Mr. Stephen adds, "was doubtless a proof, though at the moment not the most acceptable proof, of intellectual activity, and took a form oddly characteristic of the future economist."

In 1841, when he was nine years of age, he was sent to a school at Alderbury, some five miles from Salisbury, which at first he did not like. But he became reconciled to it, and remained for nearly six years, during which he extended his knowledge of nature and human nature, and before he left showed himself an expert at fishing, recording on June 21, 1847, the capture of the first fish he ever took with a fly, "an humber"—that is, a grayling—of about ¾ lb. In August 1847 he entered Queenwood College, where we may infer that the standard was higher and the intellectual discipline more exacting. Fawcett's influence may be guessed by the fact that he

[1] *Life of Henry Fawcett.* By Leslie Stephen, with two portraits. Smith, Elder & Co.

was, shortly after entering, elected one of the editors of the *Queenwood Chronicle*, a journalistic enterprise favoured by the heads as likely to stimulate literary ambition and to aid literary skill. Mr. Leslie Stephen says:—

The diary gives us sufficient proofs of Fawcett's interest in his lessons. On August 21 we are told that "Mr. Tindal, the surveyor, came." Afterwards we find that Mr. Tyndall (whose name is now spelt in the fashion known to all the world as that adopted by the person indicated, now Professor Tyndall) takes the boys out surveying, and lectures them "on the skin." Fawcett renewed his acquaintance with Professor Tyndall in after years. One of his colleagues was Dr. Frankland, now Professor at the School of Mines, who lectured upon botany and chemistry. Fawcett was interested in the scientific lectures. Mr. Edmonson, he tells us, lectured on fire, and the learner notes that "there is fire in everything, even in ice." He works in the laboratory, and on October 5 finishes his first substance in the laboratory; it was some bi-chromate of lead, or chrome yellow.

The following indicates that he has taken up independent inquiries, and pursues them perseveringly:—

On October 2 he goes home and reads a lecture on the uses of steam to the family party. They were "all much pleased with it," and "Papa promised to give me a sovereign for it." It was, as Miss Fawcett tells me, the first thing which convinced the father that there was really something in the boy! The lecture is, in fact, a very promising performance for a boy of fourteen. There are abundant traces of the future economist. The lecturer gives a great many statistics as to the cost of construction of railways, the number of passengers, and so forth; for some part of which he was doubtless indebted to the mining journals. He explains with perfect clearness the advantages to the Wiltshire farmer and the London consumer of a cheap transport of cheese. It is evident that his mind was already running upon the same topics which interested him in later life, and had the same tendency to reason upon the facts of daily observation.

As his schoolfellows at Queenwood remember him, Fawcett was tall for his age, loosely made, and rather ungainly. Even at this time his avowed purpose was to become a member of Parliament—a confession, we are told, which was received by "roars of laughter." He remained at Queenwood only a year and a half, and then passed to King's College School. By this time his quick growth had induced some delicacy of health, and he was advised by the medical men to limit his studies as much as possible. Happily, the teacher of mathematics, Hann (who had begun life as a coal miner), had discernment of character as well as a genius for mathematics, and he devoted special attention to Fawcett, taking him on from Euclid to the integral calculus—a range of reading then unusual before entering the University. Some of Fawcett's papers were submitted to Dr. Hamilton, then Dean of Salisbury, and he was decided in urging that Fawcett should go to Cambridge. Peterhouse was the college chosen for reasons of prudence, on the ground mainly that its fellowships were supposed to be of more than the average value, and were

tenable by laymen. Fawcett had not been long at Cambridge when he attracted the notice of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who thus records his first impressions of him :—

On my first glimpse of Fawcett I was troubled by a question of classification. I vaguely speculated as to whether he was an undergraduate, or a young farmer, or possibly somebody connected with horses at Newmarket, come over to see the sights. He had a certain rustic air, in strong contrast to that of the young Pendennises who might stroll along the bank to make a book upon the next boat-race. He rather resembled some of the athletic figures who may be seen at the side of a north-country wrestling ring. Indeed, I fancy that Fawcett may have inherited from his father some of the characteristics of the true long-legged, long-limbed Dandie-Dinmont type of North countryman. The impression was, no doubt, fixed in my mental camera, because I was afterwards surprised by seeing my supposed rustic dining in our College Hall. . . . I insist upon this, because it may indicate Fawcett's superficial characteristics on his first appearance at Cambridge. Many qualities, which all his friends came to recognise sooner or later, were for the present either latent or, it may be, undeveloped. The first glance revealed the stalwart, bucolic figure, with features stamped by intelligence, but that kind of intelligence which we would rather call shrewdness than by any other name.

Fawcett soon made himself the centre of a very earnest, hard-working set, with whom, however, nothing of the nature of asceticism or priggishness was encouraged. Peterhouse had a high reputation for mathematics, and to mathematics Fawcett devoted himself. This at first, no doubt, mainly with an eye to a fellowship, latterly with a genuine love of the study as a mental gymnastic. In after years he confessed that, though by force of circumstances he had been compelled to drop mathematics, he did not regret a single hour spent in their study. Circumstances had arisen which made it advisable for him to "migrate" to Trinity Hall. The change of college made little immediate difference to Fawcett, except by the addition of some new friends to his circle, and some new interests. He became a member of the Union, and frequently spoke well, preparing his speeches and carefully elaborating them. He was elected to a Fellowship at Christmas, 1856. His aim for some little time past had been to approach Parliament through the bar, and with this view he had entered Lincoln's Inn. His studies were much impeded by a weakness of the eyes, which now became worse. On consulting distinguished oculists, he was told that he must not read, and a bar seemed in this manner to be put in the way of his pet scheme.

Instead of reading he made use of his time to pay a visit of observation to the manufacturing districts where he could see something of co-operation. This visit he found suggestive and profitable in many ways. We learn that he was fond of attending the debates in the House of Commons. Already he had begun to feel an intense

interest in Indian affairs. He was bracing himself to a renewed effort when the sad accident occurred which seemed definitively to put an end to all hope of a political career. Fawcett and his father in September 1858 were out shooting on Harnham Hill, in the picturesque valley of the Avon, not far from Mr. Fawcett's house. The father fired at a bird when it happened to be in line with his son. A few of the pellets struck Fawcett, and, piercing his coat, entered his chest, inflicting a slight wound. Two of them went higher; each, strangely enough, penetrating one of the coloured glasses of the spectacles he was wearing. Had their force not been broken by the glass, they would, no doubt, have entered the brain and instantaneously killed him. As it was, they passed right through the eyes, producing total blindness. The effect on both son and father may be guessed. Yet the former never complained, and his composure and magnanimity seemed only to add to the old man's grief. Mr. Leslie Stephen at this point remarks :—

> The close union was the more remarkable, because neither father nor son could be accused of sentimentalism, and both of them were rather apt to condemn the excessive sacrifices sometimes made by parents to children as implying a kind of vicarious selfishness, injurious to both parents and children in the long run. Fawcett's family affections (for his love of his mother and sister was as marked as his love of his father) were through life unusually strong. Perhaps the severest letter which he ever wrote to a real friend was prompted by a belief that the friend had spoken to his father in a way calculated to produce uneasiness. And now it seemed that the father's hand had ruined the son's brilliant prospects. When I visited Longford a few weeks after the accident, I found Fawcett calm and even cheerful, though still an invalid. But the father told me that his own heart was broken, and his appearance confirmed his words. He could not foresee that the son's indomitable spirit would extract advantages even from this cruel catastrophe.

In ten minutes after the accident we are told that he realised all he had lost, and made up his mind that he would still do all that he had meant to do—only that now he would be a year or two late. But, of course, though outwardly resigned and inwardly resolved, there came moments when he faltered. The sympathy and support of friends were then most valuable. We learn that he was inundated with letters of condolence, most of which were either of the conventional type, or else so couched as to depress rather than to strengthen—to embarrass and cause morbid brooding rather than to brace up and give impulse to effort. But among the mass was one of a very different character, which grasped the whole situation, and clearly indicated the path by which it would now be most profitable for him to move. Fawcett thought so much of this letter that he had it frequently read to him and copies of it made. A letter whi

such an effect upon Fawcett in stimulating him to self-help in the most trying circumstances can hardly fail of influence and benefit to many others. We shall therefore make no apology for presenting the essential parts of it here. It was from his friend and tutor at Cambridge, Mr. Hopkins, whose name is still honoured by a large circle who owed much of their after success in life to him:—

Depend upon it, my dear fellow, it must be our own fault if such things are without their alleviation. It has always seemed to me a beautiful and touching form of the expression of this sentiment, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and so, I doubt not, you will find it, even should the injury you have received realise your worst fears. . . . I have no hesitation in recommending you not to build on the hopes held out by Mr. Critchett. Give up your mind at once to meet the evil in the worst form it can hereafter assume. The course of life and objects of study which you may heretofore have proposed to yourself must of necessity be much modified, and you will be obliged by circumstances to depend on intellectual pursuits almost entirely for your future happiness, so far as it may be dependent on efforts of your own. Now it seems to me that your mind is eminently adapted to many of those studies which may be followed with least disadvantage without loss [the help [illegible]] of sight. . . . .

What a wide range of speculative study, full of interest, do these subjects present to us, for any part of which, if I mistake not, your mind is well qualified. How often have I wished I had more time to devote to them myself! I know that I should find in them a great compensation (as I trust you will yourself) for any circumstances which might restrict me to the pursuit of them. But all I [illegible] as affording suggestions to you, and possibly an inducement [illegible]

[illegible]

as guide and amanuensis, who, through Fawcett's kindness, not only became a competent secretary, but a young man of great promise, and died before he had attained the great object of his ambition. Fawcett worked hard and systematically; but he had abundant leisure for society and friendship also—his blindness had no tendency to induce morbidity, shyness, or reserve, but the contrary, and his powers of conversation were not seldom the theme of admiring remark:—

"I have gone to breakfast with Fawcett at Christmas time," says Mr. Stephen, "read and discussed the newspapers till lunch; taken a good constitutional, returning just in time to dress for dinner, and then dined, talked and smoked till past midnight, having enjoyed, and most heartily enjoyed, some fifteen hours of uninterrupted talk."

The life of Cambridge harmonised with Fawcett's temper and studious inclinations, though he was not blind to defects which were remediable, and on which he dwelt in conversation, and concerning which he wrote. But one thing he always spoke of with complacency. That was the fairness of the Cambridge system. "He would say that Cambridge was almost the only place where a man won his position exclusively on his merits. There was no real taint nor even suspicion of unfairness in the distribution of the prizes. When a man had won a position the respect paid to him was proportioned to his intrinsic merits. No one inquired into his social position or the length of his purse. . . . . The intellectual vigour fostered by the open competitions, and the masculine common-sense encouraged by the positive nature of the studies, were thoroughly congenial to him."

To political economy he devoted more and more attention and thought, looking at every principle carefully in the light of everyday facts. This habit, which was formed at Cambridge, was only confirmed by a large and ripe experience. He entered keenly into all proposals of university reform. He gradually took up again all the threads of association still possible to him: he rode, he fished, he skated, he delighted in his favourite walks, and was fond of having with him a companion who would talk precisely as though he still had his sight; he actually learned to smoke, though tobacco was disagreeable to him, in order that no aid to cordial social intercourse should be lacking on his part. And he carried system into everything, in such a way as to intermingle happily work and play, business and pleasure. Along with his friend, Mr. Clarke, he was especially successful in this plan while fishing. Mr. Stephen gives us this picture:—

He would wade in the river fishing slowly up stream, whilst Clarke was instructed to walk along the bank at such a distance from the river as not to throw

his shadow upon the water, and then to talk to his heart's content. Trout, as Fawcett said, hear very badly (and, it may be added, care nothing for the soundest political economy), but see remarkably well. A letter from his first secretary, Edward Brown, tells how he used to go with Fawcett to the river, where, in the intervals of sport, they could retire to an outhouse, drink tea, and read Mill's "Political Economy." Fawcett had resumed the sport very soon after his accident. In April 1868 I find him saying that he and a friend had caught twelve pike; the friend had caught the largest, weighing 15lb., but Fawcett had caught ten of the twelve, one of them an eleven-pounder. He remembered his native stream with minute accuracy.

Under the advice of Mr. Alex. Macmillan, who in this showed remarkable prescience, Mr. Fawcett devoted some time to the production of his "Handbook on Political Economy," which certainly stood him in good stead when a vacancy arose in the Political Economy chair. Though he had a couple of powerful opponents in Mr. Leonard Courtney and Mr. Joseph B. Mayor, he was elected. Already he had lectured at the British Association meeting and elsewhere on Gold and the Gold Discoveries, and had produced a very favourable impression. Though in general position he was content to take his doctrine from Mill, he was always fresh and suggestive in the illustrations he found from history or from contemporary facts and efforts. In Co-operation he was deeply interested, as it was only natural that he should be. He never forgot the impression which the Rochdale experiment had made upon him in 1857, and often referred to it. But he opposed all schemes of State Socialism and land nationalisation so called, because they would inevitably act with disastrous effect on individuality and the education of exertion where most needed. "Such schemes," he urged, "regarded the State as a kind of supernatural milch-cow—a body capable of making something out of nothing, of directly commanding supplies of manna from the heavens and water from the rock; whereas they were simply schemes for taking money from the prudent and handing it over to the idle."

The duties of his chair were not felt to exhaust his measure of working power. He looked forward to Parliament. He was led in the oddest manner to make the effort in Walworth, which was fruitful of some very funny incidents, but his prospects of success, he found, were not such as to justify him in going to the poll. Then, a few years after, he contested Cambridge, not with sanguine hope on his own part, but, as he somewhat facetiously said, as "Macmillan's candidate," and he was beaten by the Conservative by 81 votes. Brighton, however, by-and-by behaved more handsomely to him, returning him in his 32nd year. He was defeated in Brighton in 1874, and became member for Hackney, holding that seat till his

death. Of his work in Parliament we cannot here speak in detail. He was faithful to the interests of the people, and was wont to speak of himself as a Radical, but a Radical in the ordinary sense he was not, for he hated abstract phrases; and it is very characteristic of him that when he discoursed on Democracy he was more concerned to show the limitations demanded for safety and permanence than to descant on possible perfection of democratic institutions. His great work for India is generally and gratefully remembered. He so forced its claims on the notice of Parliament and the press that he was in all good faith named "the Member for India." No hope of any adequate practical reward could have influenced him here—none of the ordinary inducements which lead men to take up a cause in the House of Commons—to adopt a cry. Indeed, when offer of reward did unexpectedly come, Fawcett declined it. Mr. Leslie Stephen says on this point:—

> I am permitted to state that in October 1880 Lord Hartington offered to Fawcett a seat in the Indian Council. While speaking kindly of Fawcett's claims to a higher political position, he pointed out the opportunities of usefulness to India in the Council. Fawcett declined with cordial thanks, saying that he thought he could be more useful as an independent member, if he should at any time resign office. His view of the unsatisfactory position of the Council had also, I believe, some weight with him in this decision.

His labours as Postmaster-General require no enumeration here. The successful extension of the Savings Bank, the introduction of the Parcels Post, the indefinite multiplication of post-pillars in large towns, the cheapening of telegrams, the introduction of postal orders, the extension of female employment, the improvement of the position of sorters and carriers, and "Aids to Thrift," supplied in a thousand forms. If Fawcett could have made the masses of the people thrifty, he felt that the country would be enriched and its best institutions made more stable, and he worked for this in season and out of season with the quiet zeal of a true patriot.

It has, indeed, been urged against Fawcett as an administrator that he was too apt to concern himself with detail—to devote as much time and consideration to the claim of some poor rural postman as he would to the proposal of a great and comprehensive change. The reason was that Fawcett's power lay in direct grip of the "concrete," and if this was a failing, it surely was a failing that leaned to virtue's side, seeing the influences that are always at work to absorb the human elements in the official, and in mere red-tape routine.

His political economy, too, was at every point corrected and checked by his character, by his love of the concrete, and his p[illegible] for dealing with individuals and with details. His humour,

its own share in this result. It is true that this quality could hardly have free play in his scientific writings, but it nevertheless had its influence on them, indirect and unperceived, but not the less real. He never allowed himself to become the slave of an abstract statement, and was always willing to return and to check it by reference to actual facts and experience. This tendency, indeed, in some cases, gave ground for charges of contradiction and inconsistency. Several of these Mr. Leslie Stephen has dealt with in his chapter on Fawcett as political economist. But it was impossible that Fawcett should have become the slave of a set of axioms. He was all alive with energy, with sympathy, with desire for contact with a larger field of human life. And as the sphere of action widened before him he found that his abstract positions were on many points insensibly modified.

And what, summed up in the shortest compass, would be given as the leading characteristics of the man who, in spite of such a deprivation as would have wholly paralysed most men, accomplished so much? We would put it thus: conscientious honesty, supported by cheerfulness, an utterly unaffected friendliness and goodwill to all men. There was little or no genius in the case. What Fawcett was most proud of he had most consciously won by strenuous and well-sustained effort. And he would condescend to no roundabout ways or doubtful means to an end. He was utterly a stranger to *finesse*, to trick, to any form of overreaching. He would always play fair, and expected others to do the same; this was one of the secrets of his popularity. In this he was a thorough Englishman.

He was utterly healthy, without affectation or pretension. He enjoyed a joke at his own expense quite as much as a joke at another's. Mr. Stephen assures us that he was no more ashamed of his deficiencies as a scholar than of the shape of his nose. Considering that shyness, self-consciousness, and all the awkwardness and discomfort bred of these, are so closely allied with egotism and certain kinds of pretence, we are not surprised to read:—

> One of Fawcett's qualifications for making friendship was his utter incapacity for being awed by differences of position. He was as sensitive as anyone to the claims of intellectual excellence, but his freedom from affectation or false pretensions saved him from any awkward shyness. He was equally at his ease with an agricultural labourer, or a prime minister, or (what to me seemed more surprising) a Senior Wrangler. To this day I do not realise—though on purely intellectual grounds I accept—the fact that even a Senior Wrangler is made of flesh and blood. I cannot forget the surprise with which I once found Fawcett chatting on terms of perfect equality with the great Tait and Steele, then in all the glory of recent pre-eminence in the Tripos. Fawcett always took other people for what they were, and expected to be taken in the same way himself.

It was thus that he retained that freshness and spontaneity which enabled him to the end to make new friends while maintaining those already gained. We learn that he never lost a friend. Like a healthy-minded and sensible man, he did not despise the pecuniary rewards of intellectual prowess, but he saw distinctly that it would be the reverse of sensible to win such rewards at the expense of his intellectual development, and he never in any case sacrificed his convictions.

In his earlier life at Cambridge, he had been very successful in some operations on the Stock Exchange in mining shares, and on the ground of this, his friends had told him that he could never get into Parliament, and that he had "better go on to the Stock Exchange and make a fortune." "I replied," he says, "no; I am convinced that the duties of a member of the House of Commons are so multifarious, the questions brought before him so complicated and difficult, that, if he fully discharges his duty, he requires almost a lifetime of study. I said, if I take up this profession, I will not trifle with the interests of my country; I will not trifle with the interests of my constituents by going into the House of Commons inadequately prepared, because I gave up to the acquisition of wealth the time which I ought to have spent in the acquisition of political knowledge."

And, notwithstanding this high conscientious note, there was no tendency to asceticism or to any kind of thin-bloodedness.

"He heartily enjoyed all the good things of life," writes his biographer; "a good glass of wine, a good cigar, or a bit of downright gossip, not less than more intellectual recreations. 'One of the first things I remember about him,' says his wife, 'was his saying how keenly he enjoyed life. He expressed,' she adds, 'some impatience with people who avowed or affected weariness of life.' 'There is only one thing that I ever regret,' he would say, 'and that is to have missed a chance of enjoyment.' He would, for instance, seriously ponder at the end of a frost whether he could not have contrived another hour's skating. He intended, he would tell me, to live to be ninety, and to relish every day of his life. Should anyone be offended at a doctrine which seems to me more sound than easy to put in practice, he must remember that all Fawcett's enjoyments were wholesome and innocent, that they emphatically included a strenuous exertion of all his faculties, and excluded with equal emphasis every tinge of ill-nature. He never enjoyed anything which could give pain to others. . . . There was only one thing, he told his sister, which he dreaded—namely, a loss of energy. Life might become a burthen to him if life no longer meant action."

His interests were not bounded by any narrow ide

or of class. He could discern a man when he found him in fustian as well as in a court suit, and was large enough in mind and character to act out his belief. And this is not nearly so easy as it seems. A thousand things in education, in political training, in studious habits, and in the influences of society, are against it; and few, very few, successful men can adopt towards the common folk a tone which is neither patronising nor compromising, but remains a due recognition on both sides of genuine manhood. A touch of self-consciousness will spoil it.

When Fawcett went to Salisbury he made a point of visiting his father's old labourers, and renewing the old associations by talking over the matters which interested them. How successful he was in throwing himself into their feelings may be inferred from an anecdote of his father's old farm-servant Rumbold. Rumbold was one day giving Fawcett's mother the last news from his sties; "and," he added, "mind you tell Master Harry when you write to him, for if there's one thing he cares about 'tis pigs." It was one thing, though hardly the one thing. His home affections steadily gathered force. He had been in the habit of writing a weekly letter to his parents. He happened one day to ask his sister what gave them most pleasure? She answered, "Your letters." From that time, though overwhelmed with Parliamentary and official work, he wrote twice instead of once. Many of these letters lie before me. They are homely and affectionate, giving any interesting bit of news; occasionally enclosing such letters as could be shown without a breach of confidence; commenting briefly upon the state of politics; and full of little requests or suggestions prompted by his affection.

And thus he kept his heart alive and true to all real demands upon it, responsive to them as the leaf to the air. We shall close with a passage, dealing with the Cambridge life, which finely illustrates this:—

These names [Blore, Hotham, and Munro] remind me of one very marked feature of Fawcett's character. I first discovered it one day, when I heard to my shame that a common friend had been for some time in ill-health, and that Fawcett had been visiting him regularly. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to render such services. Hammond suffered cruelly under a protracted and painful disorder, of which he ultimately died. It was depressing to the spirits, and he fell into a rather morbid state of feeling, creating the imaginary grievances natural to the sick. Fawcett was the friend who adhered most closely to him. When refusing other invitations, Hammond would always go to Fawcett's house, and I remember the good-natured triumph which Fawcett expressed to me upon inducing his old friend to pay him a visit at Cambridge, and cheering him into forgetfulness of his sufferings. Once, when an old gentleman who shared some of Fawcett's tastes was on his death-bed, Fawcett was admitted to a talk, and with such cheering results that the old man became his former self, sent for his fishing tackle, and even proposed, I think, a bottle of his famous port. The family were so scandalised by the introduction of such topics at a period when meditation on death seemed to them to be the only proper occupation, that they objected to any fresh administration of a similar cordial. He was equally ready to visit humbler friends who had fallen into any variety of distress.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

IDYLS OF KARPATHOS.

A LONG thin island stretches like a riband in the sea between Rhodes and Crete; this is Karpathos. It is visited by no one, no steamer touches there, and all communication with the outer world is carried on by sailing boats at uncertain intervals. Before going there I could get but little information about the place, only the records of a hurried visit which a German paid it some fifty years ago, and one passage in his book[1] struck me forcibly. It ran as follows:—"The village of Olympos or Elympos has about 250 houses; the dialect of the Elympites is said to be in the highest degree Hellenic, and their ballads so poetical that they often move the listeners to tears. I have heard such wonderful things related of both, that it was with great grief that I had to abandon my intention of visiting the place."

A remote island such as Karpathos is, affords the best possible study of Hellenism as it exists to-day, and the remotest village of this remote island is Elympos, lost away amongst precipitous mountains, a village of shepherds who speak a dialect which even their nearest neighbours can hardly understand, and which contains old classical words and idioms which have disappeared from amongst other Greek-speaking communities.

I now propose to give a few of their ballads as we heard them during a stay of some weeks in this village—ballads, which these shepherds sing on their feast-days and at their weddings as they dance, which the women sing as they ply their looms and spin, for there is something poetical in the air of this place; nothing can be done without singing, and every vocation in life is illustrated by its own peculiar idyl. Even the oarsmen who rowed us away from a tiny harbour about two hours distant from the village kept time as they rowed by the repetition of certain rhymes, of which every sailor knows a large store.

The stroke of the boat rises from his seat at each pull, and as he does so screams the first word of the rhyme, for example, "assistance";

[1] Ludwig Ross, *Inselreisen.*

number two continues, "and protection"; number three says, "and God"; and bow rapidly repeats the last line of the rhyme, "the boat shall go onwards."[1]

The pastoral idyls of Elympos recall to one's mind passages from Theocritus and his odes, full of touches of social life, and they are unique in their simplicity. None but a simple-minded peasant could have conceived such ideas as those contained in a ballad called "The Queen and the Shepherd," a very favourite one at all their feasts. The moral, of course, is contentment, and no one is more contented in the world than a Karpathiote shepherd in his mountain *mandra*, where he and his family live for months. It is perhaps only a cave in the rock; nothing is heard but the bleating of the goats around them; they live on milk and that delicious white curd called "mysethra," which, when eaten with honey, is, as they term it, "food for the gods." Their only bed is brushwood spread on the bare ground, and their only diversion is a tedious journey once a week to the village with skins full of cheese, butter, and milk. In this translation I have endeavoured to adhere to the original as much as possible, I fear to the detriment of the rhythm.

THE QUEEN AND THE SHEPHERD.

The king and the herd each a wager made
That the heart of the queen was his—
The queen with the golden hair.

"Come, prithee, my lord, what's your stake to be?"
Quoth the shepherd with bantering voice—
The shepherd with long wild hair.

"My crown, my realm, mine all I'll stake;
What have you to offer like this?" said the king,
With a royal, disdainful air.

"A thousand sheep with their silvery bells,
And a black-eyed, yellow-cheeked lamb
With flowing silken hair.

"Such as gives you wool for your royal robes,
And the queen for her mantles gay—
The queen with the golden hair."

Down from the crags the shepherd came,
With his sheep, his goats, and his lamb—
The lamb with the silvery hair.

The king was amazed, and the queen she yearned
To possess such treasures as these,
Such sheep and such goats so fair.

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[1] The words of this distych are—

Βοηθὸς καὶ σκεπὸς καὶ Θεός·
Ἡ Βαρκα πάει ἐμπρός.

"Make me your shepherdess," she cried,
"Your maid for your *mandra*, your slave;
Give me every care;
That I may eat 'mysethra' white
Out of its basket of reeds;
That I may drink of the freshest milk;
May hold in my hand the shepherd's crook;
That I may have from morn till night
My shepherd with shaggy hair."

Another idyl requires a little prefatory explanation. When a man contemplates matrimony in Karpathos he does not propose himself, but sends his mother or some elderly female relative to do so, which is called προξενία. In some parts this old lady wears stockings of two colours. "I see her coming with stockings of two colours, I think we shall have an offer," writes a modern Greek poet. If the proposal is refused the man is said to "eat gruel." In this idyl a prince is supposed to have fallen in love with a girl, and he has applied to his mother with a view to the proposal. The prudential sentiments of a Karpathiote parent, who never allows a son or daughter to marry unless the marriage is financially advantageous, is very true to life; also the love of excessive numbers as indicating grandeur, a feature common to many of their songs:—

Prince. Mother! I yearn for a fair-haired girl
Whom I saw the other day;
Amongst the vines she was wandering,
And she washed in the brooklet's spray.

Mother. If she's poor and needy, harkee, my son,
My consent to your marriage will never be won.

Prince. Nay, mother, her feet were in golden shoes;
Mother, her shoes were of gold;
She's clad in velvet of different hues.
Her wealth must be untold.

Mother. Truly, my son, if it is as you say,
Believe me, your mother will never say nay.

Here there is a pause, during which time the mother is supposed to send the *proxenia*, and an offer of marriage is made. This is the reply:—

Mother. Ten learned men and eight-and-twenty priests
I have sent to the damsel's home;
And sixty-two scribes, her dower to write,
Have thither also gone.
Full forty days they ascended her stairs,
For forty more they delayed;

But the girl gave cautious answer to them,
And prudently she said :
" Why come ye scribes and learned men ?
Why come ye priests to me ? "
" The prince has sent us, my lady," they said,
" To ask you his wife to be."

" If the prince can sow the waves with corn,
And build his threshing-floor right in the main,
So that neither the seed nor the straw be spoiled—
Then may you return to me again."

So many of the idyls are melancholy, even those that they sing as they revolve in the dance on a feast-day in the village square. To suit these songs they dance what they call the *siganos*, in which men and women form a semicircle with arms interlaced, so that the leader holds the hand of number three, number two holds the hand of number four, and so on. This dance is looked upon as an occasion for rest and singing after the more violent steps of other dances, and in the *siganos* they will sing such a song as this :—

In her virgin couch a damsel slept
Alone on Good Friday night ;
And as she slept she dreamt a dream,
Which she sought to divine aright.

A palace she saw, with windows all
Of silvery, sparkling glass ;
Whilst fountains sprinkled far and wide
Their spray o'er the mossy grass.

When told, her mother joyfully said,
" The meaning to me is clear :
The palace is your husband's love,
The windows are babies dear ;
And all the relatives of your lord
Will be fountains bright and clear."

" Hush, mother dear ! " the girl replied ;
" You do not explain it well.
The palace means my cold, dark tomb,
The windows are Charon's knell ;
The fountains of water are your two eyes
Which with weeping soon will swell."

Another of these plaintive ditties runs as follows :—

Its lonely life a tiny bird
Bewailed by the river-side.
With loving notes another bird
Thus tenderly replied :
" Bewail not, little one, your fate,
Cease to pour out your grief ;

To-morrow's dawn shall see us wed,
  And together we will live
Down by the stream where the daphnes grow,
  The daphnes so green and so fair,
Where the red ones[1] scatter their blossoms around,
  And the white ones their perfume rare."

Many of their songs turn on a curious feature in Karpathiote life, namely, that the men go away for the summer months to seek employment in Asia Minor or elsewhere, leaving the women behind to gather in the harvest and make the wine; consequently many men, attracted by the life and gaiety of the world, never return to their homes. This is constantly the cause of grief and lamentation to the women who are thus deserted. As they are baking bread at the ovens you may hear them sing of their absent friends. A mother will every Saturday bake biscuits for her absent son, who will never return to eat them. This feature in their life gives rise to much that is melancholy in the women, their songs more often resemble dirges. And then there are women who develop a knowledge of the black art, and pretend to mix horrible potions, which if a damsel can introduce into her lover's food unawares he is sure to return, and if a wife can give to her husband before he leaves he will remain faithful to her during his absence. One of the favourite songs on this subject runs as follows:—

For fourteen years away from me
  My love has made his home.
It is in Armenia he lives,
  And no news from him has come.

A short pause here ensues.

And thus he writes to me at last,
To drown my memories of the past.

Another pause, to give weight to the climax of woe which the message brings.

Go marry now, if not wed yet,
  For the truth I thus must tell:
An Armenian girl has won from you
  Your love by magic spell.

She has charmed the stars of heaven,
  She has charmed the winds and the sea,
She has charmed the ship that it cannot sail,
  And she, too, has charmèd me.

Go marry now, if not wed yet,
  Or bury yourself in a cell;
For never again will you look upon
  The boy whom you loved so well.

[1] *Oleanders*, which grow in wonderful profusion in a valley near Elympo.

Poetry pervades every branch of life in Elympos. Charms are said in poetry, blasphemous, many of them, according to our notions, but warranted to cure diseases, drive away vultures from the flocks, vermin from the grain; and in these rude charms are hidden many beautiful ideas. A mother has pretty lullabies for the baby who swings in its primitive cradle tied from the rafters of the house, one of which thus runs:—

> Mrs. Mary Magdalene,
> Sleepest thou alone?
> No, my Lord, my master Christ,
> I am not all alone.
>
> Peter guards me, so does Paul,
> The twelve Apostles, one and all.
> My door is locked, I've turned the key,
> So no one now can frighten me.

Everywhere in out-of-the-way corners of Greece the laments over the dead are extremely poetical. Women sing them as a rule, and as they work in the fields you may hear them composing verses, which will be sung as improvised wails over the corpse at the next funeral. These death-wails they call *mœrologia*, and those of Elympos are wonderfully quaint. Charon is the hero of them all, the mysterious giant, who wanders about naked and girt with three swords. "One is for the archons, another for the rich, and the third, the poisoned one, is for us, the herds."

One of the prettiest ideas is that which represents Charon as planting a garden with the bones of the dead for plants. It is as follows:—

> Charon wished to make a garden.
> The aged he planted as lemon trees,
> And the young as cypresses;
> But the little children he put as flowers in his vases.

THE SCOTCH BORDERLAND.

THE ordinary English traveller to the north, especially if Scotland be something of a novelty to him, will feel a gentle thrill of excitement as the express whirls past Gretna, or steams slowly over the Tweed into Berwick station, arising from the consciousness that he has crossed the border. But though he has passed the geographical limit of England, he is scarcely yet amongst the Scotch proper, but is traversing the country of a peculiar people—the Borderers, as they are even now called, the dwellers in the Borderland.

The Border district nowadays is justly famed for the sport which its hills and rivers afford; but time was, and not so long ago either, when the sport of the Borders was seriously interfered with by some less praiseworthy peculiarities of the Border people. Many causes have combined to stamp the Borderers with a character of their own. In the first place, the isolation of the district in the old days was almost complete. Railways have done much to disturb this; but even now in the upland valleys external influences are little felt; and, strange as it may seem, it is less than a hundred years since the first wheeled vehicle was seen in the Liddesdale made famous by Sir Walter Scott. It was Scott indeed who was really the first to exhume the half-forgotten memories of the early days of the Borderland, and to deck them with the vivid hues of his poetic fancy and descriptive power. But even without his help the silent records which yet remain would suggest much of the old Border life to one who could read them aright. There is a line of fortifications along the south bank of the Tweed, and the whole frontier is dotted with ruined fortresses, some of them mere keeps, others rising to the dignity of castles, but all alike telling the same tale of raid and reprisal, attack and defence.

Indeed, the history of the Border in early times reveals a chronic state of warfare, or at least turbulence. This was in most cases the expression of national antipathies, combined with a taste for loot, though, provided there was a fair prospect of the latter, some of the Borderers, notably the Græmes of "the debateable land," were not

very particular on which side they fought. But in addition to the respectable and legitimate conflicts between English and Scotch, there were, on the Scotch side of the March, clan fights without number. Once, after a desperate struggle with a "whitling" of nearly two pounds which I had hooked foul in a strong stream, my companion, a native Borderer, told me that a whole village had been slaughtered by the banks of the river where we then stood drinking the health of the gallant fish. For many years the family feuds of the Maxwells and the Johnstones in Dumfriesshire, and the Scotts and Kerrs in Roxburghshire, seem to have been a grievous source of disquiet to their respective counties. Under the Stuarts the law was almost as powerless on the Borders as in the recesses of the Highlands, or at best was only executed by fits and starts. Frequent measures of repression were taken, but with doubtful success, against the "broken men," "rank riders," or "reivers of the Borders," who are quaintly described in an old chronicle as "an infamous byke (beehive) of lawless limmers." Punishment, however, when it did reach the offenders, was stern and pitiless. In 1529 James V. hanged "Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, and forty-eight men." In 1606 the Earl of Dunbar dealt the same penalty to "above a hundred and forty of the nimblest and most powerful thieves," and reported that the Borders were "now satled far by onything that ever has been done there before." Similarly, in 1637, the Earl of Traquair at Jedburgh "hanged thirty, burned five, banished fifteen, put to the horn forty, and cleansed fifteen" of these turbulent characters. This drastic variety of punishment seemed to have induced the Borderers, who clearly were eminently business-like rascals, seriously to reconsider their habits, and, under the timely pressure of Cromwell's iron hand, Border disturbances gradually died out.

Now, the only disturbance the angler or explorer is likely to encounter in these parts, is the unfriendly curiosity of some native bull. But save for this possible source of annoyance, the streams of the Border are the most sporting streams in the kingdom. The fish are not large, but they are ready to rise, game to play, and sweet to eat. Here too, if you are not afraid to rough it, you may penetrate into a real *terra incognita*, for it is hardly too much to say that in the heart of the Cheviots there are districts where man never sets foot, unless it be an occasional shepherd. I have only seen the frontier of this unknown land, but I mean to explore it with my fly rod some day, and perhaps discover the grave of the dead hero of bygone ages, whom tradition declares to be buried in his silver armour, somewhere in these untrodden wilds.

However, our present concern is with the living and not with the dead, and the living Borderer has plenty of points of interest. Indeed, the real *differentia* of the Borderland lies in the character of its inhabitants, a character which no doubt owes much of its native vigour to the surroundings of nature amid which it has grown up. It is curious to notice how much the Borderers still retain of the lawless spirit of their moss-trooper ancestors. Game-laws, and especially fishing laws, meet with little regard. Smuggling was extensively practised within the memory of living men; and only two or three years ago Borderers of all ranks and stations combined *con amore* to violate an act prohibiting the transport of sheep and cattle across the Scotch Border for sanitary purposes. But, perhaps, the most striking feature of the Borderer's character is the open-handed hospitality which prevails among all classes from the highest to the lowest. By a graceful and touching custom, poor relations are still welcomed under the name of "Sorners," to the houses of their wealthier kinsfolk; and throughout their visits (which sometimes would last for many weeks), they are invariably treated as honoured guests. As might be expected, this hospitable spirit becomes the *causa causans* of a good deal of drinking. A characteristic saying is preserved of a certain Armstrong of Sorbie, who lived somewhere about 1750, and who even then came to the conclusion that it was a better world when there were more bottles and fewer glasses in it. A Border minister has told me that he positively dreads his ministerial visits, on account of the amount of food and drink which he is expected to consume in each house. Border clergymen of an older generation however, are usually free from any degenerate incapacity of this kind, and will drink their share stoutly with the best of their flock. An old-fashioned specimen of this class was once invited to an evening party at the house of a reverend brother, who affected, as he thought, an unworthy moderation. Being asked on his return how he had enjoyed himself, he replied, "Indeed nae muckle ava': baabee whust and the leddies cheating; yea tumbler o' toddy wi' twa weemen oot o't." (*Idem Anglice redditum.*) "Indeed, not much at all: halfpenny whist and the ladies cheating; one tumbler of toddy with two women (sipping) out of it."

There is a strong feeling of clannishness among the Borderers, as elsewhere in Scotland, and this sometimes is carried to a needless exclusiveness. There is a story told of a beggar woman who had wandered through a Border hamlet asking alms, but in vain. At last in despair, she exclaimed, "Is there no a

village?" "Na, na," was the reply, "we're a' Johnstons and Jairdens (Jardines) here."

Keen sportsmen too are the Borderers, and the border hounds, which hunt only among the hills, often go out field and all, for three days at a time to some neighbouring farmer's homestead. But over and above legitimate sport, it must be confessed that they have an irresistible fancy for poaching, and "burning the water" for salmon or bull-trout is a highly popular pastime in rivers where it is possible.

The bull-trout is a misguided species of the salmon tribe which is very rarely to be tempted by any kind of bait. And under the existing salmon laws the netting season closes before the bull-trout are fairly running up into the rivers. According to the letter of the law killing a bull-trout after a certain date otherwise than with a rod and line is illegal. But the absurdity of extending this protection to a fish that will take no bait is so palpable that breaches of the law are frequently winked at, if only they be decently veiled. Burning the water is a systematic form of poaching carried on at night by regular gangs; but there is an opening for individual skill and enterprise on a smaller scale in the daytime. When the fish are fairly running up an unwonted activity appears in the usually peaceful hamlets of the Cheviots. At this time the whole population seems possessed with a mania for hurrying down to the river on every possible occasion. About midday perhaps you may notice a slim apprentice lad, dismissed from work for an hour, making his way down to the water's edge, dangling with absent air, a business-like club. In half an hour you may meet him walking briskly back again. Is there a certain unfamiliar corpulence about his figure? This no doubt is due to the wholesome effects of a constitutional; and if perchance you catch a glimpse of a fish-tail protruding from beneath his closely-buttoned coat, charity should impose a caution on any hasty inferences. There are many things not dreamed of in the philosophies of the wisest of us, and we are notoriously ignorant of the habits of the salmon tribe. Thus it may well be that, unknown to the naturalist, the instincts of the bull-trout incline him to lurk beneath the human waistcoat.

The borderers are an obstinate race in their way, though their obstinacy is not of the stupid pig-headed kind, but rather a stubborn tenacity of what they regard as their rights. Most of the Scotch rivers are carefully preserved. In the borderland they are nearly all free; and though efforts have been made at times to preserve them *pro bono publico* the borderer will not abate one tittle of his prescriptive

right in the matter, though he knows that the concession would turn to his own advantage.

Among such wild surroundings as those of the borderland one might expect to find a luxuriant growth of superstitions. These, however, are not specially abundant. Some dim memory is still cherished of the wizard Michael Scott, and of another celebrity of the same kidney, a certain Lord Soulis who being wound-proof could only be despatched by boiling. Thomas the Rhymer is also held in remembrance, and one of his utterances "Betide, betide, whate'er betide, Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde," is a prophecy which has fulfilled itself with curious accuracy.

A little village in Roxburghshire, by name Linton, has a peculiar legend attached to it. It formerly stood on the verge of a great mere, some traces of which remained till quite recently. In the far past this mere harboured a hideous dragon or "worm," which ravaged the country till some hero destroyed it with a fire-tipped lance. Over the doorway of the little church there is a rough sculpture of the slaying of this beast, which is said by the learned to be at least eight hundred years old; and to this day, though it is not made into a show place, the hollow is pointed out which formed the lair of the Worm of Linton.

On the English side of the Border too a similar legend appears in the "laidly worm," which haunted a district of Northumberland. Allowing a little to imagination, these stories almost tempt us to wonder whether they are wholly fictitious. It is remarkable how persistently the dragon or worm in most similar legends makes his dwelling in a marsh or lagoon. And though geologically it seems incredible, these fabulous monsters irresistibly call to mind the great aquatic saurians of the secondary period, and give colour to a fancy that perhaps in the wild recesses of the Cheviots some of these may have survived long enough to come into contact with the men of the later Pleistocene. Science, however, will probably laugh this view to scorn, so I leave it to its fate and return to my subject.

Some curious old customs still survive in the Borderland. At Christmas time troops of boys go about as "guisers" (the local substitute for "Theatre Royal") to different houses, performing a rude sort of play and singing doggerel rhymes. On the last day of the year, or "Hogmanay Morning" as it is called, the children go round demanding "cakes," a dole which a sordid usage has now converted into coppers. It is true that this bears a strong family likeness to the Christmas box of a more advanced civilisation. But it is perh[illegible] a more picturesque form of the same impost, and resembles [illegible]

old custom found in some of the eastern counties of England, where at harvest time bands of the country folk go about asking " largess.' The " broose " is also a great institution on the Border. This is a race between the young men of the neighbourhood after a wedding, whereof the prize is a handkerchief, and a kiss from the bride. Scotland is celebrated for its football players; but on the Border this game appears almost in the light of a ceremonial institution, with a special day (usually new year's day or Fastern's e'en) devoted to it. As played in these parts it is a remarkably rough pastime, and the " course " selected is invariably near some piece of water, into which, sooner or later, ball and players are sure to find their way. It is said that in old days these football meetings were often the prelude to a foray. Other customs there are which demand a discreet reticence, but for good or evil all are dying away, and perhaps in another fifty years there will be little left of the distinctive features of the Borderland beyond its streams, its " mosses," and the lonely grandeur of its everlasting hills.

NORMAN PEARSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

VACCINATION.

PASTEUR'S researches on the attenuation of morbific virus and the curious effects of using this, after the manner of vaccination, suggest some curious reflections.

What is the nature of the action whereby a few pustules of cow-pox, or a severe outbreak of small-pox itself, prevents a repetition of the disease? Why do we so rarely have measles or whooping-cough a second time? What is the rationale of Pasteur's unquestionable success in preventing cattle diseases of a similar class, and his probable success with hydrophobia?

It appears that all the diseases that are thus unable to pay the same animal a second visit, or are prevented from making a first visit by the artificial introduction of a nearly allied disease, or a diluted modification of the disease itself, are somehow connected with the generation of minute creatures of hybrid animal or vegetable character, things having a separate life of their own, and multiplying furiously in the blood, or mucus, or serum of the diseased animal.

The usually accepted theory is that these microbia cause or constitute the disease, though some thoughtful physicians (Dr. B. W. Richardson, for example) dispute this, and maintain the old theory that blood diseases are due to chemical changes of the blood, or the introduction of chemical poison.

At the risk of anathema I venture to state a speculation of my own, a very bold proceeding for one outside of "the faculty."

The blood is manufactured from the material of our food by the operation of the digestive organs; then from the blood is produced, by glandular apparatus and other machinery but little understood, the various solids and liquids and gases which make up the body, its excretions and exhalations.

When all the apparatus of this wondrous laboratory works in harmony, producing precisely what is required, we have health. When there is discord, or failure of any part to do its work, or something produced which is not required, there is sickness.

My supposition is that the diseases that rarely pay a second visit, or are prevented by the introduction of an attenuated virus, are those which arise from some organic irregularity or the introduction of some harmful material by morbid action, and that this material is the pabulum, or the organic irregularity is the habitat of the characteristic microbia, whose meddlesome activity in the body produces a secondary set of symptoms that may possibly be more malignant than those directly due to the primary disturbance of poison.

Also that these creatures not only consume the abnormal morbific secretion, but travel to its source or sources, and there, by similar voracity, effect its eradication, consume its primary organic source.

If such is the case, it is evident that by introducing creatures of the same species consuming the same food, but of more languid constitution due to the enfeebling influence of the "cultivation" on foreign animal soil, we may obtain a devouring of the primary mischief, performed by creatures too feeble or "attenuated" in vital energy to stir up the secondary febrile disturbance with dangerous intensity or acuteness.

Lime in Milk.

I LEARN from the journal of the Chemical Society that W. Eugling has found that ammonium oxalate added to milk does not precipitate its calcium salts as it should do if they were combined with mineral acids; but that if, after the addition of the oxalate, calcium chloride be added, their casein is separated and carries calcium oxalate down with it.

The inference of Eugling is that the calcium of milk "is in definite organic combination with the casein, and this combination must first be destroyed before calcium can be separated as oxalate. The calcium albuminates in milk resemble basic salts, and are readily decomposed by acetic, lactic, and tartaric acids."

Eugling only regards the pure chemistry of the subject, but it appears to me that this view of the chemical condition of the calcium of milk has considerable physiological and practical interest.

Everybody knows that human and other mammalian infants are largely occupied in bone making during their dependence on milk food, and that they must obtain all the calcium of their bones from the milk somehow; but it is not so generally understood that in the laboratory of the animal body combinations of bases with mineral acids are rarely if ever broken up for assimilation, and that it is very doubtful whether such compounds are appropriated in their combined *state* for organic construction and renewal.

But a loose organic compound of calcium with casein is just the sort of material which can be, and is, subjected to chemico-vital metamorphosis. If it can be shown that the phosphoric acid of the milk is also combined with an easily dissociable organic base or bases, we have the conditions especially suited for their separation and plastic reunion in the body.

I have long been very sceptical concerning the practice of administering phosphate of lime for bodily bone-making purposes. The theory upon which such practice is based is very superficial. All we know (not much, it is true) of the chemistry of nutrition is contradictory to the idea that the blood will accept our ready-made laboratory products and lay them down in the same condition as we supply them. The precipitations that form living tissue are not precisely the same as those which occur in our beakers and test tubes.

The Unimprovable Fiddle.

In walking through the late Exhibition of Musical Instruments at South Kensington, I was much struck with a contrast which does not appear to have thus forced itself upon general attention, if I may judge by the critical notices that have been published.

I refer to the great and still continuing progress of improvement in the construction of the pianoforte, as compared with the absolute absence of even the smallest step of improvement of the violin, vilo, violoncello, or violone. The clavichords, harpsichords, clavicymbalums, spinets, "*gravicembali col piano e forte*," were all mere tom-toms compared with the modern piano, while the fiddles, big and little, of the same date are the models which our manufacturers can only endeavour to approximately imitate.

Helmholz has very profoundly worked out some of the leading problems of musical acoustics, but he has not succeeded in demonstrating the mathematics of the queer shape of the fiddle. Innumerable attempts have been made to improve upon the model of Stradivarius, but all have pitifully failed. Every curve of his models, their thickness, their bulge of back and belly, and even the queer, unaccountable *f*-shaped openings, must be imitated with abject servility in order to produce a fine instrument. Some even assert that the amber varnish is essential.

Is it that the makers of Cremona attained absolute perfection, and that no further improvement is possible? or do our modern makers fail from the want of knowledge of the acoustic principles on which the

efficiency of instruments of this class depends? Had the Cremona makers any theory, or did they work by "rule of thumb," or, more probably, did they, by patient and persevering study of a number of failures, arrive at practical truth by practical exhaustion of error?

Deflecting the Gulf Stream.

A NEW YORK engineer, Mr. J. C. Goodridge, threatens to ruin our poor effete old country by appropriating to the Atlantic States of America the genial warmth of the Gulf Stream, upon which our present climate so largely depends.

He shows, correctly enough, that the climate of these States is seriously damaged by a polar current which runs southward along the coast of Labrador and through the Straits of Belle Isle. They not only lose the warmth of the Gulf Stream, but are actually robbed of some of the heat due to their latitude by the coldness of the waters of this current. We and the Norwegians, on the contrary, enjoy a mean temperature considerably higher than that of any country in corresponding latitudes.

Mr. Goodridge proposes to reverse all this by damming up the Straits of Belle Isle, where they are but ten miles wide and only 150 feet deep. The cost of this dam he estimates at 40,000,000 dollars. The results he promises—viz., raising the temperature of the coast from Cape Hatteras to Newfoundland, making the climate of Nova Scotia as mild as that of Cape May, converting Block Island and Cape Cod into winter watering-places, and opening the navigation of the St. Lawrence throughout the year—would be cheap enough at £10,000,000; but could he do it if he had the ten millions, or as many more millions as the dam might actually cost?

To answer this question we must first study the subject which I have endeavoured to explain in the following note without regarding the cloud of controversy that has artificially obscured it.

The Causes of the Gulf Stream.

TO elucidate this problem, let us first suppose the case of a world covered entirely with water, and, like ours, heated in its equatorial regions and gradually becoming colder towards the poles. We will at present neglect the rotation and let it be a pre-Copernican world, with its sun moving round to warm it.

What would happen in this hypothetical ocean? Evidently the cold water of the polar, or high latitude, regions would by reason of their greater density descend and form an under current flowing towards the tropics, while the warmer and lighter tropical waters would flow as an upper current towards the poles. There would be a double current corresponding to that which we may *see* by heating turbid water in a flask by means of a small-flame spirit lamp, where the water continually ascends in the middle part over the flame, and descends at the sides.

Now let us take another step and suppose this hypothetical oceanic world to rotate, as ours does.

As every part, whatever its latitude, makes one rotation every twenty-four hours, and the circumference of every part varies with its latitude, it is evident that every part of every circle or zone drawn parallel to the equator (like the parallels on our maps and globes) must be moving with a decreasing velocity in proportion to its approach from the equator to either pole. In round numbers, the equatorial circumference of our world is 24,000 miles. Therefore its superficial velocity of rotation there is 1,000 miles per hour. At the absolute pole it is nothing per hour, with every intermediate velocity between. At a short distance north or south of the equator the rotation velocity of the surface of the earth is 999 miles per hour, a little farther 998, farther 997, and so on, to 0 at the poles.

A body once set in motion with any given velocity in any given direction continues moving thus until resisted. The earth rotates from west to east. Therefore, the equatorial surface waters with a velocity of 1,000 miles per hour when carried to where the earth is moving at 999, would outrun the solid earth by one mile per hour eastwards; those with the 999 miles velocity would have a similar eastward flow of one mile per hour at the 998 mile latitude, and so on, excepting that there would be no such one-mile jumps, as I have stated for illustration sake, but a gradual and general eastward rush contending with the general inertia of the slower eastward moving waters, as those flowing from the tropics advanced towards the poles.

It is evident that the cold waters of the higher latitudes as they flow towards the equator must be moving eastwards with less velocity than the latitudes into which they are progressing, and thus, by comparison, have a westward course, *i.e.*, be left behind to lag westward.

Thus, in the northern hemisphere, all the warm water actually moving polewards would, relatively to the solid earth, have a north-

westward course, and all the polar currents would have a south-eastward course.

But in our actual earth the conditions are not quite so simple. Great continents bar the way, and cause deviations according to their position, and proportionately to their magnitude. A glance at a map of the world will show that the interchange between tropical and polar waters is completely cut off by the American continent in the case of the Pacific Ocean, while on the Atlantic side the configuration of both America and the Old World in the northern hemisphere is just what is required for the free motions of the waters as above described.

The northward stream of the tropical waters move eastwards as well as northwards, because they started on their way with a greater eastward velocity, and the polar current proceeding southwards approaches the Atlantic coast of America because, as it progresses southwards, the American continent is moving with a greater eastward velocity than its own. The two currents are probably about equal, but the equatorial makes the greater show, being superficial, while the polar current courses chiefly below along the ocean-floors. The deep-sea explorations prove that even in tropical latitudes the deep waters of the Atlantic have arctic temperatures.

The proposed dam across the insignificant strait of Belle Isle would merely cause the little bit of the polar current intercepted by it to sweep round Newfoundland, and then run in again towards Nova Scotia. On our beneficent Gulf Stream the dam would have no more deflecting effect than the broom of Mrs. Partington upon the rising tide.

To deprive us and Norway of the Gulf Stream, and realise Mr. Goodridge's vision of the British Isles with the climate of Labrador, and "the Queen abandoning her icy kingdom and taking refuge as Empress of India," a break must be applied to the earth to stop its rotation. This is too great an undertaking even for American enterprise.

Deflection of Rivers by the Earth's Rotation.

It evidently follows from the above reasoning concerning oceanic currents in general, and the Gulf Stream in particular, that a river flowing from north to south in our hemisphere, or south to north in the southern hemisphere, should press upon its east banks, should be piled to some extent against them. Rivers flowing polewards, on the contrary, should be similarly deflected against their west banks.

The effect of this should, in the course of ages, be displayed by difference of erosion on these opposite sides. The side towards which the river is deflected should be, *cæteris paribus*, steeper than the opposite side, and more eroded.

Observations carefully made with due allowance for these other conditions show that such is the case. A paper was read at the Academy of Sciences in Paris on this subject, on 7th December last, by M. Fontes, in which he stated that a one-sided preferential erosion due to this action is now demonstrated.

HUMAN VIVISECTION.

THE hideous climax predicted by Ouida in this magazine two or three years ago has been actually fulfilled. Those blood-thirsty and scientific ogres who formerly gratified their propensities to "gloat" on "agonising tortures" by vaccinating dogs and electrifying frogs, have lately been gloating upon human victims.

Pasteur has mutilated human skin, has deliberately scratched it, and defiled the human image of Divinity, by mixing with its blood the poisonous secretions of mad rabbits—thus preventing hydrophobia.

This is not all: Dr. B. W. Richardson, in last October's number of the "Asclepiad," described a painless cutting knife that he has invented, and which he actually tested by gashing with it his own arm. Can anything further be required to prove the cruel selfishness of these experimental physiologists? Where are the police that they allow Dr. Richardson thus to practise human vivisection without a license?

Another shocking case has come under my own notice. The cruelties were perpetrated some time ago in the otherwise peaceful and virtuous suburban village of Harlesden. Mr. Harrison Branthwaite, a well-known medical advocate of the temperance cause, read before the Belgian Temperance Conference a paper, in which he described a number of experiments made upon human beings. He administered measured doses of ethylic alcohol, *i.e.* pure brandy, to three classes of persons: 1st. habitual drunkards; 2nd. moderate drinkers; 3rd. abstainers from alcoholic beverages; and by placing a clinical thermometer under their respective tongues determined the influence of the alcohol on animal heat. He not only did this in defiance of the law which prohibits physiological experiments in this country without a special license, but he actually had no difficulty in finding willing victims, especially of the first class.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS

TABLE TALK.

THE KENTISH EAGLES.

PROOF how common is that process of destruction of rare birds on which I have had constant occasion to write is furnished in the slaughter of the two white-tailed eagles which visited Kent. Before the advance of population it is impossible that birds of rapine should not disappear. In the pastoral dales of Kent eagles were scarcely in their proper places, and it is to be regretted our distinguished visitors, fated to receive so inhospitable a reception, did not choose some spot more consonant with the real or supposed habits of their race. Among the hills of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, or Cumberland, the two eagles might have escaped, for a season at least, and perhaps brought up in safety the brood within their eyry. Still, as eagles are not always desirable neighbours, it is useless and inexpedient to raise a wail over their fate, or point afresh a familiar moral. The naturalist (!) or the sportsman (!) is, however, no respecter of things, and the king of birds who falls to his gun fares as would fare the heron, the bustard, the bittern, or any other rarely-seen visitor to wood, field, or marsh.

PRESERVATION OF DARTMOOR.

IT is not only in great residential centres of population that the task of preserving open spaces is imposed upon us. Everywhere, in the south at least, the difficulties of over-population present themselves, and we have to face problems the very existence of which a score of years ago even was scarcely suspected. While Londoners accordingly are waiting to see the fate of that great northern lung which the consumption of the jerry builder has already attacked, the inhabitants of Devonshire are beginning to grow uneasy with regard to the possible absorption of Dartmoor. A district twenty-two miles in length and consisting principally of heath, rock and bog, will not easily be swallowed, but the people of Plymouth are doing well

in striving to arrest the process at the outset. Dear as it is to the antiquary, the naturalist, and lover of scenery, Dartmoor has claims even more serious to consideration. We are not yet in a position to judge of the effect of draining all our marshes and cutting down our forests. We know, however, that reservoirs of pure air and fresh water are worthy of preservation, and we see a chance that in a future, not too remote, the supreme necessities of existence may be among the things difficult of attainment. It is to be hoped, then, that the process of reclaiming and fencing in common land will only be conducted under careful supervision and with a full knowledge of what we are about.

Lieutenant Greely and Polar Exploration.

THE visit to England of Lieutenant Greely and the particulars concerning his Polar explorations which in public or in private he has allowed to be known, draw attention once more to the question of the utility of continuing the most arduous struggle with nature that man has yet undertaken. So far as regards commerce, the idea of any substantial advantage to be reaped from the discovery of a North-west passage is dismissed. Convinced that, under existing conditions and with existing appliances, a continuous employment of any trade route through Arctic seas is inconceivable, commerce has turned its attention in other directions in which profitable results seem near at hand. What are the perils of Arctic exploration meanwhile let Mr. Greely himself tell. At the moment of his rescue he had been forty hours without food or drink, and had not in him twelve hours of possible existence. Quite fearful is the toll which the regions of thick-ribbed ice have exacted of brave and adventurous spirits. Practically, then, further exploration may be rejected as futile. None the less, I hope it will not be abandoned. One way or other, man is bound to wrest from Nature her last obtainable secret. Such, too, is human hardihood, that the perseverance in a scheme in which successive heroes have been foiled is inevitable. It is better, then, that well-equipped Government expeditions should be sent out than that the prosecution of the search should be left to private enterprise. One thing, at least, may be said in favour of these excursions. Now that wars become, happily, less frequent, they are at least a school of bravery and intelligence, and will aid in keeping alive the lamp of naval heroism.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PEDANTRY.

IT is satisfactory to find a writer of authority and eminence, such as Mr. Frederic Harrison, protesting against pedantic attempts to disturb our language with a new orthography of proper names. In an admirable paper contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Harrison derides the modern would-be purists who write Kirke and Krete, the imitators of Carlyle who speak of the Kurfürst of Koln, the followers of Professor Freeman who persist in printing Cnut and Ecgberht, and the compilers of the British Museum Catalogue who class under Shakspere works written concerning Shakespeare, and refer to Arouet the man who turns to Voltaire. Our language has been slow in growth, and has gradually incorporated into itself the names of places with which it has, at an early date, had dealings. To substitute Livorno for Leghorn, Napoli for Naples, and Nizza for Nice; Wien for Vienna, or, it may be, Köbenhavn for Copenhagen, is a mere piece of affectation. It may almost be said that Greek scholarship may be gauged by a man's avoidance of useless pedantry. Names such as Homer, Virgil, and the like, have been accepted in a spirit of compromise by scholars as good as those of to-day, and are nationalised. If we go back at all it should be to the acceptance of a name such as Tully. For, be it observed, it is not with regard to a few languages to some extent cognate with or ancestral to our own that the change must be made, if made at all. As our borders are enlarged "each remotest nation" may impress upon us its barbarous orthography. I will conclude with a few sensible words of Mr. Harrison concerning this pedantic rubbish:—"There is the long succession of ages, there is the cultivated world of Europe and America, in both of which certain names have become traditional and customary; and if every knot of students is to re-name at will familiar persons and historic places, historical tradition and the custom of the civilised world are wantonly confused. This true filiation in literary history is of far more importance than any alphabetic precision."

A POSSIBLE ORIGIN OF OMENS OF GOOD OR ILL LUCK.

VERY many so-called omens are, of course, of classical origin, and the man who turns back from an important journey upon meeting a magpie—and there are some who will still do so, though

the number of such is naturally diminishing—keeps up a tradition, the origin of which is lost in mists of antiquity. With some timidity, however, since the subject is one I have not closely followed, I venture to suggest that not a few of our signs of good or ill luck simply transmit, in a quasi-humorous way, the observation of our predecessors. To take a few instances only:—"It is unlucky to have knives crossed" at table, implies, I take it, that a fray or a crossing of blade of sword or dagger at a feast is a thing to be avoided. It needs no inquiry into old legends concerning salt to see that when it was heavily taxed to spill it was unlucky. It is lucky to turn your money in your purse when you see the new moon, inasmuch as it is lucky to have money to turn, and it is for sufficiently obvious reasons unlucky, *i.e.* inexpedient, to go under a ladder. I could multiply instances were it necessary, and show that many other popular sayings seem susceptible of a similar explanation, but I leave the task of carrying out the idea to those with a more extended knowledge of folk lore.

The Archæology of Popular Phrases.

IN the year 1837 there stole into existence almost unnoticed one of the most perplexing books in the English language. Thomas Wright, the eminent antiquary, dismissed it with brief and derisive comment, and I know of nothing further having been said about it. The title is "An Essay on the Archæology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes," by John Bellenden Ker, Esq., Southampton, 1834. The book did not die of inanition. A second edition in two volumes was issued by Messrs. Longmans in 1835, a supplement (London, Ridgway) was added in 1840, and a second volume to the supplement was given by the same publisher in 1842. From his name the author was apparently a connection of the Duke of Roxburghe. The object of the work or works is to prove that certain proverbs and phrases are derived from other forms similar in sound, but widely different in sense. Dutch, as a language in which survive, in the author's opinion, the Anglo-Saxon and the Low Saxon, which were once, he holds, the same, is used for the purpose of illustration. Nothing but madness can be expected from such a theorist. How mad Mr. Bellenden Ker's assumptions are I will show by two or three illustrations; I am sorry I can find space for no more. "It makes my blood run cold" is thus, he holds, "Et muych's meê bloed er kule," which, when interpreted, signifies "The muck, when bl joined with it, soon grows hot" or generates heat, a p Mr. Ker observes, known to every one! "Teach

to suck eggs" should be "Dies uwer geraeden moed, Herr, te soeck is" *q.e.* "In this case, Sir, whatever you can devise is no service." "I gave him a Roland for his Oliver" becomes "Ei! geeve hem er rouw lang voor 'es hol ijver," that is "Ay! give him then reason to repent for a long while of his mad zeal in this affair." I dare not give the choicest specimens as they are a little coarse. The depth of absurdity is surely reached when it is said that "A scoundrel" is "Er schaê, poon, dere helle;" "See there detraction, infamy, mischief in broad daylight;" and "blockhead" is "Bol oock heet;" "Well! if that round nob don't speak." This marvellous matter extends over hundreds of pages, and includes many hundred derivations, all of equal absurdity. Not a glimpse of humour is there in it. All is put forward in sober, serious earnestness.

First-Night Audiences.

THE renewed interest in theatrical affairs upon which I have occasion frequently to dwell, is not wholly to the liking of managers of theatres. Success, it is true, means fortune, but success is increasingly difficult to obtain—popular taste is uncertain and capricious, and the patrons of a first performance are augmentingly hard to please. In the first-night visitors, indeed, the manager finds his worst enemies. Between the languid *insouciance* of the stalls and the frank brutality of the gallery, there has not been very much to choose. At present, however, the gallery has gone a little too far, and it seems probable that its privileges of condemnation will henceforward be abridged. For this it has itself to thank. A scene such as that which occurred at the Haymarket on the first performance of Mr. Barrymore's drama of "Nadjezda" is a disgrace to our civilisation. During many minutes a vulgar and an uneducated mob was howling at a tearful and defenceless woman, a foreigner, who was innocent of any offence beyond doing her best to play a supremely difficult part. Conduct so cowardly, so churlish, and so indecent brings disgrace upon the name of England, and justifies the demand whether it is worth while to leave to beings so brutal the power to pronounce an opinion on a work of art. I have held hitherto that it was the interest of manager, author, and actor to hear from a first-night's public a wholesome if sometimes unpalatable truth. After an exhibition such as I witnessed with shame and humiliation, I am willing that the privilege and advantage shall cease, and I urge upon managements the expediency of obtaining such police protection as shall prevent the recurrence of so disgraceful proceedings.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1886.

THE PICTURE OF THAT YEAR.

BY HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

JEAN LOGAN was putting the finishing touches to a gorgeous daffodil satin dress, embroidered with beads of the same colour. Never before had she made so fastidious a garment. She was employed as one of the dressmakers in a fashionable London establishment, one of the many hands that constituted its great machinery. Her chief occupation there was to trim and bead. She did not know who was to be the wearer of this gown. While draping the Brussels lace and sewing on the beads, she wondered if the lady were pretty or plain, fair or dark; wealthy she must be, for the garment was expensive. Mrs. Warren, the superintendent of the dress department, had been more than usually anxious about the success of this particular satin dress, and, indeed, as it glinted in the sombre room, it seemed such a *chef-d'œuvre* of millinery as might have done credit to that high priest of fashions, Wörth. It was a wet afternoon; a black pall hung over London; darkness without, but inside home lights burned. The daffodil satin and the beads scintillated with superb indifference to the bleak dismal surroundings. The gas brought out strongly the light and shade of the shimmering folds of this Veronese drapery, fit for a youthful empress. The richness of the colouring seemed by contrast to define more sharply the thin, white, worn face of the dressmaker, Jean Logan. She was about two-and-thirty and very handsome, though dark circles and lines of care were round the earnest gray eyes and at the corners of the beautifully shaped mouth; the nose was delicately drawn with sensitively curved nostrils; her auburn hair was streaked with premature white hairs; her hands were long and transparent, and though her figure was tall and

rs. Warren that sp-

the dress, as it had been designed by a famous ,
g wife. The word "painter" sent a thrill througl
;, and left an ache like that of a stab from a sharp
word brought back the vivid memory of years
ged with their full measure of happiness and terrible s
The dress was finished, and Jean brought it to Mr
n. Mrs. Warren was the walking embodiment of co
as broad as she was long, with a rosy, smiling face;
en eyes buried in fat sparkled shrewdly out on th
ieral.

"I am much pleased with your part of the work," she
Jean Logan exhibited the daffodil skirt with its rich
I hope the body will fit; but I have a bad cold and wa
eat favour to take the dress yourself and try it on. You
d have taste, more than anyone in this establishment
iow you have." Saying this, Mrs. Warren gave Je
tured poke with her fat elbow. "You don't mind
uch as I do."

Jean could hardly refrain from smiling, as she lo
und, cosy figure in rustling silk that reminded he
hristmas; then she glanced at her own frail self in th
id shuddered, for she saw what was far more li
rved on a tombstone than a living woman.

"I can lend you my waterproof, but you must
ntinued Mrs. Warren; "the house is in the Cromwe
ensington, one of those big, new mansions. You
Mackenzie."

with both her hands. Mrs. Warren stood staring at her, with a perplexed expression on her rubicund countenance.

"Have you had a quarrel with any of the family? Explain this to me."

'No," groaned out poor Jean; "I shall be all right in a minute; it is only the name!"

"Oh, what's in a name!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren, with a broad smile; "perhaps you have had a sweetheart called Mackenzie? But why should that knock you up, my dear? We all go through this sort of experience. Why, I nearly died of love for a smart young sailor, and you see how I have survived!" And she complacently stroked her silken self, quivering with suppressed laughter.

"And so this Malcolm Mackenzie is a painter?" inquired Jean Logan, in the faintest of voices.

"Indeed he is, and has made a lot of money. He is popular; his pictures are sentimental and homely. Besides, his wife has brought him a great fortune. They have been married two years. She is young and pretty. He is a lucky fellow, Malcolm Mackenzie!"

An angry expression flitted over Jean's white face, which seemed to have aged within the last few minutes; her straight, dark brows were knit together, separated only by a deep line of care; her lips were tightly compressed.

"I should really like to know what has caused this great emotion," continued Mrs. Warren in her metallic voice, her little eyes more gimlet-like than ever, as they tried to pierce through Jean's outer self and read the mystery within.

But Jean gave her no further clue; she rose from her chair, shook herself like a person who desires, for the present at all events, to get rid of a load of care, and, passing her thin hand over her burning forehead, said:

"I shall go, Mrs. Warren, and try the dress; the name wakes up a very painful association, and hearing you mention it so suddenly startled me. I have been working very hard and am nervous."

"Yes, you do look upset! A walk in the fresh air will brighten you up, even though it is wet. This dress has been a rare job, and it does you credit; you have shown great taste in the arrangement of the trimmings," remarked Mrs. Warren, carefully packing up the daffodil satin gown in a box, and writing the address on a label outside. "I am much obliged to you for going to try the dress on the lady, as I am not up to it to-night; you are quite equal to making any alteration, if required; but I expect she will be delighted with it, and that nothing more will have to be done to it. Now, here is

the money for the cab," and Mrs. Warren handed some silver to Jean, and with a genial nod of her head sailed out of the room, making a loud frou-frou with her thick silk gown.

Jean Logan took the box in her trembling hands. Her body seemed animated by some strange force: she darted out of the house like one who had been struck by some terrible blow; her limbs tottered under her as she walked, as in a trance, breathlessly to her humble lodgings close to the Edgware Road.

Jean Logan had two rooms and a bit of a kitchen at the top of a house in an obscure street leading out of the Edgware Road. A house let out in flats, mostly inhabited by the working classes. She staggered rather than walked up to the landing; anyone meeting her might have believed she was intoxicated.

Jean looked at her silver watch. It was only four o'clock; her little girl would not be back from school for another hour. She fumbled at the lock and opened the door. How gloomy it looked that dreary afternoon—no fire, no gas! She struck a match, applied it to the grate, and soon a bright flame illumined the tiny parlour.

Jean Logan had been working her eyes out, giving all her time and skill to make a beautiful dress for Malcolm Mackenzie's wife. He was the man she had once loved and trusted; and he had betrayed her innocence and ruined her happiness. Such was the terrible irony of fate: day after day she had been using her utmost skill to make a dress that would set off the beauty of the rich young wife of the man who had blighted her own life.

Jean flung her damp cloak and shabby bonnet on a chair, and, lighting a tallow candle, stood in front of a large picture in oils that hung opposite her work-table. It represented a handsome young girl with a mass of red-brown hair; a fearless, almost saucy, look of happiness lit up her rosy face; the deep-blue eyes, the winning smile that played about the rich pomegranate lips, had witchery in them. The tall, upright lassie looked a goddess of health and high spirits. The wild landscape, with its brilliant purple heather and bluish highland hills, formed a fine background to this Hebe.

The only thing she had ever accepted from Malcolm Mackenzie was this picture. She had been his model. She clenched her hands as she gazed at it; hot tears stood in her eyes as she thought over that terrible episode in her life. Why had he not left her to herself?—she was happy in her highland home with her old dad. No! Her fatal beauty, as Malcolm Mackenzie called it, inflamed him. She was ignorant of evil and fell in love with him, the handsome, six-feet,

genial, pleasant, dark-eyed young painter; he flattered her vanity and twined himself round her girlish heart. It was all so romantic, those meetings on the wild moorlands. Jean went to a drawer, unlocked it, and took out a bundle of letters; the ink had paled with years; the paper was yellow and wrinkled; how could he have written thus if he had not loved her? She gave a cynical, bitter laugh as she read these letters, addressed to his own, sweet, bonny, darling Jean, telling her how he worshipped her; that she was his goddess, his queen; her beauty inspired his art, and would make him a great painter; her grace, her queenly figure, haunted him day and night; and as for her kisses, they maddened him, &c. There were no end of letters in this strain; telling how several of his pictures painted from her had made a sensation in the Royal Academy; his reputation was entirely due to her, &c.

Jean paced feverishly up and down the room. "His 'mountain flower,' as he used to call me!" she exclaimed. "Yes, why did he pluck me to throw me away and let me fade and die in loneliness?" She looked round the little room. And yet she felt she preferred her own wretchedness to his utter want of heart and conscience, for he had treated her in a selfish, evil way, had robbed her of what was most precious to a woman, her honour. No, he could not marry, he was not suited for domestic life, a lawless bohemian like him; he hated being tied down and bound by any responsibility; a woman's beauty was all he cared for; such accessories as heart, soul, conscience, he barely admitted. Yet he spoke with feeling; his pictures and poems expressed so much sentiment that Jean, who was simple and sincere, could not understand how two such separate natures could be in one individual: the beast and the angel, the artist and the unscrupulous, self-indulgent man.

He wrote to say he would always look after their wee Mary, but Jean was proud, and never accepted a penny from him; she worked hard, and life was less bitter; for she had one great comfort—she had her wee lassie, Mary, to care for.

Jean re-locked the old letters, for she heard her child's silvery voice calling out "Mother!"

In walked a lovely little girl about nine years of age; under her picturesque brown felt hat was a mass of golden hair; she had a rosy, smiling face, and her blue eyes had the same wistful expression as her mother's. She threw her arms round Jean's neck: "You kept me waiting at the door, and it is such a wet evening; and oh Mummie, there is no kettle on the fire, you have forgotten it is tea-time!"

. . . .

"Oh, forgive me, Mary! I have a headache; but in a few minutes the water will boil," and she darted off and put the kettle on the fire.

"You have perhaps worked too hard at that beautiful satin dress, Mummie."

Jean stopped abruptly, looked sadly and earnestly at the bright-haired, rosy little girl; the child of the man who was now the husband of the owner of that beautiful dress. For years Jean had been trying steadily to forget the tragic past, and to bind herself to stern duty. In a measure she had succeeded; the fire that had consumed and blighted her young life had smouldered away almost to extinction; but now, the prospect of meeting him again transfixed her, though it revived no love, and excited her to a terrible pitch.

"Yes, my darling, you are right, that dress has given me a headache."

The plates clattered again, the boiling water was poured almost rashly into the teapot.

Mary ate heartily the bread and butter: she was very hungry.

"You are eating nothing, Mummie," remarked the child after a long pause.

"Don't notice me, dearie, I am drinking tea; that will do me good. I am going out presently to try the dress on the lady—would you like to come with me?"

"Oh, so much!" and the child clapped her hands with delight. Jean again looked earnestly at Mary. Going to that house meant that in a couple of hours she would probably find herself face to face with the father of her child; could she go through the ordeal? She felt that all those years of loneliness, poverty, and humiliation would be avenged in that moment; when, rising like a spectre of the past, she would stand in his presence—now that he was famous, wealthy, and honoured—stand before him with their child! She panted for that moment—what would follow it never crossed her mind to ask. What she would say she did not yet know; she only knew she had been trampled on and abandoned, and she would have the triumph of confronting him, she and their beautiful child, in the presence of his young wife. She felt she must and would do it.

"You are strange to-night, mother dear; you eat nothing, and you look so angry."

"Don't ask any questions, Mary; we shall go in a cab to South Kensington with the dress."

"Oh, how nice! I do love going in a cab, and perhaps I shall see the lady wearing the beautiful dress you have made."

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It was a few minutes past eight when Jean and wee Mary stood on the doorsteps of Mrs. Mackenzie's house in the Cromwell Road.

"What a very big house!" remarked Mary. "Let me pull the bell—which shall I pull, the 'Visitors' or 'Servants'?"

"'Servants,'" answered the mother. The sound of her voice was so strange and harsh that the child started and looked wistfully up into her face. "Surely, Mary, you know we are not visitors; there is nothing between the bell that announces visitors and the bell allotted to servants; we are poor outcasts." She said this so bitterly that Mary again gazed at her mother. "You are pale and tired, Mummie; you work so hard." Mary pulled the servants' bell.

Jean Logan's heart beat so hard that she had to press her hand against it. The door was opened by a well-fed flunkey in blue livery.

"Mrs. Mackenzie?" gasped Jean Logan.

"Walk in," said the flunkey. "You are the dressmaker? It is a wet night. And is this your little girl?"

Jean nodded her head, and was ushered into a deserted servants' room; a roaring fire was blazing, and on the table were the remains of an ample feast.

"His servants are better cared for than I am," thought Jean Logan.

A smart maid asked her to walk upstairs.

"May I bring my little girl with me?" asked Jean.

"I am sure mistress will not object—she's fond of children; your little daughter seems very well behaved——"

Jean had an impression of being suddenly transported into some fairy-like abode, all blue and silver, with flying cupids on the ceiling. A sharp agony smote her as her eyes swept eagerly round the room, and she felt she was in the shrine of a woman that was worshipped; a rush of tumultuous emotions passed through her, jealousy strongest of all, when her eyes rested on the lovely woman standing in the midst of all this refined luxury. Jean gazed at her with eager eyes, instinctively feeling that this was a being made for love. Keenly she herself felt the witchery and charm of the lady, with her bright halo of amber hair; those violet eyes had a sad expression, as if they, tôo, had known sorrow; the rich full lips had a baby pout, simply bewitching; tall and graceful, she was attired in a soft mousey-grey *peignoir* with white lace; Jean saw with too painful clearness the gulf that separated them. She, the worn, anxious dressmaker in her demure, plain, black merino; what was she beside that refined high-bred lady? Yes, she understood it all now!

"Oh, what a dear, dear little girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, in the sweetest of silvery voices; and bending down, she said:

"Won't you give me a kiss, little one? I should so much like to have one."

Mary put up her face seriously to be kissed.

"What a mass of golden hair, like a shower of gold!" continued Mrs. Mackenzie, stroking down the thick mane with her jewelled hand.

"What is your name, dear?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child solemnly.

"And is she your little daughter?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie, turning towards Jean, who, pale and trembling, was leaning against the wall, with the box in her hand.

"Yes, Mary is my child."

The sound of her own voice frightened her; her throat was parched, her lips dry.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked at her sympathetically. "Are you a widow?"

"My wee lassie has never known a father."

"Oh, how sad! But to be the mother of so sweet a daughter must be a great comfort and soften many sorrows; what greater happiness can there be than to be a mother?" She was caressing Mary's golden hair and rosy face. "It makes up for nearly everything." She gave a deep sigh. "I have had a terrible grief: I have lost my own darling baby—it died ten months ago." Her eyes filled with tears, and for a few seconds she was unable to speak.

Jean Logan suddenly felt a wild throb of exultation. True, this beautiful creature was honoured, worshipped, bore the sainted name of wife; yet it was she, the poor dressmaker, who was the mother of the living child! This, at all events, was a triumph.

"Perhaps your little baby is up in the blue sky!" remarked Mary in a solemn voice.

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Mackenzie, kissing Mary, "she was beckoned away by the angels. She was a lovely wee bairnie, with such pretty, coodling ways," and Mrs. Mackenzie wept again at the recollection.

Jean's heart again gave a big thump, for there, on the mantelpiece, was a cabinet-sized photograph of Malcolm Mackenzie. Yes, there he was, the man she had so passionately loved, the man who had betrayed and ruined her. She could see he was altered in many ways, these ten years—there were deeper lines in the face. A benumbing sensation was creeping over her, she feared she was about to faint; a mist seemed to rise before her eyes; she turned away

her head; she could not bear the sight of this photograph. The burning sense of the great wrong that had been done her sent the blood rushing to her face; her ears tingled. Would she revenge herself by revealing who the father of her child was, and so end the happiness and confidence that existed between husband and wife? She looked at the young mother, who was kissing the child of her own husband and weeping over the loss of her own—her tongue was tied.

"I must really cry no more this evening," exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, drying her eyes. "It is all the fault of your charming child: she brought back forcibly the feeling of my own loss. I must not look sad, for this is the second anniversary of my wedding day, and I have promised my husband to go with him to an evening party and to look as nice as I can."

Every word that fell from Mrs. Mackenzie's lips cut into Jean's heart like a silver blade. There was a bitter smile on her mouth as she took from the box the splendid golden satin dress on which she had lavished so much pains. She unfolded and shook it. "Oh, how exquisite! how beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, clapping her hands together with almost childish delight. "How it shines! and those beads—how effective!"

"It is Mummie's work," remarked Mary, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Yes, your mother is very clever," answered Mrs. Mackenzie, putting the child into a big arm-chair, and giving her a box of bon-bons. "Eat these sweets, dear, while I am being dressed."

Jean's head was on fire, while the rest of her body was ice. Like a mere automaton she helped Mrs. Mackenzie to dress. Was she really herself, or only a disembodied spirit assisting at the funeral of all her happiness? How she managed to lace up that satin body she could not tell. She felt like a somnambulist as she moved slowly round Mrs. Mackenzie; her Mary—his child!—watching the proceedings with interest. She heard her child's voice, like one in a dream, saying:

"Oh, you look like a sunbeam, shining all over!"

"That is a pretty speech. I hope, little Mary, that I shall always be that to my husband."

Her husband! And she nothing but a poor waif, having to work night and day to keep body and soul together. She had loved him passionately, had trusted him, and he had ruined her. He was now honoured, wealthy. Socially his name stood high; why should she be trampled upon? All these burning thoughts rushed wildly through her fevered brain. She had sacrificed all for his sake, and

this was the outcome—remorse for her own wrong-doing and a deadly hatred of the man who had tempted her. And now what irony of fate, making a dress for his rich young wife! "I never had such a superb garment: it is really magnificent!" remarked Mrs. Mackenzie. "It does you much credit, and it could not have been an easy job. My husband designed it; and he is hard to please. I am sure he will be delighted;" and, looking at Jean Logan, she continued, "You are thin and pale. I am afraid, as your little Mary says, you work too much."

Jean sighed, but made no answer.

"Certainly, life is sometimes very hard; but whatever your trouble may be, you must be proud to have so charming a little girl; it is compensation for a great deal;—and she will soon be able to help you: won't you, Mary?"

"Yes, I can hem and sew buttons on," answered the child, whose mouth was full of sweets.

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her jewel-case and took out a diamond necklet, which she clasped round her throat.

"How you twinkle, just like a fairy queen!" remarked Mary, gazing at her with marked admiration.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked up at Jean Logan, evidently expecting her to say something.

"Oh, how white and ill you are, poor thing! You must have a glass of port and a piece of cake. I am so sorry not to have thought of this before. Bring up some port," she said to the servant. "Now sit down here, Mrs. Logan," leading her to a couch in a dark corner of the room, "and rest yourself."

The servant brought up some refreshments; Mrs. Mackenzie filled up the glass and put it to Jean's lips, who swallowed it eagerly.

"Now this will revive you, Mrs. Logan. Keep quiet here; I must call up my husband."

Another thud of Jean's heart, as Mrs. Mackenzie said this.

"Malcolm, Malcolm, come and see me! come and see the daffodil dress!" she called out from the top of the staircase.

"Coming, my darling," was the answer in a burly, pleasant voice.

The sound of that voice sent a thrill through Jean's whole being; the past rose vividly before her; that voice had spoken words of love to her, words that had changed the whole tenor of her life. He was coming! The suspense was almost beyond bearing; it was torturing. At last she heard the door open, and as through a fog she saw the broad-shouldered form of Malcolm Mackenzie moving towards his wife; she saw him kiss her; there

was love and happiness in his face; she heard him say, just as he had often said to her before:

"Oh! really, Wanda, you are a living picture, positively luminously beautiful; a vision of loveliness. I am indeed proud of you, my darling; I never saw you look as you do to-night." He walked round her, stroking down the satin folds. "What a feast of colours! It suits you admirably. Yes, indeed, I must paint you in this daffodil satin; you're a perfect picture." He kissed her again. "I have got something for you," taking out of a leather case a diamond butterfly, which he fastened in the thick tresses of her amber hair. "This is in memory of our second marriage anniversary, my sweet Wanda."

"You spoil me, Malcolm," she answered, looking affectionately at him; "you are a fairy prince. But now, indeed you have gazed at me long enough: I want you to look at this dear little girl. Come here, Mary," she called to the child, who had been standing close to her mother in a dark part of the room.

Mary advanced shyly and slowly towards Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Oh, this is indeed a lovely child! What hair! like golden corn; and such deep blue eyes!" remarked Mr. Mackenzie, putting his hand under the child's chin. "But how did you come here, my bairnie? What is your name?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child, looking up wistfully into Mr. Mackenzie's face.

"Mary Bessie Logan?" gasped out Mr. Mackenzie, in such a startled tone, that his wife exclaimed:

"Why, Malcolm, why do you appear so disturbed?"

"Who is this child?—who brought her here, Wanda? It is too amazing."

"She is the daughter of Mrs. Logan, the dressmaker, who has just been helping me to dress."

"Mrs. Logan?—how extraordinary! Where is she?" looking eagerly round the room, At last he became rigid; a dark flush came over his face; as his eyes met Jean Logan's, he stared blankly at her.

She rose slowly from her seat, trembling so violently that she had to support herself by holding the thick window curtain behind her. She returned his stare; there was scorn, not terror, in her eyes.

"What does this mean, Malcolm? You look bewildered. Have you ever seen Mrs. Logan or this child before?" Mrs. Mackenzie went up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder; he was like a man that had been suddenly petrified.

Little Mary ran across to her mother; she was frightened, and she clutched her skirts.

"Oh! do speak, Malcolm; what is this mystery?"

He did not answer, but looked imploringly towards Jean Logan.

The same bitter smile played round her mouth, and then she heard her own voice saying words that seemed loaded with gunpowder:

"Mr. Mackenzie knew the father of my child!" The effort was too great, and she sank back in her seat.

"Oh, Malcolm! did you really know him? and is he dead?" She lowered her voice as she asked this.

"Wanda, do not question me now," he answered nervously. "Attend to this woman; she seems faint."

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her press and took out a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, with which she bathed Jean's temples and hands.

Mr. Mackenzie paced up and down the room in extreme agitation; he poured wine into a glass which, as he laid it down, was shattered into a thousand pieces. He was in a frenzy of agitation—almost terror; he stared wildly at the white-faced woman, and then, suddenly, caught himself thinking what a picture the whole scene would make. His trained artistic eye took in vividly the varied pictorial advantages of the group; his beautiful wife in her luminous daffodil satin, with all its shimmer of reflected lights: drapery that Paul Veronese might have loved to render. She, bending over the sad, pale, handsome woman in the dark woollen dress. The wife in all the exuberance of youth and wealth in strong light; in shadow the woman he had ruined. It was not only pictorially fine, but it had a deeper significance. He was startled, as he thought of the pathos of the situation and the cynicism of his own reflections; he, the chief actor in this social tragedy, enacted in his wife's luxurious room—instinctively viewing it from the artist's standpoint; yes, he would paint the scene—it was grand. He would call it "The Old Love and the New." He was arranging the details artistically in his mind, debating whether he would put a man's figure in, when his child's voice aroused him from his painter's dream.

"Oh, Mummie, do open your eyes; are you still ill?"

"Better now, darling," was the answer in a tremulous, hoarse voice.

Mr. Mackenzie rang the bell; a servant came up.

"Get a cab for Mrs. Logan."

Jean cast another look at him—a look that conveyed a life-long reproach.

To get her and the child away was now Malcolm Mackenzie's

only thought; he was in terror lest his young wife should get a clue to the mystery.

"Won't you give me your address, Mrs. Logan?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie. "I should like to know how you are getting on, and, if I could do anything for this lovely little girl. Do you know, Malcolm, it may be fancy, but there is some resemblance to you in Mary's face."

"To me, Wanda?"—he said this almost fiercely. "It is sheer nonsense!"

There was an expression of satisfaction in Jean's face: she saw this remark of Mrs. Mackenzie had thoroughly alarmed him.

"The cab is here, sir," said the servant.

"All right. Now, Wanda, go and finish your dressing; I shall put Mrs. Logan into the cab and take her address."

He hurried them out of his wife's room, feeling, what he had never felt before, on very bad terms with himself; irritated by the whole position. Jean's fragile, broken-hearted look pained him; her presence in his wife's house had terrified him.

He got the address from Jean. "Expect me to-morrow," he said faintly; "I must see you; but, bear in mind, you never come here again."

"It would most certainly be inconvenient, Mr. Mackenzie," she answered scornfully.

The four-wheeler growled off towards the Edgware Road, and a smart brougham, with liveried servants, took its place to drive Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie to their evening party.

. . . .

As Malcolm Mackenzie wended his way on the following day to Jean Logan's lodging, he felt ill at ease. He had been a sinner. Elastic as his conscience was, still he felt he had blighted the life and ruined the happiness of the simple Scotch lassie who had loved and trusted him. She had acted in a spirited manner and had refused pecuniary assistance; he could not but respect her for this independence of spirit. The appearance of his old love in his young wife's room had utterly perplexed him. What would she do next? Would she betray his wretched secret to his innocent Wanda? No high motives ever actuated his life, so how was he to believe that a woman he had wronged should be capable of acting nobly? The whole thing vexed him, as would a pebble in his shoe; it annoyed him to think he had acted unjustly towards the poor thing. He remembered her great beauty; how he had persuaded her to be his model. He was a good-looking fellow then, and the girl liked him. That this

proud Jean should be his wife's dressmaker was an astounding conjunction of circumstances—his Nemesis. And the lovely child—how he wished she was his to acknowledge openly! He had a sentimental nature, and the forlorn appearance of Jean touched the outer surface; her white face haunted him, like Banquo's ghost, coming in the height of his popularity and happiness; yes, she would ever be the skeleton at his life's feast, ever whispering that, after all, he was but a poor creature, with no moral fibre, no real heart. He reached her house; it was a common-looking abode, let out in flats to the working classes. As he ascended the stairs he felt nervous and uncomfortable; he blamed Providence for having made him so susceptible to the charms of womankind; his weak nature was easily set aflame, but once the fire out the nature was hard. All this he was conscious of; he excused it to himself by saying it was more or less the artist's temperament.

As he knocked at Jean Logan's door his heart—or rather the place where one is supposed to be—gave a thump. The door was opened by Jean, looking miserably ill. She had passed a sleepless night and was haggard and white.

"Well, Jean," extending his broad, dogskin-gloved hand, "won't you shake hands with me?"

But Jean did not take the proffered hand.

"Will you please walk in?" she said in a curt, tremulous voice, pointing to the parlour door.

He followed her into the shabby room. The only furniture consisted of a big table, a sewing-machine, and a few cane-bottomed chairs; but the one oil-picture over the mantelpiece helped to give a look of refinement to the place.

Malcolm Mackenzie started back on seeing his picture. His ruddy face grew a shade paler.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "never have I done better work than that; how it recalls the past! It was so like you. Oh, what a bewitching lassie you were then! You are still very handsome, only too thin and pale."

"Cease speaking in that tone to me, Malcolm Mackenzie. We are not here to-day to talk jocosely. You have ruined my happiness. I am now striving to forget a wretched past, and to face and do my duty."

"I have come, Jean, to endeavour to tell you the remorse I feel for the wrong I have done you. I long to atone for it in some way. Ask me what you will, and it shall be done."

"Sound your own heart, and you will see that it is not pity for

my position that has brought you here to-day, but fear lest I should betray to your wife who the father of the child is she admired so much last night. Don't deny this. When I went to your house, I was fierce with a sense of my wrongs, and thirsted for revenge; but the tenderness, the sweetness, and the sympathy of your wife disarmed me, and saved you. Thank her, not me. I shall never reveal to her who Mary's father is."

"Oh, bless you for this promise, Jean," he said earnestly. "If she knew this sin of mine it would, I fear, kill her love for me. She has a pure, sensitive nature."

"I know it, Malcolm Mackenzie, and respect her. You little considered my nature when you brought trouble on me—a trouble that killed my old father. He was a proud, upright, sensitive man, and never recovered the shock caused by his daughter's disgrace." Her voice trembled.

Malcolm Mackenzie paced up and down the room. He feared she was going to cry; this would affect his sentimental nature too much.

"Your wife saw Mary's likeness to you. That frightened you, did it not?"

"I confess I feel the wretchedness of my position, and throw myself on your generosity, Jean."

He sat down on a chair opposite to her, and for a few seconds they looked scrutinisingly at each other. Jean noticed how flabby and florid he had grown since they parted ten years ago. His hair was streaked with gray, but no remorse or sadness was in his ruddy face. It embittered her to see him so jovial. His clothes were new and fashionable; his blue necktie and yellow gloves she thought savoured of vulgar prosperity. Oh, how could she have been such a fool as to have sacrificed all that is most precious in a woman's life for such a man?

He on his side was keenly perceptive of the ravages time and trouble had wrought in her appearance. Her face had deep circles, and the lovely rosy colour had faded for ever. There were dark lines round the eyes; she was scraggy, though still handsome, and her merino dress was unstylish, though neat. What a contrast to the picture painted eleven years ago, when he first met her, with the wild Scotch landscape for background! Had he seen her in that bare parlour he never would have been bewitched.

"I am afraid, Jean, you find the battle of life hard; it is too difficult for a woman to fight alone. I cannot bear to think you have so few comforts."

"I earn enough for myself and Mary—enough to keep us from want. Mary is strong and well."

"And very beautiful, I think," exclaimed Mr. Mackenzie with enthusiasm.

"Ah, a fatal gift!" she answered with a sigh; "but I shall ward off men such as you—wolves in sheep's clothing. I shall tell her the truth. She must be warned in time against your sex."

"Don't be too hard on me. I was a brute once, and feel it keenly. I have come here to beg you to allow me to provide for our child. I am now a wealthy man, and can easily afford that pleasure. I have in my pocket a cheque for £1,000 which you must accept."

Jean got up; she stood erect, stern, and sad. "Keep your money! I would rather starve than accept a farthing from a man I have learned to despise heartily; a weak, selfish nature, devoid of heart and conscience."

"You had better re-consider your verdict, Jean;" he said this with irritation in his voice. "The past cannot be undone."

"No, alas! it cannot, and I am outwardly punished; but though poor, delicate, troubled, I would far rather be what I am than you, with all your fame and wealth."

She opened the door for him.

"Is this really your last word, Jean?"

"My very last; I do not wish ever again to see or hear from you."

. . . .

"The Old Love and the New," painted by Malcolm Mackenzie, was the sensation picture of the next Royal Academy. Almost all the art critics praised it, not only for the excellent colouring, but also for the composition, lighting, and expression. One of the most influential London papers said of this picture:

> The painting of the young woman (the New Love) is of the highest order of merit; the daffodil satin standing resplendent in full gaslight is almost worthy of Veronese; the Old Love, in sober tones of grey and brown, is pathetically and learnedly rendered; the bewildered expression of the man, the mingling of terror, the self-control as he perceives who the poor woman and the lovely child are, is subtly portrayed; there is nothing theatrical or exaggerated in the situation, it is well felt. Altogether, as a work of art, and as a scathing moral pictorial lesson, it will rank amongst the highest achievements of modern art.

Mr. Mackenzie's picture was sold for £1,800 at the private view; the largest price he had ever received. "The Old Love and the New" was the success of that year at the Royal Academy.

His wife never knew the secret of the picture.

HENRY MACHYN.

THE world, we are told in an aphorism which copy-books love to quote, knows nothing of its greatest men ; and upon the same principle it may be said that contemporary history often knows nothing of those who are afterwards to serve as its greatest benefactors. Posterity has often been illumined by lamps filled with very indifferent oil, to the exclusion of many a shining light which has blazed away to little purpose. Grave authors write their weighty essays upon passing topics, learned chroniclers touch upon what they consider momentous events, church dignitaries deal with matters they imagine must be imperishable; the politician, the lawyer, the general, the man of science, each looks out upon life from his own point of view, confident that all he notes must be of service to the future. What interests him must, he thinks, interest others, and hence he feels that in the materials he has been collecting he has raised up to himself a monument more lasting than brass. Yet it is often that research ignores his erudite pages to busy itself with some lowly rival. Side by side with the elaborate details collected by the superior mind, there may have been hidden away some little chronicle, written without pretence, and perhaps in obscurity, which when it reaches the light is found to give an insight into the character of the men and the manners of the age which all the despatches of generals, the legislation of statesmen, and the schemes of politicians fail to reflect. The Diary of Henry Machyn is a case in point. Who would have thought that of all the men who made history in the days of Queen Mary, posterity would have had recourse, not to the state papers of her ministers, not to the proceedings of her Parliament, not to the lectures and discourses of her divines, but to the pages of an observing, commonplace undertaker, who wandered through life keeping his eyes open and noting down what he saw and heard? Letters of secretaries of state and statutes of the realm have their value, but with the diary of Machyn in hand, we are taken behind the scenes, as it were, of the Marian epoch, and see history in all the careless grace of undress. In his quaint entries, full of villanous spelling and fantastic grammar, we read how crime

was punished, and what was the nature of the crimes perpetrated; there we read how, not by any means sadly, the English people took their pleasures, what games they played, and what were the pageants they affected; the whole story of Mary's life—with its painful chapters of love, bigotry, jealousy, and neglect—is laid before us, and nothing is hid from the prying eye of curiosity; we see Elizabeth making merry among her wenches in the servants' hall, and watching the May-day sports on the Thames and May games at Greenwich; we listen to sermons in Lent, and pinch our stomachs with Lenten fasts; we hear the waits singing their hymns and carols amid the snows of Christmastide; we see the "quality" amusing themselves on the Thames in their boats by taking shots at each other with oranges recently imported from the south. There in the pages of Machyn pass before us, in varied panorama, the very scenes which interested and amused the youth of his day, and the very topics which age and gravity discussed—the fights which ensued between English and Spaniards, the lord mayor's show, and the pompous funerals of aldermen, the trials for high treason in Westminster Hall, the strange foreigners who came to visit our holy shrines; here is a heretic grilling in the flames, yonder at Tyburn swings a cutpurse or a false-coiner, at Westminster we listen to the groans of a man whipped for murder, at Paul's Cross we find a priest lamenting his marriage, in front of the houses we see the blue cross painted on the doors to show that the plague is raging within—in short, thanks to our diarist observing what others overlooked, and making notes of the commonplace incidents which loftier minds disdained, we have the reign of Queen Mary presented to us with a completeness and minuteness of detail which readily takes hold of the memory, and for which readers interested in the past cannot be too grateful. It is to men like Machyn that historians are indebted for vivifying their dry facts with the breath of life.

Of the diarist himself little is known. From his language and unvarnished powers of description he was evidently of humble birth, and, as he lived before the days of schoolboards, he had to content himself with picking up such scraps of education as fell from the monastic table. "The writer," says Mr. Nichols, in his careful work on the Diary of Henry Machyn, for the Camden Society,[1] "was a citizen of London, of no great scholarship or attainments, as his language and cacography plainly testify, sufficiently prejudiced, no doubt, and not capable of any deep views either of religious doctrine

[1] *The Diary of Henry Machyn, Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London. From 1550 to 1563.* Edited by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Camden Society.

or temporal policy; but the matters of fact which he records would be such as he either witnessed himself or had learned immediately after their occurrence; and the opinions and sentiments which he expresses would be shared by a large proportion of his fellow-citizens." Some difference of opinion has been expressed as to the calling which Machyn followed. He has been styled a herald, a painter employed by heralds, a merchant tailor, and a furnisher of funerals. "In the absence of any direct proofs of his occupation," writes Mr. Nichols, "I rather think that his business was in that department of the trade of a merchant tailor which we now call an undertaker or furnisher of funerals." The diarist is so absorbed in recording the different events of his day, with its important changes in Church and State, trials and executions, and promotion of ministers and prelates, that he has left little room to tell us anything of himself. From the stray references, few and far between, which we can glean from his pages, we learn that when he began to compile his diary he was some fifty years of age; that he was an inhabitant of the parish of Queenhithe; that he was connected, probably by marriage, with a family named Heath; and that, so his editors suggest, he died of the plague. As we peruse his different entries the first thing that strikes us is the amount of "shop" which Machyn indulges in. If we had not been told he was an undertaker, we should have guessed as much from his constant reference to funerals, and the professional pride with which he regards them and dilates upon their pomp and fittings. An observant critic and faithful chronicler, he is, before all things, a mute first and diarist afterwards. No matter what brilliant pageant he is describing, or what glorious event he is narrating, he is never happy unless he can interpolate or speedily introduce the obsequies of an alderman or of some other distinguished personage, with their attendant mourners and banners and pennons. Hence we don our sables, and follow the biers of many eminent men—of Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's College at Oxford; Sir Andrew Judd, of the grammar school at Tunbridge; Sir William Harper, of that of Bedford; Sir Rowland Hill, of that at Drayton; and Sir William Laxton, of that at Oundle. These ceremonies were conducted by Machyn, and we watch with proper pride how skilfully he marches the "poor men in gownes two and two," and the "poor women in gownes two and two," who head the procession; with what heraldic knowledge he has the standard, the pennon, the helm and crest, and the coat of arms, all borne by their proper bearers and in their allotted places; how consummate is his information as to all the necessary etiquette required for the occasion; he knows when an ordinary

preacher is to take his place in the procession, and the exact spot when the office is filled by a dean; he knows where the mourners are to start, and where the executors; he knows who is to be in black and who not—why the lord mayor should be in mourning, and yet the aldermen "having no blackes"; he is cognisant of all the delicate details, and we marvel much. Then we return to the house and expel sad thoughts, by much drinking of "wyne, ale, and beere," and partake of "spice-bread and comfetts." As to the obsequies of aldermen which Machyn records, their name is legion. "It is a remarkable circumstance," writes Mr. Nichols, "that in a diary extending over only thirteen years, occasion should be given to notice nearly forty contemporary aldermen—an evidence in part, perhaps, of the prevalent mortality of the times, and in part of the advanced age at which citizens were then raised to that honourable pre-eminence. In one period of ten months no fewer than seven aldermen were removed from their mortal career." This mortality was, however, not to be attributed to the excellence and frequency of the city dinners at that period; for it appears, according to Stowe, that "hot burning fevers" were then raging, which carried off many elderly persons, and even played sad havoc among the young.

When Machyn can tear himself away from his beloved undertaking he is a keen and picturesque chronicler of the passing events of the day. He begins his diary by telling us various interesting particulars as to the coronation of Mary; but, cautious man that he is, he eschews all matter touching upon Lady Jane Grey, and we look in vain through his pages for an account of the execution of that unhappy dame. Much that he has to say of Mary is, if not new, at least put in a novel light. We learn that she was proclaimed Queen between five and six o'clock in the evening, "at the crosse in Chepe." Then from that place the peers, heralds, and trumpeters "went unto Powlls and ther was *Te Deum Laudamus* with song and the organes playhyng and all the belles ryngyng thrugh London, and bone-fyres and tabuls in evere strett, and wyne and beere and alle and evere strett full of bonefyres, and ther was money cast away." Early in August the queen "came riding to London and so to the Tower, making her entrance at Aldgate," which was hung with streamers. The streets were laid with gravel, and all the crafts of London stood in a row with their banners fluttering over their heads. Preceded by the lord mayor with his mace, the queen, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth, with her ladies in the rear, cantered under the archway which led into the Tower from the drawbridge, the procession being brought up by the aldermen, and the guards with their bows and

javelins. A month later the queen rode from the Tower to Westminster and there heard mass, and was crowned upon " a high stage." We learn that the Duke of Norfolk rode up and down Westminster Hall, that it was past four before the Queen went to dinner, that Lord Worcester was her carver on that occasion, that the Princess Elizabeth sat at the other end of the table, and that it was candle light before the banquet was over. As to the revolt of Sir Thomas Wyatt and his Kentish men, with the object of placing Elizabeth on the throne, Machyn tells us nothing new. The plot, as we know, failed; Wyatt was executed, the Princess Elizabeth was sent to the Tower, and the Kentish men expected to follow the fate of their captain. They were, however, agreeably disappointed. Summoned to the queen's presence, they "went"—a truce to all villanous spelling—" to the Court with halters about their necks and bound with cords, two and two together, through London to Westminster, and between two tilt-yards the poor prisoners knelt down in the mire; and there the queen's grace looked over the gate, and gave them pardon, and they cried out 'God save Queen Mary,' and so to Westminster Hall, and there they cast their halters about the hall, and caps, and in the streets cried out, 'God save Queen Mary,' as they went."

In spite of the collapse of Wyatt's rebellion and of the loyalty of the nation, Mary was well aware that the country looked coldly upon the Spanish alliance, and that her meditated union with Philip was far from popular. Yet she declined to be dissuaded from her purpose. She was elderly, sickly, and not prepossessing, and it was probable that if she rejected the king of Spain, her hand would not be asked for by another. Therefore, in spite of counsel and national prejudice, she resolved to wed with the only man who had come forward, and who was now the ardent object of her choice. The prince arrived and the marriage was performed with all due pageant and ceremony. Still the two peoples eyed each other with jealousy, and we have only to examine the entries of Machyn's diary to see how often frays broke out between Spaniard and English, and how frequently the ears of women—for they seemed to be the chief offenders—were nailed to the pillory for speaking seditious words, or words derogatory to the queen's majesty. Indeed, so common had the offence become, that a proclamation was issued to the effect that no one was to busy himself or herself with the concerns of the queen, and that her name was not even to be mentioned. The hate of the nation was not so much due to the marriage of Mary with a foreigner as it was to her marriage with a Papist. The creed of the Reformation had been contemptuously expelled, and everywhere the authorities were busy

restoring the discipline and mechanism of the old faith. Nor was the change effected after a gradual and diplomatic fashion; it was a transformation, not a dissolving view. Mass was openly celebrated, and religious processions, in spite of the scowls of the populace, walked through the most crowded thoroughfares. Crucifixes, images, and confessional boxes were again put up in the city churches, and their existence protected by the most stringent laws. We read that shortly after her accession Mary issued a proclamation "through London and all England that no man should sing no English service nor communion, nor no priest that has a wife shall not minister nor say mass, and that every parish to make an altar, and to have a cross and staff, and all other things in all parishes all in Latin, as holy bread, holy water, as palm and ashes." One Doctor Reed we find openly recanting at Paul's Cross, and bitterly bewailing that as a priest he had tasted wedlock, for "by God's law he could not marry." As a natural consequence of the restoration of the old order of things, very strict and severe were the rules regulating the discipline during Lent, which beneath the sway of Protestantism had fallen into a somewhat lax state. Meat, of course, was not to be eaten. "A proclamation was issued that no man nor woman nor they that keep tables should eat no flesh in Lent nor other time in the year that is forbidden by the Church, nor no butcher kill no flesh but that they should pay a great fine, or else six hours in the pillory and imprisonment ten days." We learn that one Master Adams, a butcher, dwelling in Little Eastcheap, did so offend, and was fined twenty pounds. More than once do we read of men being put in the pillory, and women in the stocks, for eating meat during prohibited seasons. These innovations were, however, not effected, or rather the country was not permitted to return to its old paths, without considerable opposition. We have only to study the entries of Machyn to see how often processions were mobbed, roodlofts burnt, images knocked down, and Popish manuals of devotion forced to give way to "hereticks' books." But it is ill kicking against the pricks; and when the powers that be are resolved to introduce a new order of things, resistance in the end is futile. Before Mary had been two years on the throne her subjects acknowledged themselves as Catholic and Popish.

And now the goal after which the queen had so earnestly striven was to be attained. Her cousin, Cardinal Pole, was on his way to England, specially appointed by the pope to reconcile the heretic English to the long-estranged Vatican. More of an Italian than an Englishman, though in his veins ran the proud Plantagenet blood, Pole had taken up his abode in Rome ever since bluff King Hal

had banished him from his court. In his monastery by the waters of Lago di Guarda he had, however, never ceased to think of his country, and to pray that one day she might return to the fold. He had frequently knocked at the door, but it had not been opened; Protestantism was too busy with its new-fangled schemes and political intrigues to pay aught but scant heed to his summons. But now a change had come over the spirit of the nation, or rather of those in authority, which might have well misled many a man who was less of a recluse than Pole. He saw, or thought he saw, the English people anxious for reunion with Rome, and to shake off the heresy of the past; they looked to him, and implored him to act as the agent of reconciliation. He consented, and fondly hoped that the submission of England would be permanent, and that through his means heresy would be effectually stamped out. All he heard and saw encouraged him to raise his expectations high—the authority of Mary was secure, those in power exercised the old religion, the nation itself was fast falling away from the influences of Protestantism, and it only required tact and diplomacy for the past schism to be completely bridged over. Yet external appearances had deceived him as it had deceived others, and what he had taken for the main stream was after all but a backwater.

He landed in England November 23, 1554, and then came from Gravesend by water. We have a minute account of his progress. He was accompanied by several peers and gentry in their barges, and they passed through London Bridge "between twelve and one of the clock." At the Steel Yard he was met by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Shrewsbury in their barges, "their men in blue coats, red hose, scarlet caps, and white feathers;" he then proceeded to the court gate, where he was met by the king, who embraced him, "and so led him through the King's Hall; he had borne before him a silver cross, and he was arrayed in a scarlet gown and a square scarlet cap; and my Lord North bare the sword before the king, and so they went up unto the queen's chamber, and there her Grace saluted him." Cranmer now deposed, Pole was lodged in Lambeth. The entries of Machyn are full of details as to the stay of the cardinal in England, the power he exercised, and the consideration with which he was treated. We are present at the solemn ceremony of reconciliation when he absolves all England for her past offences, and bids her go and sin no more. We see him met by a procession of eighteen bishops in Westminster Abbey, whilst "the bishop of York did minister with his mitre, and they went a procession about the church and cloister." Owing to the downfall of Cranmer, the throne of

Canterbury was empty, and Pole was advanced to the vacant see. He was consecrated at Greenwich, and confirmed at Bow Church in Cheapside, which was "hanged with cloth of gold, and with rich arras and cushions." Then, before the court, and all that was famous in England, he preached his well-known sermon on the vanity of life, and the folly of seeking after worldly honours. A prince of the Church, and primate of all England, Pole was now the most powerful subject in the realm. He was the constant companion of the queen, and her one chief adviser, for Philip had soon wearied of the charms of his haggard, yellow-visaged bride, and was only happy when he had placed the Pyrenees between his wife and himself. The cardinal was the one great mainstay of Her Majesty, and the chief advocate of the religious policy she was instituting with such terrible vigour. The advancement of her religion was now the only consolation the miserable woman possessed; she was disappointed in her husband, she was disappointed in her hopes of maternity, she was disappointed in her people. Therefore, she was resolved to give to Catholicism all she would have given, under other more favourable circumstances, to different agents. The mission of Pole to England had been twofold—to reconcile the Church to Rome, and to establish once more throughout the realm the creed of the Vatican. The reconciliation had been effected, and once installed in power he proceeded to execute the second portion of his task. He wished to win all rebellious souls first by argument and affection, but when these failed his voice was soon raised in favour of stamping out opposition by fire and stake. "Those who killed the body," he said, "merited death; should not those all the more so who killed the soul?" The entries of Machyn are full of the burnings of men and women who were "cast for heresy." Smithfield was the favourite spot where the work of conflagration was carried on, but it was, as we know, by no means confined to that notorious quarter, for we read of burnings at various other places. Some of the entries are curious.

"The sixteenth day of October [1555] were burnt at Oxford for heresy, Doctor Latimer, late bishop of Worcester, and Doctor Ridley, late bishop of London—they were some time great preachers as ever was; and at their burning did preach Doctor Smith, some time the master of Whittington College." "The twenty-second day of January [1556] went in to Smithfield to be burnt between seven and eight in the morning, five men and two women; one of the men was a gentleman of the Inner Temple, his name Master Gren; and they were all burnt by nine at four posts; and there was a commandment through London over night that no young folk should come there,

yet there was the greatest number there as has been seen at such a time." "The 21 day of March was burned at Oxford Doctor Cranmer, late archbishop of Canterbury." "There was burned this 23 of August, at Stratford of Bowe, a woman, wife of John Waren, clothworker; this woman had a son taken at the burning, and carried to Newgate to her husband's sister, for they will burn both." "There was a man carried to Westminster that did hurt a priest, and had his hand stricken off at the post; and after he was burned against St. Margaret's Church without the churchyard." "The 23rd May [1557] did preach the bishop of Winchester, Dr. White, at St. Mary Overies, Southwark, and there was a heretic there for to hear the sermon." Heretics who, owing to the privations they endured during their imprisonment, died before they suffered at the stake were buried without any religious rites at Moorfields. "The 9th of October [1555] was a serving-man buried at Morefeld, beside the Dog House, because he was not to receive the rites of the Church."

For three years this reign of terror and hellish dominion of priest-craft held its full sway, and was only ended by the death of its two leading agents. On November 17, 1558, "between five and six in the morning, died Queen Mary, the sixth year of her Grace's reign, the which Jesu have mercy on her soul;" two days later, at precisely the same time in the morning, passed away Pole. The funeral of the queen, however, did not take place until the second week of December. The body was brought from St. James's for burial at Westminster, and Machyn, of course, is in his element in describing the ceremony. On the hearse which led the procession was a painted effigy of the late queen, "adorned with crimson velvet, and her crown on her head, her sceptre on her hand, and many goodly rings on her hands;" then came "a great company of mourners," with godly standards in front and rear; after these came the household servants "two and two together, in black gowns, the heralds riding to and fro to see them go in order;" the procession was brought up by a large body of "riding squires bearing banners," gentlemen mourners, the heralds bearing their several designs, ladies "riding all in black," the pages of honour with banners in their hands, then the monks, and then the bishops "in order." At the great door of Westminster Abbey everybody "did alight of their horse," and the body was taken into the Abbey, where it was met by four bishops and the abbot mitred, and after being incensed rested all night. The next morning mass was said, and a sermon delivered by the bishop of Winchester. "After the mass all done, her Grace was carried up to the chapel the

King Henry VII. builded with bishops mitred; and all the officers went to the grave, and after brake their staves and cast them into the grave." Then the trumpets blew a blast, and the ceremony was over. "And so the chief mourners and the lords and knights and the bishops with the abbot went in to the Abbey to dinner, and all the officers of the queen's court." Three days previously the body of Pole had been removed from Lambeth, and carried to Canterbury "in a chariot with banner-rolls wrought with fine gold, and great banners of arms, and four banners of saints in oil." It has generally been asserted by historians that the cardinal died on the same day as his cousin, but according to our diarist Pole survived the queen for two days.

An examination of the different entries contained in the diary sheds a strong light upon matters connected with the reign of Mary which ordinary historians omit. Take, for instance, the criminal statistics with which Machyn furnishes us. Here we find, as was to be expected in an age of ignorance, brutality, and bigotry, numerous examples of those crimes which attend upon a nation when its intellectual vitality is at low pressure. We look in vain for those particular offences of fraud and cunning which the subtleties of the nineteenth century have made us familiar with, but in their stead we read of hostility to the mechanism of religion, of low cheating, of cruelty to men and animals, and of course of those sins against the flesh which ever follow in the wake of ill-disciplined human nature. From the well-furnished armoury of Machyn let us select a few of his arrows to take aim at the manners and corruptions of his age. Here we find a young fellow tied to a post "hard by the Standard in Chep," with a collar of iron round his neck, and soundly whipped by two men "for pretending visions." The Church offers its next victim. We read how one "Cheken, a parson of St. Nicholas, Coldharbour, did ride in a cart round about London for he sold his wife to a butcher," a piece of traffic which is still on some parts of the Continent believed to flourish in England. Purveyors of provisions then, as now, were inclined to palm off base goods as sound and to use their art to take in the customer, only the punishment inflicted when this fraud was discovered was somewhat more personal and severe than at present. This was how a butcher who had exposed diseased meat for sale was punished. He was forced to ride about London, "his face towards the horse's tail, with half a lamb before and another behind, and veal and calf borne before him upon a pole raw;" there are several entries recording this punishment. Men who sold stinking fish were put in the pillory with the

stinking fish round their neck. One very nineteenth-century summer trick we see was in vogue in those more innocent days. The first day of July there were a man and a woman in the pillory in Cheapside ; the man sold pots of strawberries, "the which the pot was not half full but filled with fern ;" thus even in minor matters history repeats itself.

For printing of " naughty books " we find one John Day, a printer, his servant, and a priest committed to the Tower; whilst those who gambled with false dice, or if priests undertook to pose as conjurers, and pretended to set up as prophets, were forthwith put into the pillory. The throne in those days was as sensitive as our modern Stock Exchange, and anything which tended to weaken its stability was at once punished. Frequently we come across entries like the following : " A man and woman stood on the pillory for telling of false lies that King Edward the Sixth was alive." Whipping and confinement in the pillory seem to have been inflicted for those offences which we should now punish with fine or imprisonment. If a boy was seen " loitering and running about masterless as a vagabond," he was whipped and put in the pillory ; if he spoke against those in authority, he received the same punishment. Thus we read of " a stripling," instead of being patted on the head by the Bradlaugh of the day, being " whipt about London and about Paul's Cross for speaking against the bishop that did preach the Sunday before ;" a favourite pastime always followed by the pillory seems to have been selling copper rings in Cheapside for gold, which in spite of the punishment appears to have been a brisk trade. Here is a grave offence for which the pillory is awarded: " the 22nd of May was a maid set on the pillory for giving her masters and her household poison, and her hair cut and burned in the brow." Who after this act of imposition can say that age is destitute of imagination: " The 22nd of March there was a wife dwelling in St. Martin's in the Vyntre within the Cloister dwelling of the age of 53 took a woman into her house at the down lying, and the same night she was delivered with child, and the same woman of the house laid herself in bed and made people believe that it was her own child." For making false keys a man had his right hand cut off and was hanged naked all night. Wapping, we learn, was the usual place of execution for the hanging of pirates ; they were hanged at low-water mark and there remained till three tides had overflowed them. Machyn records numerous deaths of pirates at Wapping. The chief offences of the people seem, according to our diarist, to have been false coining, theft, seditious speeches, immorality, soothsaying, cruelty, and insults

to priests. The aristocracy furnished one victim : "The 18th June, 1556, was hanged at St. Thomas of Wathering for robbing of a cart with great riches that came from a fair at Beverlay, my lord Sandes' son." The chief amusement of the gentry when they had "dined" seems to have been to go down to the Bridewell, create a disturbance, fight the officials, as their descendants of a later date fought the watchmen, and endeavour to free the women confined there.

The lower classes in those days seem, according to Machyn, to have had plenty of amusement to while away the time, but their betters appear to have been less happily provided for. The yeoman and the apprentice—especially the London apprentice—had his archery in Finsbury Fields, his bear-baiting at Bankside, his buffooneries at St. Bartholomew Fair, his wrestling matches at Clerkenwell, mummeries, processions, summer pageants, and morris-dances round the May-pole; whilst the "swell" of the period had to content himself, when in the piping times of peace, with the sports of the field, and such social amusements as he could obtain out of his set. He had no national game to have recourse to, he had little to read, even if he could read, unless at court, and it was the exception of the mere ordinary country gentleman to go to court; he seldom danced; hunting and shooting were his two chief pursuits, and when these were not in season he considered himself fortunate if he should be cast for a tournament. Shortly after his union with Mary, Philip had introduced a game with blunted darts, which was very popular in Spain, called *Juego de cannas.* This game, remarks Sir Walter Scott, was borrowed from the Moors, and is still practised by Eastern nations. It is a sort of rehearsal of the encounter of their light-horsemen armed with darts, as the tourney represented the charge of the feudal cavaliers with their lances. In both cases the differences between sport and reality only consisted in the weapons being sharp or pointless.

> So had he seen in fair Castile
> The youth in glittering squadron start,
> Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
> And hurl the unexpected dart.

The amusement failed, however, to take root in England. Like roller-skating in our own times, it-lasted but for a brief season, and was then abandoned. Machyn mentions several instances when it was played by the Spaniards and English, but no sooner had Elizabeth ascended the throne than the game was discontinued.

Doubtless, its Spanish origin was not in its favour. Another form of amusement was then in vogue, which this athletic nineteenth century, with its advocacy of the equality of the sexes, might revive, especially in the wild forests of misty Caledonia. It is no unusual thing nowadays for healthy sinewy-limbed young ladies, especially in the mornings, to follow the guns when the men are out pheasant-shooting or partridge-driving; but under the Tudors, dames of fashion accompanied the men deer-stalking, and took their share of the sport. The deer were driven past certain stands covered with foliage in which the ladies were secreted. Thus we read in Machyn, that "the queen's grace stood at her standing in the further park" to bring down the deer. "Shooting at deer with a cross-bow," writes an antiquary, "was a favourite amusement of ladies of rank; and buildings with flat roofs, called stands, or standings, were erected in many parks, as in that of Sheffield, and in that of Pilkington, near Manchester, expressly for the purpose of this diversion." These stands seem usually to have been concealed by bushes or trees, so that the deer could not observe the enemy. In "Love's Labour's Lost" we remember how the Princess repairs to a stand and asks :—

> Then, Forester, my friend, where is the bush
> That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

To which the forester gives answer :—

> Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice,
> Where you may make the fairest shot.

Occasionally these stands were made ornamental. In a poem by Goldingham, called the "Garden Plot," occur these lines, in which a comparison is instituted between a bower and one of these lurking places :—

> To term it heaven, I think were little sin,
> Or paradise, for so it did appear;
> So far it passed the bowers that men do banquet in,
> Or standing made to shoot the stately deer.

Save when he records the obsequies of the illustrious and nobly born, Machyn concerns himself but little, evidently because he knows but little, with the movements and aspirations of the great. He is an honest little tradesman, and is content to deal with matters which fall within his province. Of courts and those who attend them and create their history, he knows only from hearsay, and is discreetly reticent; but when middle-class details engage his pen he is critical and observant. Especially does he take a lively interest in all civic

performances: a lord mayor's show, the dances round the May-pole, or the mummeries at Christmas, always find in him a vivid and faithful reporter. No account of the installation of London's chief magistrate is omitted by him. We learn how the lord mayor went by the Thames to Westminster in his stately barge, attended by the pinnaces of the different companies gay with banners and bunting and crowded with loyal liverymen. The ceremony over at the Exchequer, my lord mayor returns by the same route and lands at Barnard Castle to witness the array of the craft in St. Paul's churchyard. "First were two tall men bearing two great streamers of the Merchant Tailors' arms, then came one with a drum and a flute playing, and another with a great fife, all of them in blue silk, and then came two great savage men of the wood, all in green, armed with clubs and with targets upon their backs; after them came sixteen trumpeters, blowing; and then came in blue gowns and caps and hose and blue silk sleeves, and every man having a target and javelin, to the number of seventy. And then came a devil, and after came the bachelors, all in a livery and scarlet hoods; and then came the pageant of Saint John the Baptist, gorgeously, with goodly speeches; and then came all the king's trumpeters, blowing, and every trumpeter having scarlet caps, and the wait caps, and the godly banners; and then the crafts, and then my lord mayor's officers, and then my lord mayor, and then all the aldermen and sheriffs, and so on to dinner." After dinner, instead of listening to political speeches, they repaired again to the cathedral. "After dinner to Paul's, and all them that bare targets did bear after staff torches, with all the trumpets and waits blowing, through Paul's, through round about the choir and the body of the church, blowing, and so home to my lord mayor's house."

Even at this distance of time, several incidents recorded by Machyn are of interest, since they show that Nature is somewhat given to repeat her vagaries. A few months ago all England was horror-struck because an earthquake had laid Colchester in ruins. An earthquake in England, "'twas unprecedented!" we cried. Yet Machyn tells us that in the May of 1551 there was a "great wonderness of earthquake at Reigate, Croydon, Dorking, and in divers places pots, pans and dishes danced, and meat fell down," causing much havoc and consternation. Nor is "the two-headed Nightingale," which has created no little sensation on both sides of the Atlantic, a solitary freak of Nature. From the pages of our diarist we learn that "the third day of August, 1552, was there born in Oxfordshire, in a town called Middleton Stony,

eleven miles from Oxford, dwelling at the sign of the *Eagle*, was the good wife of the house delivered of a child, begotten by her late husband, having two heads, two shoulders, four arms, four hands, one stomach, two legs, with two feet one side, and on the other side one leg with two feet having but nine toes—monstrous!" Nor was this the only monstrosity which creation put forth. Ten years later, Nature appeared to be completely disorganised, neither sun, nor moon, nor season fulfilled its office. The result of this visitation was that children were born during the year 1562 subject to all kinds of deformities—some without heads, some without limbs, some in figure and face like animals. Observant Machyn takes notice of these erratic proceedings; indeed it seems as if the animal world were dominated by the same influence, for we read of a pig being brought to London with two bodies and eight feet. Another circumstance of special interest is also noted by our diarist. Towards the close of the September of 1555 "was the greatest rain and floods that ever was seen in England, that all the low countries was drowned, and in divers places both men and cattle drowned, and all the marshes and cellars both of wine and beer and ale and other merchandise in London and other places drowned." It appears to have been the practice of certain parents possessed of superfluous progeny quietly to get rid of them, not as is the modern custom in a baby farm, but in the open streets or on some conspicuous doorstep. This *al fresco* foundling hospital was not approved of. Machyn enters in his diary: "The 26 November [1556] was a proclamation in London that every man to look that no infants should be laid in the streets or at men's doors, and that there should be a day watch and a night's that there should be none laid in no place in London by night or day, and he that do take any such person shall have 20*s.* for his pains." A singular accident is recorded: "The 16th day of June [1557] my young Duke of Norfolk rode abroad, and at Stamford Hill, my lord having a dag [pistol] hanging on his saddle-bow and by misfortune did shoot it and hit one of his men that rode before, and so by misfortune his horse did fling, and so he hanged by one of his stirrups, and so that the horse knocked his brains out with flinging out with his legs." Here we have an instance of a man sentenced to death escaping the penalty the law had decreed from failure of the appliances required for execution—in some respects it reminds us of the case of the Babbicombe murderer: "The third day of January [1553] was carried from the Marshalsea to St. Thomas of Wateryng a talman (a powerful man), and went thither with the rope about his

neck; and so he hanged a while and the rope burst and a while after, and then they went for another rope and so likewise he burst it and fell to the ground, and so he escaped with his life." At this time the plague was making terrible havoc in the capital, and there were few houses where the ominous cross of blue was not marked upon the door. It was feared that the dogs which ran loose about the city and wandered from house to house might spread the infection. Accordingly, by order of the lord mayor, a man was appointed "to kill dogs as many as he can find in the streets and has a fee for looking every day and night." We read that during the year 1563, the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, paid to "John Welche for the killing and carrying away of dogs during the plague, and for the putting of them into the ground, and covering the same, four shillings and two pence." When the plague reappeared in 1603 a similar decree was put in force.

This is almost the last entry in the diary of Henry Machyn, which comes to a very abrupt termination. Machyn was fifty years of age when he began his record of events, and it is supposed that he was suddenly carried off by the plague, then at its height; to its pestilential influence a man of his time of life would be particularly susceptible. Though a diarist, he had little of the egotism of his class. He tells us of everything save of himself. We do not know whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, ugly or handsome; he was married, but he never alludes to his wife; and he once speaks in a confused sort of way of the birth of a child, but whether it was his own or his grandchild we are left to determine. Twice he mentions his birthday, but except for this disclosure no purely personal matter escapes his pen throughout the three hundred and odd pages of his diary. Indeed, so effectually does he keep himself to the background that on the few occasions when he puts in a personal appearance he writes in the third person. His work has been freely laid under contribution by Strype, and remains, as it must ever continue to remain, from its mass of details and daily incidents which have escaped other chroniclers, a most valuable authority for those changes in the Church and the State which are the prominent features in the history of the reign of Queen Mary.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

IN August 1660, Charles the Second granted to Thomas Killigrew, a groom of the chamber, and a noted man among the rakes of the court, a patent to erect a new theatre in Drury Lane, upon a piece of ground called the Riding Yard, for which he was to pay £50 per annum; the dimensions of the building were one hundred and twelve feet from east to west, and fifty-nine from north to south, and the cost of the erection was £1,500. Previous to the Great Rebellion, a theatre called the Phœnix, or Cockpit, opened towards the close of James the First's reign, had stood in this thoroughfare, a little to the north of the Riding Yard, and its site, now covered by the model lodging houses on the east side, was marked until lately by a place called Pit Court. This theatre, which was demolished in 1662, is sometimes confounded with Killigrew's. The subjoined is a *facsimile* of the first playbill of the National Theatre.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

At the New Theatre in Drury Lane.

This day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663,

Will be acted

A Comedy call'd

THE HUMOVROVS LIEVTENANT.

The King	Mr. WINTERSEL.
Demetrivs	Mr. HART.
Selvivs	Mr. BYRT.
Leontivs	Major MOHUN.
Lievtenant	Mr. CLV.
Celia	Mrs. MARSHAL.

This play will begin at three o'clock exactly.

Boxes, 4*s.*; Pit, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Middle Gallery, 1*s.* 6*d.*; and Upper Gallery, 1*s.*

The actors of this company were entered as members of the royal household, were provided with a livery of scarlet and silver, and styled "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber." A fact which at once disposes of the vulgar error that actors in duly licensed buildings were ever regarded [illegible] "[illegible] and vagabonds." Killigrew's

company was a very fine one. Hart was Shakespeare's grand nephew, being the grandson of the poet's sister, and contemporaries were enthusiastic in his laudation. "In all comedies and tragedies he was concerned in," writes one, "he performed with that exactness and perfection that not any of his successors have equalled him." Mohun, who had earned his title of Major in the civil wars, fighting on the side of the Cavaliers, was esteemed by the king, as a tragic actor, even above Hart; Lacy, a famous Falstaff, the original Bayes in "The Rehearsal," mentioned in glowing terms by Pepys, was Charles's favourite actor; a picture representing him in three characters may be seen at Hampton Court. It was at Drury Lane, in 1665, that Nell Gwynne, who was a pupil of Hart's, made her first appearance as an actress in Dryden's "Indian Emperor," and it was here, while speaking the epilogue to Dryden's "Tyrannic Love" (1669), that she first captivated the king. That very night, so the story goes, as soon as the curtain fell, he went behind the scenes and carried her off there and then. Killigrew was the first English manager who brought women upon the stage; the experiment had been tried by a French company, at Salisbury Court in 1629, to the overwhelming indignation of a virtuous audience. On the 8th of December, 1660, a lady sustained the part of Desdemona at the "Red Bull," in Vere Street, Clare Market. The name of the mother of the London stage is not known for certainty, though the probabilities are that it was Mrs. Sanderson, the lady who afterwards became Betterton's wife. For some years after the Restoration, however, youths continued to share with women the *rôles* of tragedy and comedy heroines.

At the same time that Killigrew obtained his patent another was granted to Sir William Davenant for a theatre in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, and it was he, according to tradition, who first introduced scenic effects upon the public stage, though as far back as Elizabeth's time they had been used in the court masques. In 1671 the theatre in Drury Lane was burned down, and in 1674 another was erected from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. Eleven years later, however, there was such a falling off in public patronage that the king commanded the two companies to unite at Drury Lane. Both Hart and Mohun retired upon this new arrangement; Lacy was dead, most of the great actors of the Restoration had passed away, and others had not yet risen up to take their places. Business went from bad to worse, and in 1690 a roguish lawyer, named Christopher Rich, bought the united patent for £80. It was under this *régime* that the stage, both commercially and socially, sank to the lowest depth of

degradation it has ever known in this country. The profits were divided into twenty parts; ten for the manager, which he sold to speculators, and ten for the performers. Cibber describes Rich as a sly tyrant, who gave the actors more liberty and fewer days' pay than any of his predecessors: "He would laugh with them over a bottle, and bite them in their bargains; he kept them poor that they might not be able to rebel, and sometimes merry that they might not think of it. All their articles of agreement had a clause that he was sure to creep out at."

Yet under this unworthy management were enrolled most of those great actors whom Colley Cibber has immortalised in his "Apology." Betterton, Mountfort—slain by the notorious *roué* Lord Mohun—Kynaston, the famous boy-actress of Charles the First's time, Leigh, Nokes, Underhill—names familiar to all readers of "The Tatler"—Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort, &c. Betterton was one of the greatest actors that has ever adorned the English stage; nor were his histrionic talents his only title to respect, for there was no person in the land too high to honour him. Bishop Tillotson received him as an honoured guest at his table, and Dryden looked up to him as a critic. "The great" Mrs. Barry, as she was always called, was one of the grandest of all tragedy queens; and of Mrs. Bracegirdle Cibber says that all the extravagance and frantic passion of Lee's "Alexander the Great" were excusable when she played Statira; that scarcely an audience saw her that were less than half of them her lovers, without a suspected favourite among them. In an age of general dissoluteness Mrs. Bracegirdle bore an irreproachable reputation. The Earl of Burlington once sent her a letter and a present of china; she kept the letter, but sent back the china by the footman who brought it, saying it must be a mistake; that it was meant for his lady, and he must take it to her immediately.

In 1695 the principal members of the company revolted from their tyrant, and fitted up a tennis court in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, as a theatre, to which they removed, leaving behind only the young and inferior actors. Deadly was the rivalry between the two houses, and at first the budding actors of Drury Lane had but little chance against the veterans who had seceded; but actors, like everybody else, wear out in time. Betterton was now an old man; several were past the maturity of their powers, and Cibber and Wilks and Barton Booth, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Oldfield, were rising to please new generations of playgo[illegible] old company moved from Lincoln's Inn [illegible]

Haymarket, which stood on the same site as that now occupied by Her Majesty's. Rich still continued to wield the sceptre of Drury Lane, and to cajole and cheat as before, until another eruption took place, and all the best of his company again seceded and went over to the new house.

Tumblers, rope-dancers, dancing-dogs and men, and mountebanks of every description were resorted to by Rich to attract an apathetic public, until the grand jury of Middlesex, in 1699, coupled the two playhouses and the bear-gardens as nuisances and riotous and disorderly assemblies that ought to be suppressed. These abuses rose to such a height, and the complaints of the actors, who found friends in high quarters, were so unremitting, that in 1709 the Lord Chamberlain silenced the patent by his authority, and closed the theatre. Christopher Rich died in 1714, while his new house in Lincoln's Inn, afterwards opened by his son John, under the combined patent of Killigrew and Davenant, was building. This patent was afterwards transferred to Covent Garden. Mr. William Collier, also a lawyer, but a different kind of man from his predecessor, now obtained a licence, during the queen's pleasure, to open Drury Lane. At the queen's death in 1714, through the influence of Sir Richard Steele, who became one of the principal directors, the licence was changed to a patent, and it was under this authority the theatre was kept open until 1843.

The first epoch of the history of Drury Lane Theatre closes with the silencing of the old patent, or rather united patents, in 1709; and during that half-century all the greatest actors of the period had matriculated upon its boards. Equally brilliant were its literary annals. Most of the productions of the finest of our dramatic writers since the days of Shakespeare were here first presented to the public; among these may be noted the greater portion of Dryden's plays, which, with all their faults, contain, excepting only "Absalom and Achitophel," some of his best work; indeed, it is not too much to say that those who are unacquainted with them are only half acquainted with the genius of their author. Etherege wrote for the Duke's Theatre, so did Otway. Most of Shadwell's, Sedley's, and Aphra Behn's comedies were also first represented by "His Highness's Servants"; but Nat Lee and Southern wrote nearly all their plays for Drury Lane; and despite the rant of the one and the over-accentuated sentimentality of the other, they did some good work, which kept the stage for upwards of a century and a half, and made the fortunes of many an actor and actress. It was in Southern's "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage," that Mrs. Siddons first took

London by storm; and his "Oronooko" was, until well within living memory, a favourite part with leading tragedians, while most of the great actors of the past have delighted in the wild flights of Lee's "Alexander." Congreve's "Old Bachelor" was brought out here in 1693, and "The Double Dealer" in 1694; the rest of his pieces were written for Lincoln's Inn. Here, also, were first performed Wycherley's "Love in a Wood," 1694; "The Country Wife," and "Plain Dealer;" Farquhar's "Love in a Bottle," "Constant Couple," "Sir Harry Wildair," "The Inconstant," and "The Recruiting Officer;" Steele's "Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode," "The Tender Husband," "The Lying Lover" (the original of Foote's "Liar"), and "The Conscious Lovers." All Cibber's plays were produced here; his best, "She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not," "The Careless Husband," and his version of "Richard III." previous to his becoming manager. Vanbrugh wrote only one piece for this theatre, "The False Friend;" the rest of his plays were brought out at the Queen's Theatre (Haymarket) and Lincoln's Inn.

Under Collier's license commenced the management of what was called the Triumvirate—Cibber, Wilks, and Dogget. The three managers were in striking contrast to each other. Cibber was the fine gentleman, his own Lord Foppington, and was never happy out of the society of a lord; he was the only actor ever admitted to White's club. Pope made him the hero of his "Dunciad"; but Cibber, though he was probably the very worst Poet Laureate that ever penned a birthday ode, was no dunce, for his two comedies just named are among the best dramatic works of the last century. He was an admirable actor in comedy, when he knew the words, which his love of fashionable company frequently prevented, and he wrote the finest theatrical book, the "Apology," in the language. Wilks, though he moved in the best society, was entirely devoted to his profession; so exact was he that he could recite a thousand lines without missing a single word, and during forty years was said never to have misplaced an article. He had few natural gifts for the stage, and yet by study he became an incomparable actor. He was the original Don Felix of "The Wonder," Sir Harry Wildair, Mirabel, Captain Plume, &c., and in these parts, as well as in Prince Hal, was unapproachable. He was the most pathetic of Macduffs, and the finest Hamlet of his day. As an actor, Dogget, in his own peculiar line, was equal to either of his associates, but he was quite apart from both; his passion was the Stock Exchange, and every moment he could spare from his profes[illegible]ted to this pursuit; he was mean and [illegible]t and

badge he left to be rowed for by Thames watermen on the 1st of August, to celebrate the accession of George the First. Dogget was a furious Whig, and it was his political intolerance that ultimately made him secede from his theatrical partnership. Barton Booth, who was generally regarded as Betterton's successor in tragedy, created such a sensation as Cato, in Addison's tragedy, that Lord Bolingbroke suggested he should be admitted to a share of the patent, and as Booth was a pet with the aristocracy, a carriage and six almost nightly waiting at the stage door to convey him to some noble house, this was little short of a command. Dogget was so indignant at being controlled by a Tory that he withdrew in high dudgeon, and ultimately received £600 for his interest in the patent, the exact sum which Booth paid for his admission. Booth was a gentleman by birth, and a scholar, and these advantages were not lost in his acting; but he had not the versatility of either of his great predecessors, Hart or Betterton. He was successful only in heavy tragedy. Foremost among the ladies under the triumvirate management was famous Ann Oldfield, who was advanced from behind the bar of the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market to be the associate of duchesses. She was the original and inimitable Lady Betty Modish of Cibber's "Careless Husband," and the old actor writes of her in the most enthusiastic terms: "I have often seen her," he says, "in private societies, where women of the best rank might have borrowed some part of her behaviour without the least diminution of their sense or dignity." She was equally great in tragedy. Chetwood says, in his "History of the Stage," "her piercing, flaming eye, with manner and action suiting, used to make me shrink with awe." She was the original Jane Shore in Rowe's tragedy of that name (1714).

During twenty years Drury Lane enjoyed an almost uninterrupted prosperity. The share netted by each manager would not be thought much in these days; £1,500 was the largest, but Cibber boasts that no creditor ever asked twice for money. Wilks died first, then Booth, after which Cibber retired. But dark days again fell upon the National Theatre, and when, in 1732, it came into the hands of a gentleman named Highmore, who had acquired Booth's share for £4,000, and Cibber's for £3,000—Mrs. Wilks retaining hers—a revolt of the company, stirred up by Colley's worthless son, Theophilus, obliged him to close the house, a ruined man, and sell his share of the patent at a great sacrifice to a young fellow of good family, named Fleetwood. And now all the grand old actors, whom Colley Cibber has described with such graphic power in his book, had passed away or retired into private life without transmitting any

of their genius to their successors. Tragedy was represented by Quin, and such mediocre artists as Ryan and Delane, mere mouthers of blank verse. Famous as Quin might have been in Cato and Falstaff, he was the most stilted of actors. There is no more powerfully drawn portrait in Churchill's "Rosciad" than that of this heavy tragedian:

> Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage;
> Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.

Quin made his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1717, but he soon afterwards passed over to Rich at Lincoln's Inn, and it is to the rival house his career belongs rather than to the National Theatre.

Another notable actor of this period was Charles Macklin. He had begun life as a badge-man or porter in Trinity College, Dublin: then he turned stroller. He made his first appearance in London, at Lincoln's Inn, in 1725, and passed over to Drury Lane in 1733. He anticipated Garrick in essaying a more natural style of acting, which, however, was voted too familiar by his contemporaries. He made his first hit under Fleetwood's management as Shylock, in a revival of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," which had not been played for forty years—a spurious piece by Lord Lansdowne, called "The Jew of Venice," having usurped its place. Shylock had hitherto been played as a low comedy part, and it was with many misgivings that the manager consented to Macklin's carrying out his idea of giving a tragic rendering of the character. Dogget had played Shylock, and made the people roar with laughter at his scene with Tubal; Macklin made them roar also, but with deafening shouts of applause, while the terrible earnestness of his trial scene held them spell-bound. It was said that George II. was so impressed by this performance—and it would have been difficult to have found a more unimaginative individual than his Hanoverian Majesty—that he could not sleep all night after witnessing it. The next morning, while in Council with Walpole, the latter happened to remark, "I wish there was some way of frightening the House of Commons." "Send them to the theatre to see that Irishman act; if that does not frighten them nothing will," replied the king. Macklin's reputation was established, he was invited to dine with Bolingbroke and Pope; the latter wrote upon him the well-known couplet:

> This is the Jew
> That Shakespeare drew;

and the play was the success of the season.

But in this very year ther[illegible] horizon a star which was destined to [illegible] actor is the reverse of [illegible]

nervous and impulsive temperament is necessary, but beyond this the born genius for the stage is a myth. Many people believe that Edmund Kean's was untutored genius, and that its flashes were inspirations of the moment, whereas Kean was the most painstaking of students, and would sometimes spend a couple of days upon the consideration of one of those seemingly unpremeditated flashes. Perhaps the only exception to this dictum that the annals of the English stage can show is David Garrick. From a child of eleven years old he was an amateur actor, it is true, but previous to his taking London by storm at the remote theatre in Goodman's Fields, as Richard III. in 1741, his professional experience had been confined to going on for harlequin one night at that house when Yates was taken ill—this was his *début*—and afterwards playing a short engagement with the same company at Ipswich. Yet within a few weeks competent judges considered that he surpassed Betterton, and Pope, who had sat at the feet of the great actor of the Restoration, said of him, "That young man never had an equal and will never have a rival." The patent theatres were deserted, and both were glad to make overtures to him. He arranged with Fleetwood for £600 per annum, and appeared at Drury Lane in May, 1742.

The fortunes of the National Theatre were, however, still fluctuating; Fleetwood was deeply in debt to his actors, and riots and disturbances of all kind were frequent, until a Norwich manufacturer named Lacey took up the patent for £6,400, and an annuity payable to Fleetwood of £600 a year. The money was found by two bankers, Green and Amber, but the panic caused by the Rebellion brought ruin to these gentlemen and embarrassment to the new lessee. In 1747 Garrick entered into partnership with him, finding money for two-thirds of his responsibilities, which amounted to £12,000, under an agreement by which he was to receive £500 a year for management, and £500 a year for acting; the profits to be equally divided between the partners. With a splendid company, including himself, Macklin, Spranger, Barry, who at Covent Garden had achieved a success scarcely inferior to his own; Mrs. Pritchard, a noble *tragédienne*; Mrs. Cibber, the most tender and exquisite of Juliet and Ophelias; delightful Peg Woffington, most inimitable of high-comedy actresses, to say nothing of her tragic powers; and Kitty Clive, unapproachable in the broader comedy. The revival of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," which had been shelved since the Restoration in favour of a garbled version of Davenant's, was the first great event of the new management. Garrick played the Thane of Glamis in a scarlet coat and powdered wig, and Mrs. Pritchard

Lady Macbeth in a hoop; but they thrilled the audience by such acting as perhaps has not been seen since in the same characters. This was the golden age of the National Theatre. And yet in 1763, though it could still boast of one of the finest companies in Europe, the receipts fell to £30, £15, and even to £5 a night. That was the time when Garrick took his famous Continental trip, and roused so much enthusiasm among his Continental admirers. He did not become sole manager of Drury Lane until Lacey's death, in 1773. At this period the expenses of the theatre, according to an authentic document published a little time ago in *Notes and Queries*, were £522 7*s.* 6*d.* weekly. In this list Lacey's salary is set down as £16 13*s.* Garrick's, for management, is the same; and for acting, £17 10*s.* Think of that, ye modern players! Spranger Barry and wife, a great actress, who thereafter as Mrs. Crawford contended, and not unsuccessfully, for the palm with Siddons, £50; Mrs. Abington, thereafter the original Lady Teazle, and one of the finest comedy actresses of the London or any other stage, £8. In 1776 Garrick announced his farewell performances, an announcement which brought people to town from the remotest parts of the country, and even from foreign lands, and on the 10th of June, as Don Felix in "The Wonder," he made his last appearance upon any stage.

Brinsley Sheridan succeeded to the dramatic throne of Old Drury in 1777. The production of his comedy of the "School for Scandal" in that year inaugurated the new management with a distinguished success. On October 10, 1782, Siddons, who had appeared as Portia seven years previously and failed direfully, made her *rentrée* at Drury Lane as Isabella, in Southern's play of that name. And with what a difference! Her beautiful face and form, the exquisite tones of her voice, her deep tenderness, seized upon every heart, and her overwhelming agony thrilled every soul as it had never been thrilled before. Men wept, women fell into hysterics, transports of applause shook the house, the excitement and enthusiasm were almost terrible in their intensity, and the curtain fell amidst such acclamations as perhaps even Garrick had never roused. The salary she was engaged at was £5 a week. The next year John Philip Kemble made his first appearance upon these boards as Hamlet, and created considerable attention but no enthusiasm.

In 1791 the old theatre, which had witnessed the triumphs of so many great actors, had fallen so into decay that it was found necessary to pull it down. The new one was opened on [illegible]
The old house had held 2,000 people and [illegible]
3,611, or nearly 600 more than the pre[illegible]

Sheridan's manager, except during an interval of four years, from 1798 to 1802; in the latter year he became part proprietor of the Covent Garden patent, his sister going with him. In 1809 Drury Lane was burned down for the second time, and when it was rebuilt and re-opened three years afterwards the proprietors, with Whitbread the brewer at their head, declined to accept Sheridan as a tenant. The *régime* of the great wit had neither been honourable to himself nor to the stage; actors, *employés*, and tradespeople were unpaid, the scenery was dilapidated, the wardrobes were shabby, the discipline was lax; a combination of circumstances that could not but tell against the artistic and commercial success of the undertaking.

And now let us again suspend for a little the histrionic records of the house to take a glance at its literature. During the reign of the triumvirate, from 1709 to 1732, several remarkable plays were produced: Addison's "Cato," Rowe's "Jane Shore," and Mrs. Centlivre's "The Wonder," in 1713; Cibber's "Nonjuror," a version of Molière's "Tartuffe," adapted to the political ideas of the time, 1718—afterwards altered by Bickerstaff and renamed "The Hypocrite"; Steele's "Conscious Lovers," and Young's "Revenge," 1721; Cibber's and Vanbrugh's fine comedy, "The Provoked Husband," 1727; Lillo's "George Barnwell," 1731. The middle of the eighteenth century was a period when universal stagnation reigned in every department of literature, more especially in the dramatic; a maudlin, sentimental comedy, utterly false to nature, took the place of the brilliant, if coarse, Queen Anne school; while tragedy walked on stilts far above the heads of humanity, clothed in the dreariest and most frigid of verse. Even under Garrick matters were little if any better; all his great successes were achieved in characters created by dead and gone dramatists. Arthur Murphy's best comedies—and these have much life and bustle—were however produced at Drury Lane, notably "The Way to Keep Him," 1760, and "All in the Wrong," 1761. Edward Moore's bald and gloomy, yet powerful play, "The Gamester," still performed by Mr. Barry Sullivan, was also brought out here in 1753. George Colman the Elder wrote his two admirable comedies, "The Jealous Wife," 1761, and "The Clandestine Marriage," 1766, for this house. Cumberland's "West Indian," his best work, and a famous play in its day, though it would now be thought very artificial, was first played here in 1771.

There were numerous new plays written and performed during this period, but as their names and those of their authors are known only to students of dramatic literature it would be useless to repeat them. As we have previously said, Sheridan almost in-

augurated his management with "The School for Scandal," 1777, and "The Critic" followed in 1779. Twenty years later he brought out "Pizarro," an adaptation from a play of Kotzebue, a rhetorical and bombastic production, by which, as it applied to the political situation of the day, he crowded Drury Lane for sixty nights, taking £1,000 a night. No other work that need be mentioned here was produced under his, from a literary point of view, singularly barren management.

And now to resume our chronicle. The new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was opened in 1812, under the management of Dr. Arnold, assisted by a committee of lords and gentlemen, including Lord Byron, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Essex, Samuel Whitbread, Douglas Kinnaird, &c. But the new house was a failure; what dramatic talent there was in the theatrical world was at Covent Garden, under Kemble, and, with few exceptions, mediocrities only possessed the stage of the National Theatre. Several new actors appeared, but all failed, until, on the 26th of January, 1814, an obscure country actor, named Edmund Kean, who had been engaged in sheer desperation, a very model of a strolling player, shabby, almost shoeless, whom the mediocrities treated at rehearsal with unconcealed contempt, made his appearance here as Shylock to an indifferent and half-filled house; but when the curtain fell upon the fourth act it was upon such a burst of wild enthusiasm as had not been heard since the night Siddons played Isabella for the first time before a London audience. The next day all London was ringing with the fame of the new actor. Richard was his next impersonation. "Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard," wrote Byron in his diary. "By Jove, he is a soul! Life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution." Coleridge said it was reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. The receipts rose from £100 to £600 nightly. After his third appearance Whitbread raised his salary from £8 to £20. One week the committee presented him with £100, the next with £500, while splendid presents flowed in upon him from all sides; society fawned upon him, flattered him, courted him. During six years he sustained the fortunes of Drury Lane upon his own shoulders; rivals rose up, fine actors, but all paled before the splendour of his overwhelming genius. By 1819 the committee of noblemen and gentlemen had grown tired of wielding the dramatic sceptre, and in that year the National Theatre passed into the hands of that eccentric genius and fine actor—immortal
Elia—Robert William Elliston. Elliston had b
public since 1796. In 1804 he had mad

Drury, as the Duke Aranza in Tobin's "Honeymoon," and he had been already manager of the Olympic and the Surrey. Stories innumerable are told of his eccentricities; as when the "Coronation of George the Fourth" was produced as a pageant upon Drury Lane stage, he advanced to the footlights, and, extending his hands towards the pit, solemnly exclaimed, "Bless ye, my people!"—and he had a medal struck for distribution among the audience. Upon the occasion of Kean's arrival in London, after his second visit to America, Elliston conducted him to the theatre in a sort of triumphal procession, the manager being in a carriage drawn by four greys, and attended by six outriders in the costumes of all nations, followed by a troop of horsemen, made up of jockeys, bruisers, &c. The terms under which Elliston undertook the management of Drury Lane were simply ruinous. The rental was to be £10,200, and all rates were to be paid by him; there were 635 perpetual free admissions, and he engaged to spend £6,000 in beautifying the building before the commencement of the second season. Among his company were Kean, Pope, Holland, Mrs. West, Mrs. Egerton, Dowton, Munden, Harley, Oxberry, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Edwin, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Orger, Braham, &c. Business was good, but no prosperity could stand against such enormous expenses. After struggling with debt and difficulty for some time, in 1826 he became bankrupt. During his seven years' lesseeship he had spent £30,000 in improving the property and paid £66,000 for rent. The whole of his liabilities amounted only to £5,500, and for this security was offered, but the shareholders would have nothing but their bond, and closed the doors against him.

A heavy Nemesis fell upon the extortioners, for the legitimate glories of the National Theatre departed with Elliston. Stephen Price was the next lessee; his reign was a very short one, and was remarkable only for introducing Edwin Forrest, the howling American tragedian, to an English audience. It was under his management that Charles Kean, in 1827, made his first appearance upon the stage as young Norval, in "Douglas." But Mr. Price very soon followed his predecessors into the bankruptcy court. "The Poet" Bunn, as "Punch" used to style him, was the next monarch of Old Drury. During his tenancy he gathered some remarkable talent about him; as scenic artists he had David Roberts and Clarkson Stanfield; in his triple company for ballet, opera, and drama, he included Taglioni, Duvernay, Elssler, Cerito, Braham, Sinclair, Templeton, Malibran, Miss Stephens, Macready, Wallack, Dowton, Knight, Keeley, Harley, Liston, Mathews, Mrs. W. West, Mrs. Waylett, Miss Smithson

(Berlioz's wife), Fanny Kelly, Ellen Tree, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Glover, &c., &c. Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," "Siege of Rochelle," and Wallace's "Maritana" were produced under his management. But Bunn was only a showman after all, and the classic theatre under his management was everything by turns—a concert-hall, a circus, and even an arena for wild beasts; for it was here, in 1839, that Van Amburgh, the lion-tamer, gave his extraordinary exhibition of brute-taming. But neither opera, ballet, drama, or wild beasts could save Bunn from the doom of his predecessors; he took Captain Polhill, M.P. for Bedford, into partnership with him, and leased Covent Garden, carrying on the two large theatres at the same time. In three years the gallant captain retired with a loss of £100,000. Bunn struggled on for a little longer, but collapsed at last. It was under him that pantomimes began to take a prominent position in the year's entertainments. Alexander Lee was the next victim, and he retired with a loss of £10,000.

At the end of 1841, for a brief period, the ancient glories of the theatre were revived under Macready's management. Macready was a great reformer; he swept away the shameful abuses which had so long disgraced the auditorium, and which, doubtless, had much to do with the prejudices against theatrical amusements that were so rampant at the time, and introduced an order and a decorum til then almost unknown; while behind the curtain he initiated that magnificent and accurate mounting of plays that has now become the *sine quâ non* of success. He gathered about him a splendid company—James Anderson, Phelps, Ryder, Keeley, Harley, Elton, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Keeley, Miss P. Horton—to illustrate some of the finest plays in the English language; but the enormous rental, the cruel burden of silver tickets that half filled the best seats on the best nights, and other extortionate conditions swallowed up profit and principal, and at the end of two years the great tragedian had to retire with an empty purse and wrecked health.

With Macready, the star of Drury Lane as a National Theatre sank for ever. In 1843 the new licensing Act was passed by which the patent theatres lost their monopoly of the legitimate drama, and Shakespeare and Sheridan were as free to the Surrey as they were to Covent Garden. Hammond, an actor, succeeded Macready, and ruined himself. Infatuated Bunn made another trial, after
had to retire to Boulogne and depend upon a frien
sistence. Jullien was the next adventurer to lose his
James Anderson, 1850-51; he produced

with a fine company and splendidly mounted, but expenses swallowed up receipts and more. An American circus, however, under the management of McCulloch, cleared thousands in the Exhibition year. Gye was manager for a few months; after which the great theatre reached its lowest depth of degradation. In as many weeks three managers, utterly impecunious, opened the house. One of these, named Bolton, on the Saturday summoned the company upon the stage, told them he had no money whatever, turned upon his heel and was seen no more. After this the committee let the theatre to E. T. Smith at a rental of £3,500. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" inaugurated the season (Boxing night, 1852), and this, followed by Charles Reade's "Gold," taken from his novel "Never Too Late to Mend," turned the tide of fortune. In the next year Gustavus Brooke was the bright particular star, and drew large houses. But Smith, like Bunn, was a showman, and alternated Brooke, Miss Glyn, Charles Mathews, with a man-fly who crawled upon the ceiling, and Rachel with a circus. Smith might have succeeded had he confined his enormous energy within reasonable bounds; but he was at the same time lessee of Drury Lane, the Alhambra, Her Majesty's, and a travelling circus; landlord of the Radnor Tavern at the top of Chancery Lane, wine merchant, auctioneer, picture dealer, land agent, bill discounter, newspaper proprietor, and many other things besides. Next in the order of succession of Drury monarchs were Falconer and Chatterton. Edmund Falconer made £13,000 at the Lyceum by the "Peep o' Day," and lost every farthing at Drury Lane. Yet those who remember his production of "King John," his splendid revival of Milton's "Comus," and Byron's "Manfred," with Phelps, Walter Montgomery, Mrs. Herman Vezin, must admit it was not for want of meriting public support. Poor Falconer, a clever man and one who experienced the strangest vicissitudes—a strolling manager and actor, not unfrequently almost shoeless and foodless—he suddenly rose to affluence, and as suddenly fell to his old position. Chatterton became sole lessee of Drury Lane in 1866. He began excellently: Shakespeare and the old comedies illustrated by such artists as Phelps, Walter Montgomery, Barry Sullivan, Ryder, Swinbourne, Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Herman Vezin, Miss Neilson, Miss Wallis. In his third season Miss Madge Robertson, now Mrs. Kendal, made her first appearance in London in Halliday's "Great City," the first of those panoramic dramas of modern life which have since been developed to such extraordinary proportions—or disproportions—on this very stage. A real cab and a real horse were the sensation of this piece: how we have advanced in realism since then! A series

of dramatic adaptations of Scott's novels, particularly "Ivanhoe," with beautiful Adelaide Neilson as Rebecca, kept up the fortunes of the theatre. But the inevitable fate to which all Drury Lane managers seem ultimately to be destined overtook him at last. At the end of the eleventh season, on February 4, 1879, his lesseeship terminated with liabilities amounting to £36,000. Yet Drury Lane must not be held entirely responsible for these losses; not content with an undertaking which was quite sufficient to absorb the energies of any one man, he must take two other London theatres, the Adelphi and Princess's, both of which proved unprofitable speculations. On November 6, 1879, Mr. Augustus Harris took up the sceptre; he has fallen upon more fortunate times than his predecessors, when dramatic amusements are more largely patronised than they have been since the days of Elizabeth and James I. Under his direction pantomime has been carried to a height of costly magnificence never dreamed of by any previous manager of old Drury.

The literary record of the present century may be contained in a single sentence, for it is not too much to say that during the last seventy years no play has been put upon the stage that will take a permanent place in our dramatic literature.

Drury Lane has undergone many alterations since its erection in 1812. Elliston altered the shape of the auditorium from circular to horse-shoe at a cost of £21,000, and the portico in Catherine Street and colonnade in Little Russell Street were not added until 1831. It underwent extensive renovation in 1866. The present dimensions of the building are 131 feet from north to south, and 237 from east to west; beyond this is a space of 93 feet devoted to scene rooms, making the entire length 330 feet.

With the exception of the Théâtre Français the annals of Drury Lane are the most illustrious of all European theatres. Upon no other stage, save that presided over by the genius of Molière, have so many great actors strutted and fretted their brief hours. There is little chance of its old glories ever being revived, but as long as the English drama exists its noblest memories must be inextricably associated with the National Theatre.

H. BARTON BAKER.

AN ALPINE VILLAGE.

IN six hours' drive from Coire, we reach the little village of Wiesen, in Canton Grisons, perched on a sunny slope, near the entrance to the gorge of the Züge. As far as Lenz the road is familiar to those who have crossed to the Engadine by the passes of the Julier or Albula. Beyond Lenz, the road branches to the left, and is carried high along the hill side, through fine and wild scenery, past the ancient castle of Belfort and the quaint village of Schmitten, with its gorgeously painted houses and its church on the summit of a green hill, approached by a path beside which are dotted, like sentry boxes, seven white little chapels. Wiesen is situate at a height of about 700 feet above the Landwasser, a rapid mountain torrent, and 4,771 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery on all sides is magnificent. There is an old-world atmosphere about the place which is very charming. In the quaint streets of the old village (as distinguished from the modern part of Wiesen) the houses bear curious and half-obliterated inscriptions, the walls are decorated with odd drawings, and the windows protected by iron trellis-work. Every peasant as he passes has a genial "Guten Tag" to say, and the only indication that is given of the presence of the English is in the friendly way the villagers receive the ubiquitous photographer. "You are going to make a picture," they remark, as they see the well-known tripod and case, and, on assenting, they invariably take special care to place themselevs so that the view may be quite subservient to their portraits. You lead them farther off, and they stand immovable, with arms hanging straight down at their sides, and heels together, till they see the cap replaced on the lens, when they once more awake into life and saunter away.

Should the very unusual event of a death take place in Wiesen, the whole village goes into mourning for three weeks. Probably this is to be accounted for by the fact that everyone is related to everyone else—more or less—and the inhabitants are, consequently, like one large family. The laws relating to Christmas Day, Easter Day, and Harvest-thanksgiving Day are very strict. With the exception of the doctor and the pastor, no one is allowed to drive on

either of these festivals under pain of a fine or imprisonment. On Sundays, outside the church, the men assemble and place themselves on one side of the entrance, and the women on the other side. They remain there, the two parties never mingling, till the pastor arrives, and when he has entered the building, they throng in after him, and take their places on different sides of the aisle.

The post-office arrangements are excessively primitive, and I have been told that, on rare occasions, when a letter arrives for some one at Jenisberg, the tiny village opposite Wiesen, it is allowed to remain at the post office till the villagers from Jenisberg come over on the following Sunday to church.

I was awakened one night when last staying at Wiesen by a terrific din in the street, just under my window. It might have been shouting, or it might have been quarrelling. In any case it made the night hideous. As the sounds at length died away in the distance, I considered how best I could inform the landlord, Mr. Palmy, of the matter, and have the disturber of my slumbers restrained.

"Mr. Palmy," I said, next morning, "there was a very disorderly person making a great noise outside the hotel last night; he ought not to be allowed to wander about and make such a commotion so late."

"What time was it?" Mr. Palmy inquired.

"About midnight, I think," was my answer.

"Then," remarked Mr. Palmy, "it must have been *the watchman!*"

"The watchman!" I exclaimed; "but what does he mean by making such a noise?"

"Oh, he *sings.*"

"Does he?" I inquired sceptically. "Then what does he sing about? Do you know the words of his song?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Palmy; "he sings—

Hört, ihr Herren, und lasst euch sagen,
Unsere Glock hat zwölf geschlagen;
Zwölf, das ist das End der Zeit:
Mensch, bedenk die Ewigkeit." [1]

"One would think of 'the end of time' on hearing him sing, even without understanding the words," I observed; "anything more appalling I never had the misfortune to hear."

[1] Hear, my masters, let me tell,
Twelve has sounded from our bell,
Twelve, that is of time the end,
Bids you think what road you wend.

Mr. Palmy then told me that the watch is kept by a different person every night. Each adult male of the inhabitants of the village takes it in turn to fulfil this duty. Fortunately, the individual with the remarkable voice seems to combine strength of lungs and originality of style to an extent not attained by his neighbours !

A dance is sometimes given in the little village, and on such an occasion each girl who joins in the festivity brings bread and cakes for herself and her partners, and the young men supply wine and coffee. When one of the villagers is about to leave Wiesen, and expects to remain away for a considerable time, the neighbours meet together in one of the *châlets*, and partake of the Veltliner wine which is the favourite drink in the Grisons. All the public works are carried on by the inhabitants themselves, and when a heavy snow-fall takes place a man from each house is sent to work on the roads till the communication is once more opened. No one is exempt from this order, but, on payment of a certain sum, a substitute can be obtained. The cultivation of the land on the steep slopes is carried on by the aid of a rope which is passed round a post, and a wheelbarrow attached to each end. The labourer who descends helps to pull up the barrow of the man who is mounting, so that the latter has only to steady his barrow in addition to lifting his own weight. Occasionally, but very rarely, the rope breaks, and then the person who is going down almost invariably has a nasty fall.

But the old-world life of Wiesen is likely soon to be disturbed, for the place bids fair to rival Davos as a winter health resort.

Winter in the heights of Switzerland is very pleasant, and there are none of those hardships which many people seem to consider inseparable from a winter residence in a valley which is covered with snow for four or five months of the year. I have often been asked if the winter guests at Davos or St. Moritz are not often snowed up, and unable to leave their quarters from the beginning of November to the end of March. This idea is quite a mistaken one. The roads are rarely blocked, even after a very heavy fall of snow, for more than a few hours, and a journey in a sledge is generally accomplished in a shorter time than one in a vehicle on wheels. Skating and tobogganing, sledging and walking, are the amusements which occupy the visitor during the day; and after dinner, dancing, concerts, and theatricals are the evening entertainments of those who spend the winter at Davos or in the Engadine. The bracing air works wonders for the majority of those who come to be cured in the Alps ; but there is no doubt that many invalids suffering from pulmonary and other disorders make more progress towards recovery

at altitudes between 4,000 and 5,000 feet, than between 5,000 and 6,000 feet. Till last year a winter health resort in Switzerland, at an altitude of about 4,500 feet, was altogether unknown, but in the autumn of 1884, several English people, who had wintered the year before at St. Moritz, determined to try Wiesen, and they remained there from October till May. They gained more benefit at Wiesen than they had in the Engadine, and found the air milder, and the wind less keen, than at Davos. The result of meteorological observations carried on at Wiesen last winter by an English doctor staying there clearly proved that the weather was more favourable than at either St. Moritz or Davos. The two hotels, both belonging to the same proprietor, are very comfortable, and the prices are moderate. They were kept open for the reception of winter guests last year for the first time. A doctor resided at the Hôtel Belle Vue, and one will now remain there permanently for the whole year. In spring, Wiesen is very suitable for persons who have wintered in the Swiss heights. This is quite the most difficult time of year at which to find a place which shall be milder than the Engadine or Davos, and yet neither damp or relaxing. My attention was forcibly called to this great want by a conversation which I overheard a short time ago. I cannot do better than repeat the remarks of the two gentlemen by whom it was carried on, one of whom had spent several winters at Davos :

"And after passing the winter in the heights, where do people generally go in the spring?"

"To Ragaz, Thusis, or Promontognio," was the answer.

"Are there no other places for invalids to go to within a short distance of their winter quarters, which are dry and bracing, and yet milder than Davos or the Engadine? Surely the places you have mentioned must be damp and relaxing ; in fact, not much better than England," remarked the first speaker.

"That's quite true," said his friend ; "but I think it's a matter of habit with most people. Doctors advise invalids to break their journey to England at the various places I have spoken of, and as soon as the skating and tobogganing are rendered impossible by the melting of the snow, people begin to feel bored, and they long for the luxuriant vegetation of the plains after the brown slopes so recently divested of their white covering. They beg their doctors to allow them to go to Ragaz, or whatever place they select, for a few weeks before returning to England. Down they all flock. But almost invariably they suffer from the bad effects of the damp and relaxing air, and arrive at home far less abl[illegible] [illegible]ate than they would have been [illegible]

"Then do you advise people to stay at Davos, or at St. Moritz, till they go to England?"

"No, I can't say, on the whole, that I do. I have found the winds in spring very trying at both these places; yet I am sure that going down is even worse than remaining. What is wanted is an intermediate station, dry and bracing, but less keen than Davos or the Engadine."

The conversation ceased, but it led me to ponder on the subject, by no means for the first time, and finally I decided to make known as widely as possible my experience of Wiesen as a winter and spring health resort.

By the time that the snow-melting sets in at Davos, which is sometimes early in March and sometimes in April, this somewhat unpleasant period is generally quite over at Wiesen, and the piercing winds which blow in spring in the Engadine and Davos do not reach the more sheltered neighbourhood of Wiesen. In May the scene becomes fairylike in its beauty. In front are the three fine peaks of Piz d'Aela, the Tinzenhorn, and Piz Michel. Below the village steep woods and meadows slope down to the river, crossed at a height of nearly 300 feet by the picturesque old covered bridge of Jenisberg. The ground is carpeted with fragrant lilies of the valley, and the slopes are studded with blue gentians. There are numberless walks, suitable for the delicate, and long excursions which can be made by the robust, while the drive to Davos through the gorge of the Züge rivals that through the celebrated Via Mala. Wiesen is also very pleasant in the autumn, and some English families, who like the quiet of the place and the purity of the air, remain during the summer. If some of our well-known London physicians who visit Davos in winter would, on leaving, drive to Coire *viâ* Wiesen, instead of going away by Landquart, they would then be enabled to form an idea of the resources of the place as a health resort in spring and winter, and would find their knowledge of its climate most useful for cases which they doubt the advisability of ordering to higher altitudes.

E. BURNABY.

A FRENCH FISHING EXPEDITION.

THE French are so little given to distant commercial expeditions, especially to such as are of a maritime character, that there is ground for surprise in the fact that a large number of their fishermen annually betake themselves to the confines of the Arctic Ocean for the purpose of engaging in the cod-fishery. It seems but natural to a people like ourselves that English ships and English traders should be found wherever there is occupation for them. As a matter of fact, they are everywhere to be met with. But in these high latitudes, less distant from the shores of England than from those of France, we not only find large numbers of Frenchmen, but we discover them to be far more numerous than the men of any other nationality. During the fishing season, there are for every English vessel in Icelandic waters from ten to fifteen of our Gallic neighbours' barks. And the latter outnumber those of all other nations present in the proportions of at least five to one. Faskrud Fiord on the eastern side of the island and Patreks Fiord on the western side resemble in May Normandy seaports in the aspect of the seafaring population. This singular disproportion in the nationality of the immigrant fishermen is in the main an outcome of a curious industry which has grown up in recent times in the north of France—namely, the furnishing of codfish roe as bait to the sardine-fishers. It is not to be understood, however, that the procuring of this material is now the chief purpose of the sending of a numerous fleet of boats to Iceland. The demand for bait first led those interested in the matter to have recourse to these waters. But the enterprise, once engaged in, afforded an opportunity for extending the fishing industry of the north of France, or rather for creating a new one for the benefit of that locality. The attention of speculative shipowners was speedily attracted to this chance, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the promising opportunity. In a few years they succeeded in establishing the Iceland cod-fishery as it now exists, an important adjunct to the home industry. The enterprise is kept up by sending out annually a large and well-equipped fleet of fishing-boats, provisioned for a seven months' absence, and provided with "runners," or light sailing-craft, to bring back the

early catches. This expedition has become, in point of magnitude, the most important of its kind in Europe. But besides its great and growing importance as a commercial undertaking, it possesses many interesting features, and offers a picture of seafaring life not to be met with elsewhere.

Nearly all the ports on the northern coast of France take part in the expedition; but by far the greater number of boats—scarcely less than half the entire gathering—are sent out from Dunkirk. Paimpol follows next in the order of importance by adding forty-six boats to the fleet of 101 that sailed from the former port last year, and Binic takes the third place with twenty-five boats. The number is swollen by the contributions of the lesser ports along the coast down to Saint-Malo, whence comes a goodly addition to the fleet. The entire expedition was in 1884 composed of 218 sail, a number less by twenty-three than that of the preceding year. This circumstance is to be accounted for by the unsatisfactory results of the season of 1883. The boats, which registered in the aggregate about 22,500 tons, were manned by about 4,000 men.

The craft composing this expedition are owned chiefly by men who give their attention almost exclusively to this distant fishing; some of them dispatch annually two or three of their larger boats to the Newfoundland coast. They are all of the "schooner" or the "lugger" class, the former greatly predominating. In size they vary from 100 to 150 tons. Of the larger burthen, however, there are but few, these being the new craft, which the owners have but recently begun to build.

The equipment of these fishing-boats, especially the provision of a suitable commander and crew, is a matter demanding serious consideration and involving conditions not easily satisfied. The captains must be men of large experience, not merely in nautical affairs generally, but also in the navigation of the Icelandic waters. The changeful character of those stormy climes and the perilous approaches to the refuges in the "fiords" make it necessary to the safety of the bark that her commander be well informed concerning these circumstances; and the commercial success of the undertaking requires no less that he be intimately acquainted with the fishing-grounds, and possess a full knowledge of the habits of the fish frequenting them. Moreover, none, whether chief or subordinate, may occupy a place in these boats who are not in perfect health and of a constitution capable of enduring the hardships that have to be undergone and the unwholesome influences that are allowed to prevail. The captains have therefore to be selected from among

the seamen of former expeditions. This limiting of the choice enhances the money value of their services, and as well on this account as on that of the privations and risks of the enterprise, they claim and obtain high pay. The crews are composed partly of experienced seamen and partly of novices who engage for the season, attracted by the liberal rate of payment, and particularly by the bounty offered in the shape of an advance of about one-fourth of their earnings. Without these inducements it would be impossible to obtain the men needed for the expedition. The Frenchman leaves his native land with extreme reluctance even when enticed by fair prospects. But when he adds to the sentiment which attaches him to his home the recollection of the hardships and perils of a former voyage to these northern seas, he is not to be easily prevailed on to repeat his experiences. Hence it comes about that the fishermen of this expedition, considered apart from the regular seamen, have to be largely recruited each year from among the peasants who gain a hard living upon the lands bordering on the sea. Most of those who join are urged by pressing necessity; though there are, of course, here as elsewhere, adventurous spirits who gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of escaping from the monotonous round of life into which they were born. These are the men who continue their service in the fishery year after year till they attain the rank of captain. But usually the determining circumstance is some debt that weighs heavily upon the family, or the need of a little ready money to enable the possessor to start in life on his own account with the long-desired wife of his choice. The captain who is seeking to recruit his crew for the coming season repairs on Sunday to those places of rendezvous where in every village the youth of the locality congregates. The neighbourhood of the church gates shortly after morning service affords him his best chance. He there makes his wants known and the advantages he is prepared to offer. He quickly perceives if there be one among those present who exhibits an interest in his proposals, and this one he singles out to be talked at through the medium of the rest present; for he is careful to abstain from addressing his remarks to the interested one. In this he shows no small degree of acuteness. One after another he sets out the inducements he has to offer. He usually begins by expressing his belief that the coming season will be a prosperous and a pleasant one, and then goes on to point out the special advantages possessed by this year's expedition, always ending with a glowing account of the liberal payment in this service, and not forgetting to make mention of the money in advance. The young man for whose ears all this was intended is set dreaming

of the possibilities thus opened to his view. Visions of aged and oppressed parents, it may be, relieved from the clutches of a hard creditor, of a widowed mother placed in more comfortable circumstances, or of a neatly arranged dwelling, in which he and his present sweetheart figure as the principal personages, arise in his mind. The recruiting captain has not been slow to read the emotion betrayed in the young man's countenance, and when at length the latter turns to him for further information, or lingers behind after his comrades have gone their way, he is prepared to follow up his advantage promptly. If more persuasion is needed to complete his work, he bears his man away to the nearest *cabaret*, where he again assails him from the side on which success seems most easy of attainment. Wine does the rest, and the agreement is signed.

About the middle of February the fleet is ready to sail. Each contingent lies in its own port awaiting the officers of the *commission de visite*, whose duty it is to inspect the boats immediately previous to their departure. This official inspection has been found to be necessary in the interests of the men; for without some check of this kind upon their doings, owners might be tempted to send out boats unfit for the voyage and insufficiently provisioned. The inspection is limited to these matters, sanitary arrangements being wholly uncared for. Consequences of this neglect are to be seen in overcrowding, and in the lack of even elementary cleanliness. It is made compulsory on the owners to provide a certain allowance of grog per man, and the captain is required to store the spirits in a place inaccessible to his crew. The common practice is to store the larger part away beneath the salt carried for the preservation of the fish. A well-filled medicine-chest, with a book of instructions for use, also forms a part of the necessary provisions for each boat. All these things having been provided to the satisfaction of the inspecting officers, and duly certified by them to the proper authorities, permits to depart are delivered to the captains. The boats then put to sea, and the whole assembled fleet sails direct to Iceland.

The arrival of the expedition off the coasts of Iceland is an interesting and a pleasing event to the natives. Very friendly relations exist between these and the French fishermen. The Frenchman, even when he belongs to the lower class of society, possesses in a high degree the happy art of making himself agreeable to the company into which he is thrown, and in this respect he compares favourably with the men of other nations who repair to these fishing-grounds. The Norwegians, who are the near neighbours of the Icelanders, excite much jealousy and animosity by their

imperious bearing and disregard of the interests of the Icelanders. But their French visitors adopt a conciliatory behaviour towards them, and strictly observe their laws and customs. So desirous are the French authorities of gaining and retaining the good-will of the Icelanders, that during the season a gun-boat is stationed at Reykiavik to enforce observance of all the requirements of the country. For this reason, while the Norwegians are regarded with dislike and treated with small consideration, the French are heartily welcomed and are left free to fish how and where they will. This kindly feeling shows itself conspicuously in cases of shipwreck, a disaster of no uncommon occurrence. The sufferers who escape are hospitably received and tenderly cared for. When, therefore, the sails of the expedition appear on the horizon, and the long-deserted offing becomes again thickly dotted with the tricolor-bearing craft, there is much rejoicing among the dwellers along the coast, and every opportunity is taken of testifying the sincerity of their feelings by affording whatever aid may be needed.

The "fishing-grounds" are the waters off the east, south, and west coasts. The northern water is usually too much blocked with ice to allow of safe navigation on that side. These waters are deep, and the shores of the island generally rise precipitously, and often to a great height. But in these volcanic rocks there are, often at short intervals, deep clefts through which the numerous streams from the interior flow into the sea. These openings widen out inland and form bays sheltered on all sides, where a safe anchorage may be found for vessels of a considerable size. In these "fiords," the approaches to which are peculiarly dangerous, the native boats take refuge, and the larger craft of the foreign fishermen avail themselves of the same shelter whenever the exigencies of the season render a retreat into harbour necessary. During the period of the March winds, which blow with great violence in these regions, the Icelanders seldom venture far from the shelter of these fiords. The rough season begins about the middle of March and lasts till the middle of April. This is a very dangerous time both to the natives and to the foreign fishermen; for though the former do not venture far from the protection of their rocky inlets, their craft are too small to weather a storm in an exposed situation. The risk is increased by the thick mists which accompany these spring winds, and which hide the rocky coast from view till the bark is on the point of being dashed upon it. The loss of life among the native fishermen during this season is very great. Disasters occur, too, in the French flotilla; sometimes sev[illegible] are lost, and it is rare indeed that

all return to the ports whence they set out. The boats of other nations usually arrive after this stormy period, and escape the great risks of the undertaking.

The fishing season is divided into two periods. The first, called by the natives *ver-tima*, begins on the 3rd of February and lasts till the 12th of May. The commencement of *ver-tima* is a time of much pleasurable excitement. The long, rigorous, and dark winter renders most outdoor occupations impracticable, and the first day of the fishing season is looked forward to as the time of escape from the monotonous life within-doors. The men, especially the younger members of the family, flock down to the sea from their isolated and widely scattered huts, leaving for the time the care of their cattle to the women. The shores, which for months have been deserted, become all at once alive with fishermen, clad in their sheepskin dresses, ready to man the boats lying prepared to receive them. The dress gives these men a striking but not unpicturesque appearance. It consists wholly of sheepskin from head to foot. A close-fitting cap of this material, with lappets for the ears, leaves only the face exposed. When on the head, it resembles a bonnet rather than a cap. A jacket, fitting closely round the neck, descends to the hips, and is tied tightly round the loins over the band of the trousers to prevent the water from getting in between them. The trousers are made to fit the leg so as to serve as stockings as well; and the shoes, which are of the same material as the rest of the dress, are tied tightly over these. A more suitable dress could hardly be designed.

The Icelanders are busily occupied in fishing when the French boats arrive. As the first period of the season is already far advanced, the latter commence operations as soon as they have notified their presence officially to the governor of the island. This early fishing is carried on in the open water off the southern coast, the ice towards the north and the approaching rough season rendering it unsafe at this time of the year to fish off the eastern or the western coasts. Most of the boats make at once for Ingolfshöfthi, and, starting thence on their fishing course, sail slowly round to the south. Arrived there, they lie off in a line several miles long to intercept the fish as they come in to deposit their spawn. Seen from the land, they form a striking picture. The long distant line of black hulls, throwing up their slender masts and spars against the background of the leaden-grey sky beyond, has in the dim light a phantom-like aspect not soon to be forgotten. But the picture may quickly vanish. Within an hour all may be changed. Suddenly the sails are unfurled; the line

breaks up; and the dark hulls of the vessels grow less and less distinct as they recede seaward. Heavy grey clouds are rolling up from the south-east. The sea-birds are flying wildly about, and returning to the land. A storm is coming on. In a few minutes the boats are lost in the advancing billows of cloud that come rolling over the ruffled surface of the water. Nearer and nearer they come, hiding everything from view as they approach. A furious shrieking gust of wind, a sudden darkness, and the storm is upon us. None can look to windward, for the snow beats into the face with blinding force; nothing can be seen in any direction save the thick flying flakes. Woe to the boat now that is not far out to sea or in the shelter of a bay. Sometimes a crew is tempted to linger to take advantage of an opportunity when the fish bite freely. The consequence is almost certain destruction. These storms are often of long duration. As soon as the sky has cleared, the boats return to resume their former positions in the offing, and the picture is restored.

The work on board one of these boats is of the most arduous character. It is carried on without intermission during the continuance of fair weather. One third of the crew—all for whom there is accommodation—sleep, while the rest fish. After an exposure of eighteen hours to the cold wind, sleet, and spray, they retire to rest in their wet clothes, which are often not changed for a month at a time. Their dress is of woollen materials from head to foot. An oilskin cape protects the shoulders, and beneath is worn a kind of petticoat of the same material. The hands are gloved, partly for warmth, and partly to protect the flesh against the abrading action of the stout fishing-line which is constantly running through them. The line is provided with two hooks, and it is easy to understand that so heavy a fish as the cod cannot be hauled on board without the exertion of considerable force. As each fish is removed from the hook, its tongue is cut out and placed in a leathern bag as a record of the number caught. These labours are continued till the 12th of May brings the first period of the season to an end, when the boats put into the fiords for a few days' rest, and to prepare for the second period, which is to be passed in other places.

The rest is much needed, for by this time the crews are exhausted by fatigue and exposure, and there are usually many cases of sickness. This affords the captains of the boats an opportunity for turning their knowledge of medicine to account; and it must be confessed that in this capacity of medical advis[illegible] not appear to advantage. They are provided w[illegible]
of instructions; but this they r[illegible]

preconceived notions of medical treatment, the outcome of utter ignorance, they prescribe remedies that would hardly occur to the mind of the trained practitioner. The result is usually unfortunate for the sick, whose only chance of recovery often lies in the necessity which compels their medical attendant to close his chest and put to sea again within a few days. Those who find themselves unable to resume work are left behind in the *House of Refuge*, a low wooden building, blackened with tar, which the French authorities have provided at Reykiavik to serve the double purpose of a hospital for the sick and a place of refuge for the shipwrecked. Here they remain till sufficiently recovered to rejoin their boats, or till a homeward-bound vessel can be found to take them on board. The rest of the crews do their best to keep holiday during these days on shore, and mingle freely with the native fishermen, who vie one with another in offering hospitality to their visitors. The latter are careful to retain the good-will of their entertainers. On this head the captains of the French boats evince much anxiety, and take effective measures to prevent any malpractices on the part of their crews. The chief risk of offence lies in the temptation to kill the eider ducks, which are so tame that they may be stroked with the hand, and, of course, picked up by the fishermen were the latter so minded. If it be borne in mind that for ten weeks these men have eaten hardly any other food than cods' heads, it will be readily admitted that the temptation to poach is strong. But, thanks, perhaps, to a vigilant watch, infractions of the bird laws are of rare occurrence. The "fiords" most frequented during this interseasonal period are Faskrud on the east and Patreks on the west; these are crowded with the French fishermen. The stranger arriving at these times might, amid the clack of sabots and the nasal sounds of the Brittany *patois*, easily imagine himself in one of the fishing-ports of the northern coast of France. But these days of rest and relaxation are few. The second fishing begins towards the end of May, and by that time the boats must be again at sea.

The French alone share with the Icelanders the first fishing. But now come craft from Norway, from England, and even from America. The port of Grimsby annually sends some twenty boats. This second fishing is continued till about the middle of August, and as the summer advances the boats work their way round by both the eastern and western coasts towards the north of the island, following the track of the fish. About the end of June the ice begins to float down from the coast of Greenland, driving the fish southward, and enabling the fishermen who venture far to the north

to make good catches towards the end of the season. In favourable weather a boat's crew will take as many as a thousand cod a day. But the work is sorely hindered by storms even in the summer. Sometimes, after searching for days with only moderate success, fish are found in plenty, and just as the " take " is becoming good, heavy thunder-clouds appear on the horizon, and the boats have to be put out to sea. When the storm is over, the fish are no longer to be found. The total number of fish taken during the season varies, according to the luck of the crew, from twenty to sixty thousand.

By the middle of August the winter season has again set in, and fishing is at an end. The boats are put into trim for the voyage home, and the fleet assemble to depart. This is a joyful time for the crews, who have endured six months of indescribable hardships and suffered many enfeebling privations. The want of bread is severely felt, and a never-changing fish diet, consisting solely of cods' heads, becomes at length disgusting to the palate. Though the voyage home in the heavily laden boats is perilous and long, it is contemplated with almost frantic delight when the time for the departure arrives ; and adieu is bidden to the shores of Iceland without one feeling of regret.

GEO. G. ANDRÉ.

SNAKES IN POETRY.

PART I.

IN all the range of poetry there is no object in nature, outside humanity, which has engaged fancy more constantly or in so many diverse moods as the serpent. Invested in Holy Writ with a most portentous individuality, reverenced at one time or another with divine honours by almost every race upon the earth, and woven inextricably into the legends of nearly every language; endowed in classical literature with all conceivable attributes, both malignant and benign; honoured through succeeding ages with such persistent superstition as to constitute it almost the central figure of folk-myth: it is not to be wondered at that the poetic mind should be so attracted by an image that has fascinated mankind from the earliest times and still maintains its rank as the chiefest of Nature's parables. The serpent, however, has a prodigious literature of its own, and into this I have here no intention to make any expedition. My concern is specifically with "Snakes in Poetry," and even when thus restricted, the subject is sufficiently large and many-sided, "rolling in orbs immense its length of coils," to make me prefer to take it in sections. The first of these is the reptile "in nature."

Now, very few of our British poets knew anything at all personally of the snake in nature, and, as they always did until the time of Wordsworth, and sometimes even later, they went for their facts to Holy Writ, classical myths, or popular superstition. Moreover, in the matter of natural history they follow each other with remarkable fidelity, and nearly all the errors of later poets are to be traced, by the actual language used, back to the elder. The serpent, therefore, continues to be "deceitful," and the adder "deaf," and snakes generally are said to be "slimy," to leap upon their victims, to wound with their tongues, or sting with their tails. Like them there is nothing for fatal and determined malignity; it is death to enrage them.

Yet, how very different are the facts. Even in my own casual acquaintance with venomous species I have learnt—indeed, the first experience was enough to teach me—what poor, helpless,

attitude of a snake when excited. My visitor in the present case had raised itself as high as it could, something over a foot, and was swaying from side to side in accurate rhythm, as if in a trance; and in the uplift of the head, the proud drawing-back of the neck, there was a positive majesty of bearing hardly conceivable in a poor worm some four feet long. Now, a Portuguese author, writing of India, says: "The sudden appearance of a cobra-da-capello in a room is considered to presage some future good or evil. It is the Divinity himself in this form, or at least his messenger, and the bringer of rewards or chastisement. Although it is exceedingly venomous, it is neither killed nor molested in the house which it enters, but respected, and even caressed." Far different was the fate of the cobra that intruded upon my room. For I got up, and, keeping my ruler in my hand, went towards the snake. Turning to my class, I said, "It is a very sacred animal, I know—but not in a lecture-room." And therewith, while the poor creature was still continuing its sing-song oscillation, I knocked it over with a smart tap on the head from my ebony sceptre. "Besides," I continued, "the Government has placed a reward of fourpence-halfpenny on its head," and I took up my umbrella, and, putting the point of it under the writhing thing, jerked it out into the sunlight. And before I got back to my chair there was a rush of wings to the doorway, and the next instant a couple of kites were carrying the cobra away in halves into two separate parishes.

So it will be understood that I have not for the natural serpent any superstitious reverence. On the other hand, it may be objected that I am not a fit person to undertake the criticism of poets on a subject so full of suggestive fancies. In self-defence, therefore, I venture to say that I have written much, as some of my readers perhaps may know, upon this fascinating subject, and not altogether, I hope, without sympathy with the beautiful myths of antiquity and the engaging credulities of more modern ignorance. But the great majority do not know this; and to escape, therefore, the charge of not recognising the aspects from which poets survey the reptile-world, I will repeat here a paragraph from a paper in which I took the liberty of putting into Mr. Ruskin's mouth a lecture on snakes.

> Without a horizon on any side of him, the speaker could hold high revel among a multitude of delightful phantasies, and make holiday with all the beasts of fable. Ranging from Greek to Saxon, and from Latin to Norman, Mr. Ruskin could traverse all the cloudlands of myth and the solid fields of history, lighting the way as he went with felicitous glimpses of a wise fancy, and bringing up in quaint disorder, and yet in order too, all the grotesque things that heraldry owns and the Old World in days past knew so much of; the wyvern, with its vicious cast of countenance, but inadequate stomach; the spiny and always rampant

dragon-kind; the hydra, unhappy beast that must have suffered from such a multitudinous toothache; the crowned basilisk, king of the reptiles and chiefest of vermin; the gorgon, with snakes for hair; and the terrible echidna; the cockatrice, fell worm, whose first glance was petrifaction, and whose second, death; the salamander, of such subtle sort that he digested flame; the chimæra, shapeless, yet deadly; the dread cerastes; the aspic, "pretty worm of Nilus," fatal as lightning and as swift; and the dypsas, whose portentous aspect sufficed to hold the path against an army of Rome's choicest legion. From astronomy, where Serpentarius, baleful constellation, glitters, and refulgent Draco rears his impossible but delightful head, the speaker could run through all the forms of dragon idealism, recalling to his audience as he went on his way, beset with "unspeakable" monsters, the poems of the Greek, and of yet older mythologies, churning up the old waters with a shesh of his own, and summoning into sight at the sound of his pipe all the mystery-loving reptiles of mythology, like one of the old Psylli or the Marmarids, or one of the Magi, sons of Chus, "tame, at whose voices, spellbound, the dread cerastes lay." The snakes of antiquity, it is true, have come down to us dignified, and made terrible by the honours and fears of past ages, when the Egyptians and the Greeks bound the aspic round the head of the idol as the most regal of tiaras, and crowned in fancy the adder and the asp; when nations tenanted their sacred groves with even more sacred serpents; entrusted to their care all that kings held most precious, and the gems the jealous earth still held undug; deifying some of their worms, and giving the names of others to their gods. But the actual facts known to science of modern snakes, the deadlier sort of the ophidians, invest them with terrors equal to any creature of fable, and, with the superstitious, might entitle them to equal honours with the past objects of Ammonian worship and the central figures in the rites of Thermuthis or of Ops.

Very few specific varieties of the ophidian class find notice in verse. Apostrophising the Red Man—whom Mrs. Hemans, by the way, calls "a snake"—Eliza Cook bids him go and consort with "the whipsnake and the jaguar," a task which is as cruelly severe as any ever set by the wicked stepmothers of the fairy tales, for to consort simultaneously with both whipsnake and jaguar would necessitate the Red Man's being in two places at once, seeing that those creatures inhabit different continents.

The "rattlesnake" meets with frequent reference. Byron has these mysterious lines:

> Sprung from a race whose rising blood,
> When stirred beyond its calmer mood
> *And trodden hard upon*, is like
> The rattlesnake's in act to strike.

"Like a live arrow leapt the rattlesnake," says Montgomery; but Goldsmith's line, "The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake," is perhaps the best, though Butler is certainly more truthful to nature when he says—

> One that idly rails and threats,
> And all the mischief that he meant
> Does, like a rattlesnake, prevent.

For this snake's alarum is, I think, from the personal experience of the reptile already touched on, a merciful provision for the security of man and beast, rather than any additional circumstance of malignity in the reptile. But for the warning sound I should myself have often come very near to treading on them, and on one occasion actually touching one with my hand; but the smallest alarm makes the hidden thing declare itself. The noisy gift, in fact, is fatal to the snake, and the salvation of everything else.

Following up her "whipsnake and jaguar" with another impossible association, Eliza Cook has "the boa and the vulture" consorting together for the Red Man's ruin.

Asps, of course, have filled, ever since "the pretty worm of Nilus" (momentous burden) was brought up by country clowns hidden in fig-leaves into the palace of Cleopatra—herself Mark Antony's "serpent of old Nile"—a large space in serpent-lore. But they are not found often in English verse. In his "Camel-driver," Collins appropriately places it in Arabian deserts:

> At that dread hour the silent asp shall creep,
> If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep.

And perhaps in the next couplet he refers to the asp's natural companion in the sandy wilderness, the puff-adder:

> Or some swol'n serpent twist his scales around
> And wake to anguish with a burning wound.

That this little worm lets itself be eaten by cranes in order to feed at its ease upon the bird's entrails is a curious fiction more than once alluded to in metaphor, and now and again the word "asp" occurs as a generic name for venomous snakes rather than of any specific viper. The "desert serpent" of Campbell, that dwells in "desolation cold," might be the asp or "horned cerastes dire" if the poet had not naturalised it in America. But Campbell is at all times delightfully incorrect in his natural history.

King's "hornèd serpents," that Megæra wears, are perhaps the cerastes; but Moore, misunderstanding the name of another species, makes an amusingly characteristic error as to its meaning. He says:

> The smooth glass-snake, gliding o'er my way,
> Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form—

evidently thinking the reptile got its name from being transparent. But it is as opaque as any other worm, and owes the prefix to its exceeding brittleness. Moreover, the "glass-snakes" are hardly snakes at all, but only snake-like lizards. Sir William Jones has an

Indian "serpent dire," of size minute, with necklace brown and freckled side, which I do not identify. Still more uncertain is the "blue serpent" with which, in the satire of Rufinus, the Fury "girds her waist around, after *binding* her hair" (albeit composed of snakes) "with *an adamant*."[1]

The water-snake, it might have been thought, would have been a very attractive image to poets, but such is not the case. It is but seldom met with, and even on those infrequent occasions without any attempt to take advantage of so masterly a touch of nature. Moore's fancy imagines many a "water-snake" slumbering on lily-leaves in Lake Erie. But it is only in Shelley, the poet of the snake, that this serpent meets with competent recognition. Thus:

> The snake,
> The pole-snake that, with eager breath,
> Creeps here his noontide thirst to slake,
> Is beaming with many a mingled hue
> Shed from yon dome's eternal blue
> When he floats on that dark and lucid flood
> In the light of his own loveliness.

What "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear: Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely," may have been in ancient Palestine, it is now scarcely possible to say; but in the old version of Holy Writ the translators rendered the original word sometimes as "adder," sometimes as "cockatrice;" a fearful reptile, which in the days of King James was thoroughly believed in. But our poets, knowing that one of the English snakes is so called, transferred to it the epithet of "deaf"—regardless of the fact that the creature is really rather quick of hearing. "Fierce" is another epithet sometimes coupled with it—"as the adder deaf and fierce"; "fierce as the adder and as deaf." Pope has "fierce as a startled adder," and our English reptile, though a timid thing, will turn at bay if pursued and teased.

Viper is poetically, as also in popular language, a synonym of adder, and the name is given as a rule to all snakes that are of the smaller size but greater venom. For the larger, the name "serpent" is appropriated. To illustrate this from Thomson:

> Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
> Which e'en Imagination fears to tread,
> At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
> In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
> Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused,

[1] The Fury, having performed these feats of the toilette, proceeds to Phlegethon, "whose *pitchy* waves are flakes of rolling flame." Why *pitchy*?

He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tongue
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst, appalled,
Or shivering flies, or checked at distance stands,
Nor dares approach.

This is the serpent, the reptile of the largest size. Then the passage continues thus:

But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Formed to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature.

Here we have the two poetic genera in juxtaposition, the one terrific, bulky, crested, that awes all the wild things of the tropics by its furious aspect and its acknowledged strength; the other insignificant in size, but "lightning" in its deadliness.

Nor are these passages without interest as illustrating several very prevalent errors—prevalent, that is, among poets—about this most wondrous order of creatures. They may indeed be called the "normal" errors of the poets. One of these is the idea that snakes wound with their tongues. Thomson, we have seen, has "threatening tongue"—because, perhaps, Somerville (whom he had read assiduously and to much useful purpose) has the same expression:

So when the unwary clown with hasty step
Crushes the folded snake, her wounded parts,
Grov'lling, she trails along, but her high crest
Erect she bears, in all its speckled pride
She swells, inflamed, and with her forky tongue
Threatens destruction.

Scott, in "Rokeby," has—

Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Watches with red and glistening eye,
Prepared, if heedless steps draw nigh,
With *forked tongue* and venomed fang
Instant to dart the deadly pang;
But if the intruders turn aside
Away his coils unfolded glide,
And through the deep savanna wind
Some undisturbed retreat to find.

Many other poets repeat this mistake. Another very popular one is that the snake wounds with his tail. Marvell starts it, so far as I can gather, with—

Disarmèd of its teeth and sting;

and after him many follow, as Allan Ramsay in—

> Th' envenomed tooth or forked sting,

or Eliza Cook in—

> Crushing and stinging with venomed fold.

But it is worth noting that the three quotations I have given leave it really undecided as to whether the poets respectively meant the tail, the tongue, or the trunk. Philips continues the fiction with an admirable originality, hardly to be expected from the author of "Cyder":

> And as a snake, when first the rosy hours
> Shed vernal sweets o'er ev'ry vale and mead,
> Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
> But, when by genial rays of summer sun
> Purg'd of his slough he nimbler threads the brake,
> *Whetting his sting*, his crested head he rears,
> Terrific from each eye retort he shoots
> Ensanguin'd rays—the distant swains admire
> His various neck and spires bedrop'd with gold.

The idea of "whetting his sting" is as delightful but not so original as the rest, for in other poets we have the wild-boar and the rhinoceros doing the same under very similar circumstances. Southey, however, makes thankful use of it in the lines—

> Wily as the snake
> That sharps his venomed tooth in every brake.

So much for the errors as to what the Americans call "the business end" of the snake. Another class concerns itself with the creature's appearance. "The vulgar" always call snakes "slimy," and poets do so too. Thus Rogers, who ought to have known better, says:

> Everywhere, from bush and brake,
> The musky odour of the serpents came,
> Their *slimy track* across the woodman's path
> Bright in the moonshine.

The origin of the error that snakes are slimy, so far as our poets—who are most generous borrowers—are concerned, is perhaps Darwin, who more than once speaks of the "foamy folds" of serpents, and as he was a naturalist, his word of course went for much. Among other misconceptions as to the tribe may be noted Pitt's idea that serpents feed on poison-plants, and the more common ones that these reptiles stand on end when angry, and that they are most active at noon and asleep by night.

Darwin has a remarkable fancy on the reciprocity of alarm :

> Stern stalks the lion ; on the rustling brinks
> Rears the dread snake, and trembles as he drinks,
> Quick darts the scaly monster o'er the plain,
> Fold over fold, his undulating train ;
> And bending o'er the lake his crested brow,
> Starts at the crocodile, that gapes below.

What power there is in Spenser—or is it in our older English ?

> Like a snake whom weary winter's teen
> Hath worn to nought, now, feeling summer's might,
> Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

All poets are attracted by the hint of rejuvenescence, and the casting of the slough is as regularly recurrent as the " deer's hanging of his old head on the pole." Says Somerville :

> Brisk as a snake in merry May
> That just had cast his slough away.

And Montgomery :

> The serpent flings his slough away
> And shines in Orient colours dight,
> A flexile ray of living light.

Whether or not these reptiles exercise a fascinating influence over other creatures is still an undecided point. But antiquity held that they could charm with the eye ; and the bird spell-bound by the snake has passed into an accepted metaphor. In verse it occurs abundantly :

> It was vain to hold the victim,
> For he plunged to meet her call,
> Like the bird that shrieks and flutters
> In the gazing serpent's thrall.

> As the snake's magnetic glare
> Charms the flitting tribes of air,
> Till the dire enchantment draws
> Destined victims to his jaws.

> Like the bird whose pinions quake,
> But cannot fly the gazing snake.

> Thou'lt fly ? As easily may victims run
> The gaunt snake hath once fixed eyes upon ;
> As easily, when caught, the prey may be
> Plucked from his loving folds as thou from me.

> This cold and creeping kinsman who so long
> Kept his eye on me, as the snake upon
> The fluttering bird.

Of their personal beauty the poets draw an almost exaggerated picture. Wondrous as the elegance and adornment of these creatures undoubtedly are, it is almost excessive to speak of their "volumes of scaly gold" and "thousand mingling colours" when referring to the actual reptile in nature. That Keats should make his Lamia transcendent in splendour, or Shelley his serpents of fancy such miracles of loveliness, is well within their licence; but when the real creature is under description poetical rapture often goes beyond the subject. As in Montgomery:

> Terribly beautiful, the serpent lay
> Wreathed like a coronet of gold and jewels
> Fit for a tyrant brow; anon he flew,
> Straight as an arrow shot from his own rings,
> And struck his victim shrieking, ere it went
> Down his strained throat, the open sepulchre.

Their eyes are not like "live rubies" nor "living emeralds," but, on the contrary, are most malignantly, venomously dull, and quite incapable of "flinging out arrows of death."

That snakes leap at their victims is one of those popular errors which it seems impossible to destroy. For, as a rule, men and women lose some of their presence of mind when confronted suddenly—and the snake is very sudden in its habits—with one of these reptiles, and, if struck at, always declare that the creature "sprang" at them. But it is a fact that no snake can leave the ground; moreover, that the radius of their stroke is limited in a fixed relation to their length, a four-foot individual, for instance, being only able to wound at say a foot and a-half, and so on in proportion to the varying lengths. So that the snake

> Who pours his length
> And hurls at once his venom and his strength

is a poetical fiction, as, for the same reason, is Montgomery's brilliant reptile quoted above.

Sometimes there is a harmless snake, as in Joanna Baillie's "Devotional Song for a Negro Child," where "stingless snakes entwisted lying" are mentioned among the usual features of a tropical noontide—a very curious effort of fancy—or, as in Waller's address to "a Fair Lady playing with a Snake:"

> Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
> May boldly creep; we dare not give
> Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.
>
> Contented in that nest of snow
> He lies, as he his bliss did know,
> And to the wood no more would go,

This more amiable aspect of the reptile is, however, legitimately extended in the "Faëry Queen," where we find Cambina's "rod of peace" entwined with two wedded serpents, "with one olive garland crowned." This was probably emblematic of the impending reconciliation of the combatant heroes and their simultaneous espousals. For "the rod which Maia's son doth wield, Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound," which Spenser himself introduces as resembling that borne by the lovely peace-makers of his poem—was also snake-bound; and the legend runs that Hermes once found two snakes fighting, and, having separated them, twisted them round his *caduceus*, or herald's staff, as typical of peace restored. At first this staff was of entwisted olive branches adorned with white ribands—which is still the colour of peace; but in later representations of the herald divinity snakes take the place of the ribands. For a different reason the wand of "the blameless physician" carried serpents, the art of Æsculapius being here symbolised by the creature which "renews its youth," and was supposed to have an instinctive knowledge of the healing virtues of herbs. The brazen serpent of the Mosaic wilderness had, in this restorative and curative significance, been anticipated in the temple courts of Epidaurus.

But as a rule it is "vengeful"; "pernicious"; "with venom fraught"; "painted and empoisoned"; the supreme peril, "you might as safely waken a serpent"; a creature of secret ways, "more hid than paths of snakes" (Davenant); the uttermost symbol of desolation. "Palmyra's ruins" have no tenant but the hissing serpent (Moore); it sits on "the Rajah's throne" when the lawful dynasty is extinct (Hemans); "rolls" through the "deserted market and the pleading-place" (Cowley); and so in Coleridge :

> The mighty columns were but sand,
> And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins.

The movement of the snake, so suggestive at once of subtlety and of strength, so wonderfully elegant and yet awe-inspiring, could not fail to arrest the poet's attention and provoke his admiration. Abundant recognition, therefore, is given to the striking grace with which these fearsome things, gliding forward as if obeying the attraction of some invisible magnet rather than progressing by any voluntary exercise of muscle, move from place to place. Many fine images are thus suggested, and finest of all is Keats :

> At this, through all his bulk an agony
> Crept gradual, from the feet into the crown ;
> Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
> Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed
> From overstrained might,

That wonderfully poetical touch in Nature of placing serpents in all her Edens, giving them the most exquisite foliage and flowers for their ambush, is not wasted on poets. But I cannot help thinking that they strike a false note when they make the presence of the snake detract from the beauty of the blossoms under which it hides. Roses are not "deceitful" because the adder is beneath. The contrast is itself sufficient, and if any moral is to be drawn, it might better be one of apology for the dangerous reptile in seeking such a resting-place than of reproach for the innocent flower. The rose, curiously enough, is specially selected as the serpents' retreat:

> As poisonous serpents make their dread repose
> Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Yet it is improbable that a snake ever went to sleep under a rose bush, except in England. Moreover, in plant-lore this particular flower is one of those said to be distasteful to venomous reptiles.

Virgil's picture of the wounded snake dragging its slow length along has many admirers:

> The trodden serpent on the grass
> Long behind his wounded volume trails.

That the "glossy vine" was a "serpent charm" is a tradition new to me, and may perhaps be an error for that other plant of Bacchus, the "glossy" ivy. Nor can I trace the superstition

> That snakes have twice to cast away their stings.

No snake, it was supposed, could look at an emerald, so Moore has:

> Blinded like serpents when they gaze
> Upon the emerald's virgin blaze.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

(*To be continued.*)

UNDER THE WHITE FLAG.

THE restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in 1814 was accepted by the nation without any sort of public enthusiasm. The very name and existence of the Royal Family had passed away from men's minds, and were no more thought of than the snows of the preceding winter. A new generation had grown up to manhood since the utter collapse of the French monarchy. The Revolution was the extreme point of popular memories. The Empire had been so crowded with startling surprises, among which overwhelming disasters had alternated with almost superhuman successes, that all recollection of kings by divine right had been well-nigh obliterated. Napoleon, however, had outlived the fortune of his star. He had revealed to his rivals the secret of conquest. He had alienated every possible friend and well-wisher, and raised up so many enemies that in the end he was borne down by sheer weight of numbers. The giant, exhausted by his supreme efforts, had been bound to the ground by his Lilliputian adversaries, momentarily divested of their mutual jealousies and acting in concert. It cannot be denied that the first impression experienced by France was a sensation of relief. No bad feeling, indeed, prevailed against the Empire as an institution. It was the system of incessant warfare alone that broke down the reticence of the patient, long-suffering people. Had Napoleon been content to reign in peace over the France of Charlemagne, the tranquillity of Europe need not have been further disturbed, nor would a single disloyal cry have been heard even from La Vendée. But when it was clearly understood that the Emperor looked upon Europe as a vast chess-board, and, like a second Akbar, played with living pieces, the heart of the nation dried up, and the sole hope of escape from never-ending, still-beginning, toil and trouble appeared to lie in the abdication of Napoleon I. No serious idea, however, was anywhere entertained of recalling from exile the legitimate princes with their mob of needy and vindictive adherents. Here and there, perchance, longing eyes might turn towards a revival of the Republic, but more generally public opinion had decided upon

the continuance of the Imperial dynasty under Napoleon II., with a Council of Regency to rule the State during an inevitably long minority. Whether or not such an arrangement might have proved ultimately beneficial to Europe, or even to France, is a question that need not be considered in this place. It is more to the point to recognise its absolute incongruity with the hopes and views that were gradually dawning upon the imaginations of the more sanguine Royalists, who, some years previously, had been permitted to return to their native country, though shorn of their hereditary wealth and influence. In Paris especially they fretted under the obscuration in which they lived under sufferance, and without participating in the gorgeous triumphs of the Empire. The entry of the allied troops into Paris placed in their hands a lever wherewith to subvert Imperialism, nor were they unskilful in applying it for their own purposes. Nothing had been settled between the allied sovereigns as to the form of the future government of France. If any agreement may be said to have existed, it was of a purely negative and self-denying character. It went no further than a common understanding that it was not their business to impose any particular ruler upon France, or to interfere in any way with the internal administration of the country. As it happened, Alexander I. of Russia, a visionary and a dreamer of dreams, but subject to generous impulses, had come to be recognised as the head of the Continental league against Napoleon Bonaparte. It was to him, therefore, that the leaders of the Royalist faction at once turned their attention. By vociferous cries, and a well-organised demonstration, in which Bourbonist ladies played a distinguished part, they led the Czar into the utterly erroneous belief that the French nation, as represented by the Parisians, longed for the return of their exiled princes, together with a revival of the old traditions of the monarchy. In M. Vaulabelle's History of the Restoration this singular episode in the French annals is depicted with admirable lucidity. The recall of the Bourbons, in a fossilised condition which prevented them from understanding the moral, social, and intellectual change that had taken place during the long exile that had failed to teach them the ordinary lessons of adversity, is there narrated in a manner that cuts away the ground from beneath the feet of all subsequent historians and commentators.

Had Louis XVIII. been less sensuous, less infirm, less unwieldy, he might, perhaps, have succeeded in holding the balance more even between the small minority of ultra-royalists and the large majority of men of moderate views, friendly to the maintenance of

order, and requiring nothing more than an equitable dispensation of the laws of the realm, and a fairly impartial distribution of appointments and patronage. On one occasion the king himself rebuked the excessive zeal of his courtiers, reminding them that it was not necessary to be *plus royaliste que le roi.* But it was not within the physical capacity of Louis XVIII. to concentrate his mind for a lengthened period upon any subject not immediately relating to his own personal comfort, or to keep up a sustained interest in any question of a purely public character. His indolent, self-indulgent temperament rendered him prone to favouritism, and thus he passed by easy transitions from the domination of M. de Blacas to that of M. Decazes, and finally yielded himself to the life-abiding fascinations of Mme. du Cayla. The *Charte* was soon discovered to be a worthless sheet of parchment. It promised the liberty of the subject, including the liberty of the press and the immovability of magistrates, but subjects were speedily divided into *bons sujets* and *mauvais sujets*—the former corresponding to the "honest men" of the wars of the commonwealth, while the latter embraced the entire population lying outside the ultra-royalist section. The press was certainly free to support the Government and enhance the influence of the clergy, but fines, imprisonment, and confiscation of property awaited "able editors" who presumed to listen to the dictates of conscience rather than to police ordinances. As for the magistrates, the task was assigned through the irony of fate to M. Guizot to explain that only those magistrates were immovable who had been appointed by the king, and that all others held office only during the royal pleasure. The Charter had likewise declared that all Frenchmen were equally eligible for public employment, but this apparent act of liberality was straightway countered by the revival of the edict of January 1751, which denied admittance to military schools to all candidates incapable of producing proofs of nobility of at least a hundred years' standing. In this manner the door was slammed in the face of the sons of the Napoleonic upstarts; while the bursaries, intended for the sons of officers engaged on active service, or who had fallen in presence of an enemy, were set aside exclusively for the scions of Legitimist families, who, for the last twenty years, had been opposed to the national forces.

These arbitrary resumptions of ancient privileges and exclusiveness tended to bring royalty into disfavour by the fatuous recurrence to the despotic phraseology in vogue prior to the Revolution. In most cases unpopular decrees were declared to proceed "de notre pleine puissance et autorité royale," for no other assigned

reason than that "such is our pleasure." Only three days after the promulgation of the Charter, which guaranteed liberty of religion to Frenchmen of every creed and mode of thought, a police ordinance was circulated throughout the kingdom, which stated in its preamble that the observation of certain days consecrated to religious solemnities dated from the "cradle of the world," and then went on to affirm that proper provisions had been made for those sacred purposes by different regulations "of our kings," which had been temporarily "lost sight of during the troubles." Those regulations were now revived "in order to attest to all eyes the return of the French to the ancient respect for religion and morality, and the practice of the virtues which can alone establish for peoples a durable prosperity." Severe penalties were accordingly denounced against all labour, traffic, transport of goods, and even "colportage," on Sundays and fête days, to the infinite disgust of the working classes, who alleged that, at the existing rate of wages, it was impossible for them to earn an adequate livelihood in the six week-days. In the upper and middle ranks of the social system, the attempt to resuscitate antiquated usages excited a feeling of contemptuous indifference until they discovered that their own rights and institutions were equally liable to interference, through comprehensive and unjustifiable restrictions of the liberty of publication. In short, the ultra-royalists aimed at nothing short of the restoration of the social and administrative system which had existed in the reign of Louis XIV. They desired to place the religious orders in charge of national instruction, while their proceedings should be exempted from criticism and open to eulogy alone. In their eyes the clergy and the ancient aristocracy stood, in virtue of their own right, on a level with the members and highest functionaries of the Government. They clamoured for the repression of the freedom of thought, and for the suppression of freedom of speech. They demanded, as Mr. Eyre Crowe observes, the immobilisation of landed property; and that the control of political elections should be vested in the hands of the wealthiest local proprietors, and, further, that landed possessions should invariably be entailed on the eldest son, or nearest male heir. Where they failed in actual oppression the ultra-royalists abounded in senseless modes of irritation, and succeeded in inspiring the population with distrust of the throne, and with a sincere hatred of the clergy. The outburst of a second Revolution was averted only by the escape of Napoleon from Elba.

The interposition of the Hundred Days proved in its consequences

an unmitigated calamity. Frenchmen were thereby divided into two bitterly hostile camps. The bonds of relationship were snapped in twain. Friendships of long standing suddenly ceased, and sometimes turned into fierce animosity. No moderation was observed on either side. The ultra-royalists were denounced as the irreconcilable enemies of the liberties accorded by the *Charte*, while their opponents were stigmatised as traitors to their sovereign and to their country. These feelings of mutual hatred and antipathy were intensified by the violence that disgraced both legislative Chambers, and especially the Chamber of Deputies. On one occasion the extreme Bourbonists contrived to lash themselves into a perfect frenzy. They protested with indecent vehemence against the excessive indulgence manifested by the police towards the enemies of the dynasty. In their madness they declared deportation to be far too mild a punishment for opposition to the Government. Death was the penalty demanded by M. Humbert de Sesmaisons as the fitting award of wretches who presumed to contest the will of their legitimate monarch. "Death!" cried M. Piet, was the only suitable punishment for such as ventured to hoist any flag but the white one. "Penal servitude for life!" exclaimed M. Jesse de Beauvoir. "For," he continued, "since the king's return crime is caressed instead of being scourged." "No, no, Death!" again screamed M. de Sesmaisons. "The punishment of parricides!" added M. Bouin.

While the Chamber of Deputies—the Peers being somewhat less demonstrative—gave way to such unseemly manifestations of passion, it is not surprising that the hotheaded, impulsive population of the southern provinces should have interpreted into action the pantomimic gesticulations of their rulers. The inhabitants of Marseilles had naturally detested the Napoleonic wars by which commerce had been destroyed and themselves well-nigh reduced to destitution. The first Restoration was hailed by them with delight, which turned to despair during the fatal episode of the Hundred Days. All self-control, however, was lost on June 25, 1815, when the news arrived of the collapse of the Second Empire on the field of Waterloo. General Verdier, who commanded the small garrison in the absence of Marshal Brune, at once yielded to the storm and retired with his troops to Toulon. The town thus fell into the hands of the rioters, who, with loud cries of *Vive le roi!* assaulted every individual they encountered who was suspected of leaning to Bonapartist views. They broke into and plundered the houses of the anti-Bourbonists, threw the furniture into the streets, and shot down the fugitives, men, women, and children. They

drove into the sea and massacred a small colony of Mamlooks, whom admiration of the First Consul had tempted to settle in the south of France. The disturbance continued for nearly two whole days without opposition from the constituted authorities. It was estimated that quite one hundred human beings were cruelly murdered, and had the rioters confined themselves to taking the lives of Bonapartists, it is not improbable that a longer immunity would have been granted to them. Unluckily for themselves, they were unable to resist the temptation to pillage, without reference to the political opinions of the trading classes. The citizens thereupon combined for their common defence, took up arms, and boldly attacked the marauders. Within the space of a few hours tranquillity was completely restored, the streets resumed their ordinary appearance, and commerce ere long returned to the stagnant port.

In the meantime Marshal Brune had resigned his command and was preparing to leave the district, when a lamentable mischance conducted him to Avignon. There he was recognised, and a terrible tumult arose. Several official personages, supported by respectable citizens, guarded for some hours the gateway of the hotel in which he had taken refuge, and even repulsed a desperate assault made by the rioters. In the course of the affray the innkeeper received a violent blow from a hatchet, and his mother, wife, and daughter died subsequently of terror. Suddenly two musket shots were heard from the interior of the inn. A mason had guided a body of armed men over the tiles to a point at which they were able to descend into the house. Bursting into the room occupied by the marshal, who never for a moment had lost his self-possession, they shot him dead upon the spot and wreaked their cowardly vengeance upon his corpse. His body was flung into the Rhone, and shoved off from the banks whenever the current set it towards the one side or the other. Finally, it was found on a sandbank, eighteen leagues below the town, by a gamekeeper, who secretly buried it, though after a time he contrived to communicate with the marshal's widow. The bereaved lady, with commendable spirit, subsequently brought an action against her deceased husband's murderers, who were unanimously acquitted on the ground that he had committed suicide, as certified by the magistrates of Avignon.

At Toulouse also a serious disturbance occurred, which became so alarming that General Ramel, the king's lieutenant, endeavoured by his personal influence to calm the rioters. But although a sincere royalist, he had given offence by acts of kindness to proscribed Bonapartist officers, and likewise by his firmness in repressing some

previous excesses of the mob. He was accordingly fired at and mortally wounded, and in a dying condition carried up to a garret, for no one dared to offer an asylum to a man whom the triumphant faction had marked out for destruction. While the surgeon was busied with his patient a band of ruffians rushed into the room, thrust him aside, and completed their unfinished handiwork. A still more barbarous and melancholy scene was witnessed at Bordeaux, where the twin brothers, Generals Cæsar and Constantine Faucher, were murdered after a simulated observance of legal forms and procedure. They were men of an unimpeachable character, almost universally esteemed and respected, and united by the tenderest feelings of brotherly love. Nevertheless they were arrested in their country house at Réole, a village a few miles distant from Bordeaux, and were thrown amongst the worst criminals confined in the prison-fortress of Hâ. Not a single member of the local bar would undertake their defence, because they had exercised civil and military functions during the Hundred Days. Subjected to the mockery of a trial after a lengthened and humiliating detention in prison, they were sentenced to death, and stood side by side, calm and unmoved, while that fatal sentence was being executed. Cæsar fell dead at the first discharge. Constantine, still alive though badly wounded, crawled to Cæsar's corpse, kissed his lips, and, resting his head against his brother's face, was shot through the forehead.

Religious fanaticism was added to political partisanship in the Protestant district of the Gard. Nîmes was particularly unfortunate. Two-thirds of the population professed the Protestant creed, and had hailed Napoleon as a deliverer from the madness of the Revolution, but subsequently went over to the Bourbons. The Roman Catholics constituted the dregs of the population, and hated the Protestants with hereditary and traditional hatred. They began by gathering together at the corners of streets and in the open places, screaming a wild shout of which the odious burden ran as follows: "Nous laverons nos mains dans le sang des Protestans" ("We will wash our hands in the blood of the Protestants"). Circulars were distributed in Roman Catholic churches calling upon the faithful to repeat daily five Paters and five Aves for the prosperity of the realm and the restoration of the Jesuits. The popular formula in those parts proclaimed one God, one King, one Law, one Faith. In 1814 Monsieur—the Count d'Artois, the king's brother—had visited Nîmes and assured the Protestants of his protection, but during the Hundred Days they were accused of affording lukewarm support to the king's lieutenant, the Duke d'Angoulême. However that might

be, political and religious fanatics were guilty of shocking cruelties towards the heretics after the King's return from Ghent. General Gilly, who commanded the garrison, capitulated to a band of ruffians, and with inconceivable fatuity made his men give up their arms. The town was entered at night and plundered, and the dispersed soldiers, while evacuating the place on the morrow, were barbarously massacred. Cries were then raised of "Down with the Protestants!" "Death to the Protestants!" while others shouted "Down with commerce!"—thereby revealing their intention to pillage the wealthy. The houses of Protestants were set on fire, and the inmates driven back into the flames, while their assailants danced and sang after the style of the *carmagnole*. The very graves were desecrated in the expectation of finding treasure. The 15th August being the anniversary of the Assumption, the men rested from the work of pillage, wrecking houses, and murdering their inhabitants, but not so the women. These fell upon the female Protestants, threw them down, and uncovering their persons beat them with a flat-board set with nails to represent a fleur-de-lys. The consequences were fatal in a great many instances, but the local magistrates refused to interfere with the "good subjects," confining their opposition to the safe remark that it was "very unfortunate." The ringleader in these outrages was a working man named Dupont, but surnamed Trestaillons, who chose one Truphémi as his lieutenant. These two wretches swaggered about the town, each with a dagger and a brace of pistols in his girdle, which they did not hesitate to use when an occasion presented itself. A Protestant gentleman having escaped from their clutches, his valet sought concealment in a chimney. His hiding-place being discovered, a fire was kindled in the grate, by the smoke from which he was speedily suffocated. Another Calvinist having dressed himself in female attire, was killed by the very man who had counselled him to assume that disguise. Indeed, no scruple was entertained as to shooting a Protestant, nor was more mercy shown towards individuals suspected of Bonapartist tendencies.

The atrocities perpetrated at Nîmes were paralleled by similar scenes enacted at Uzès. After several desultory murders had been committed, a monster, named Graffan, who acquired the odious surname of Quatretaillons, assumed command of the mob, and was openly encouraged by one Vallabrix, the sub-prefect. That magistrate even instructed Graffan to proceed against the rebels who had taken up arms at St. Maurice. The so-called rebels were ignorant villagers, who carried a white flag and wore white cockades, and who

had been officially authorised to defend themselves against the gangs of bandits who infested the country. One night their village was surprised by Graffan, who killed the sleepy sentinel and carried off three prisoners to Uzès, where they were incontinently shot. There happened to be six prisoners in the jail accused of Bonapartism, who, without any warrant, and in spite of the spirited remonstrances of the head-jailor, were brought out in couples and shot beneath the very windows of the sub-prefect, who connived at their murder. In a letter to a member of his family, written in 1816, General Lafayette declared, on the authority of an eye-witness, that seventeen heads of families were dragged out of prison and passed under arms without the slightest inquiry into their guilt or innocence. The local correspondent of one of the most respectable Parisian bankers, he added, mentioned the case of a man of business who had been broiled alive the previous evening, and whose blackened corpse had been left lying in the street as an example to those who shared his views. General Lafayette also stated that an inhabitant of Uzès, who signed his name, offered to prove the assassination of three hundred victims, mostly Protestants. Various estimates have been given of the number of murders committed in the Gard district during the latter half of the year 1815. According to the Liberals, between seven and eight hundred innocent persons were done to death on suspicion of heresy and Bonapartism, while the ultra-royalists cut down this terrible total to seventy or eighty, in addition to the soldiers who were massacred after capitulation. The truth probably is somewhere between the two extremes; but it is not denied that many dwelling houses were burnt or demolished after being thoroughly plundered, or that many Protestant temples shared the same fate. It is equally certain that not a few old people, with women and children, died of the consequences of shame, terror, exposure, and privation. Banquets were given in honour of Trestaillons and his accomplices, while over the doorway of the house in which the ringleaders habitually held council was placed the uncompromising inscription, "The Bourbons or Death."

Towards the close of the year, the Duke d'Angoulême passed through Nîmes, and invited the Protestant pastors to his table, evincing the greatest sympathy for their unmerited sufferings. The Prince instructed General Count Lagarde to dismiss all disorderly demonstrations and to take the Protestant temples under his special protection. Anticipating his Royal Highness's pleasure, General Lagarde had already arrested Trestaillons and some of his accomplices, who were known to have been directly implicated in several

recently committed assassinations. It is sad, however, to relate that the clergy and many high-born ladies entreated the Duke to set these prisoners at liberty. Their application was repelled with severity, and they were told that the law must be set in motion against murderers and incendiaries. On the Prince's departure from Nîmes General Lagarde authorised the Protestants to re-open their temples and carry out Divine service after their own fashion. Thereupon a terrible commotion arose. The royal volunteers broke into open mutiny. The streets re-echoed fierce cries of "Death to the Protestants!" The general, however, remained unmoved, and threatened the tumultuary groups with his severe displeasure. On the 12th November the venerable M. Guillerat, well-nigh an octogenarian, had just begun Divine service before a crowded congregation, when a furious mob rushed into the temple and fell upon the aged pastor with cries of "Let us kill the leader of the Protestants!" The good old man, after a fierce struggle, was rescued from their hands by his son and some others, but many infirm persons, with women and children, were thrown down and trampled upon. Two young girls died of the injuries they received, and some seventy-eight of the worshippers were badly hurt. General Lagarde no sooner heard of the riot than he galloped to the spot at the head of a small body of troops. While traversing a narrow street his bridle was seized by a ruffian, who thus enabled an accomplice to cover the count with a pistol and lodge a bullet in his body. As the stricken man still kept his seat the would-be murderer—a sergeant of the National Guard, named Boissin—was heard to exclaim, "How unlucky I am not to have succeeded in killing that old brigand!" This Boissin was afterwards tried for the offence, but was acquitted by the Court on the ground that he had fired "in a case of legitimate self-defence." The general regained his house and ultimately recovered. His soldiers meanwhile protected the Protestants, and averted the threatened massacre, but failed to prevent the destruction of the temple. The Duke d'Angoulême at once hastened back from Toulon to Nîmes, and instituted such measures for the preservation of tranquillity that no more murders were committed in the town itself, though sporadic outrages were frequently reported from the surrounding districts. Several Protestants, however, were condemned to death for no more heinous crime than an alleged leaning to Bonapartism. Among the chief witnesses against men who had been prosecuted for their supposed political views were the infamous Trestaillons, Truphémi, and Quatretaillons, whose evidence was accepted as unimpeachable as had been that of Titus Oates in Eng-

land. It is reported that some of the judges quitted the bench in terror at the sight of these wretches.

Unhappily, it was not merely social outcasts and the dregs of the Southern populace who thus gave the rein to their unbridled passion. At the trial of that gallant and dashing officer, Colonel Labédoyère, the court was crowded with ladies of the highest rank, who exhibited the most indecent impatience at every plea put forward in his favour, and, on the other hand, displayed an inhuman exultation when the fatal sentence was at last passed upon a prisoner so worthy of sympathy and womanly interest. In the Chamber of Deputies M. Voyez d'Argenson asked that an inquiry should be instituted into the state of the nation after the English custom. The Chamber, he said, possessed a knowledge only of isolated facts, and even these were mostly confined to individuals. "Some of us," he continued, "have been astonished by alarming rumours, by insensate or seditious clamours, while others have had their hearts torn by the massacre of Protestants in the South." The speaker was here interrupted by passionate ejaculations. "Order! order!" was the universal cry. Some shouted aloud, "It is false! it is false!" One member exclaimed, "You fancy you are still in the Champ de Mai!" while another protested that he could not restrain his indignation at such words.

The Parliamentary session of 1815 opened with a repressive suspension of individual liberty at the discretion of magistrates and police commissaries. To the Royal authority was reserved the right to place all Frenchmen under the supervision of the police, and to remove them from one department to another. Some two hundred respectable persons were actually arrested and tormented in the manner thus authorised. But the most unpopular measure of the session was the revival of Provosts' Courts, an institution originally introduced in the reign of Louis XI., with Tristan l'Hermite as Grand Provost. These courts were naturally milder under Louis XVIII., who was by no means of a cruel disposition, and who truly desired the happiness of his subjects, though he took no trouble to make them happy, but they were administered with quite unnecessary harshness, the magistrates deeming it their duty to be stern and inexorable and above all human weaknesses. They wrought, indeed, so much mischief in the course of two years that the King refused to sanction their continuance. A court was appointed for each department, composed of a Grand Provost, a military man, assisted by four or five civil assessors. To their province belonged political crimes of every hue and degree, all plots, con-

spiracies, commotions, seditious writings, and cries insulting to the King or the royal family. The Grand Provost was chief examiner. In twenty-four hours the trial was completed; sentence was passed without adjournment, and was carried out without delay. It is sad to think that such men as Baron Cuvier and M. Royer-Collard not only voted for this measure, but declared that, in their opinion, it was indispensable.

The treatment of those who had accepted any sort of appointment during the Hundred Days was cruel and implacable. Deprivation of employment was extended to men of the humblest rank, such as letter-carriers, dealers in tobacco, and so forth. Both army and navy were "purged" of Bonapartist officers, and replaced by old men, mostly broken down and ignorant of either profession. The public service was thus completely disorganised. Society was honeycombed with mutual suspiciousness. In many departments the prefects threatened ruinous punishments against innkeepers, lodging-house-keepers, and others who should delay to denounce the circulators of false or disloyal rumours, or who were overheard to utter remarks prejudicial to public tranquillity of the Bourbon order. Gendarmes, gardes champêtres, and national guards were promised promotion and rewards for the spontaneous arrest of persons who spoke of the Government in disparaging terms, or offered for sale books, pamphlets, or journals of a politically objectionable character. Domiciliary visits were the order of the day, and usually preluded arrest, if not exile. These visits were sometimes organised as military expeditions, under the immediate guidance of high legal functionaries carrying arms and escorted by cavalry. On such occasions house-doors were violently broken open, the furniture was destroyed, and precious objects, title-deeds, and money were shamelessly carried off and appropriated. The Messieurs Sadourny, proprietors of coal mines and a glass manufactory, were awakened one morning in February, 1816, by an expedition of this kind, and called upon to surrender seven Bonapartist generals believed to be secreted in their coal pits. On their denial of the charge their premises were taken possession of by a detachment of 300 horse and foot from Clermont, who flooded their mines rather than descend into them, and quartered themselves on those gentlemen for several days, while a company remained two weeks living on the fat of the land and doing irreparable damage to the works. Some drunken soldiers, indeed, even set fire to the manufactory, which was reduced to ashes. A somewhat analogous case is recorded in the private journal of J. J. Ampère. Three or four armed ruffians set fire to the factory of

M. Perier, at Vezelle, and dangerously wounded the manager, who succeeded, however, in killing one of his assailants. Information was immediately despatched to the nearest post of the gendarmerie; but as M. Perier was suspected of Bonapartism, the gendarmes were sent on foot, and proceeded very leisurely, even stopping to refresh themselves at a neighbouring village. The local authorities subsequently refused to make any inquiries or to take any steps to discover the authors of the outrage. Throughout the two years 1815 and 1816 legalised murders, to use M. Vaulabelle's epithet, were continually occurring. Superior officers of the Royal Guard entrapped young men into hasty expressions capable of distortion, and then, placing them under arrest, handed them over to the Provost's Court. Magistrates from the bench complimented high-placed functionaries on their zeal in denouncing the utterers of disloyal phrases, though spoken at an unguarded moment without thought of harm. Sentences of pitiless severity were passed upon individuals either wholly innocent or whose guilt had not been proved. Magistrates, indeed, were eager to condemn the prisoners brought before them, in the hope of recommending themselves to ministerial favour and patronage. Generals and field officers who had served under Napoleon were shot upon the most trivial evidence. In many instances a trial was a downright mockery of justice. Counsel for the defence were browbeaten and terrified into silence, their unhappy clients being led out of court and shot or hanged with the least possible delay. And while these shocking proceedings were going on the courts were crowded with priests, ladies, and women of humble rank, all equally clamorous for the infliction of condign punishment. The nobility and the clergy thus came to be detested, though every allowance was made for the comparative isolation to which Louis XVIII. was condemned by his manifold infirmities. Public opinion was expressed as by words of fire in Béranger's terrible *chanson*, entitled "Le Marquis de Carabas," composed in November, 1815. In the following year Paul Louis Courier published his famous "Petition to the Two Chambers," which created an immense sensation through all ranks of society, and compelled Ministers to temper for a time the inordinate zeal of indiscreet subordinates. It was there related how François Fouquet, a peasant on horseback, met the parish priest while conducting a funeral procession to the cemetery at Luynes. The road was narrow. The priest called to the peasant to stop and take off his hat. Instead of doing as he was bidden, the peasant trotted past, swearing at the priest, and splashing with mud both him and the bier. It was an unmannerly thing to do, and did not escape punishment. Three days

afterwards Fouquet was arrested by four gendarmes, and carried off to the jail at Langeais, his arms bound with cords, his feet naked, with handcuffs on his wrists, and himself placed between two highway robbers. On reaching their destination all three were thrown into the same dungeon, where Fouquet was compelled to associate with the worst criminals for two months. Meanwhile his children were thrown upon the charity of his poor neighbours. Then, one Georges Mauclair was kept in durance for six weeks because somebody asserted he had spoken unfavourably of the Government, and yet at the same time another man, coming out of church, had lifted up his voice in the market-place at Luynes and declared that he was keeping his wine for the return of Bonaparte, for which he would not have long to wait. The second delinquent was not molested, for he happened to be on good terms with the local authorities.

A worse scene, however, was witnessed at Luynes on the 25th March, the season of Mid-Lent. At one in the morning, when all the villagers were abed and asleep, forty gendarmes took possession of an *auberge*, and rested there till break of day. They then spread themselves through the streets and entered the houses of the sleepy inhabitants, some of whom were dragged out of bed, while others, half clothed, tried to escape across the fields, but were promptly hunted down and brought back. Ten persons in all were carried off as prisoners, though no charge was alleged against them. They were simply arrested "by authority." No communication was allowed with friends, and, as it chanced, all were family men. Brulon and his wife were locked up in the same cell for six months, while their children were thrown upon the world. Pierre Aubert, widower, was proud of his little girl, aged eleven, and not less so of her younger brother. The poor girl fell ill of fright and grief, refused to take any nourishment, and incessantly called upon her father's name. At last she was taken to see him, but it was too late, and a fortnight afterwards she was numbered with the dead. The prisoners were never brought to trial, but were merely told that they were Bonapartists, and were transferred to another prison. They consisted of a woman, a barber, a maker of wooden shoes, and several day-labourers. As they were accused of having uttered disloyal words, the tribunal at Tours declared that they were incompetent to judge such a grave offence, and sent them on to Orleans. In the mean time the house of the Mayor of Luynes was burnt to the ground, and some more arrests were made. Of the first batch two were finally sentenced to deportation, and two to a lengthened imprisonment, while the remaining six were dismissed without judgment, but ruined in health and reduced to

penury. Similar scenes were constantly being enacted all over the kingdom.

The general discontent was increased by the frightful destitution which prevailed in the agricultural districts. Although the Government could not justly be held responsible for the failure of the crops and the consequent scarcity of food, they were certainly to blame for their apparent indifference to the sufferings of the poor, and for the greater energy displayed in repressing disturbances than in relieving the famished multitude. Collections, indeed, were made by charitable individuals, but on much too small a scale to work any considerable amount of good. Hundreds of peasants perished by the roadside, whose stomachs, on their bodies being opened, were found to contain nettles, grass, clover, and lucerne. Bands of men, women, and children infested the country roads and hamlets, clamouring for a crust of bread. In some departments the price of bread rose to a shilling and even eighteenpence a pound. Rumours went abroad—as happened shortly before the Revolution—that capitalists and speculators were buying up all the corn in the land, in the hope of realising large fortunes by its enhanced price. Bread riots broke out at many points. The populace insisted upon a sufficient quantity of food being provided by the State on fixed and moderate rates, and when their wishes were unheeded they took possession of the market-places and terrified the dealers into submission. The gendarmes being called out, easily dispersed the mob, too weak to make resistance. Many persons, accused of being ringleaders, because too feeble to escape, were sentenced to death and straightway led out to execution.

The object of local magnates, dressed in a little brief authority, seemed to be to exasperate beyond endurance all who were suspected of favouring Bonapartist principles. A cavalry officer named Valu died in the Lyons jail in 1817, from depression of spirits caused by his long imprisonment on the frivolous pretext that he had perpetrated an outrage upon a brave people to whom France was indebted for the restoration of a legitimate government. His actual offence was that of having called by the name of "Cosaque" a horse which he had purchased from a Russian officer. A physician was arrested at the dead of night and lodged in prison for several days previous to examination, after which he was liberated with an admonition to study books of theology rather than of philosophy. The laws were administered with a shameless disregard of common decency. The mayors in rural districts openly gratified their personal grudges and cupidity, without the slightest apprehension of ever being called to account. A certain mayor exacted a sum of 2,000 francs from those he chose to

suspect of disloyalty, and applied the money to his own purposes. The same magistrate compelled a widow to defray the costs of the execution of her own son, shot beneath her windows. Another mayor who had somehow been offended by a young woman, the mother of three children, and expecting her fourth, caused her husband to be arrested, condemned, and shot; and when the poor fellow writhed in agony on the ground, he took two loaded pistols out of his belt and handed them to one of his men to complete the job, and then danced and leaped for joy. Movable columns of gendarmes, supported by regular troops, traversed the country in all directions, with instructions to disarm the people, as many old soldiers retained the muskets they had so valiantly used under the Emperor. Half-pay officers were grossly insulted, deprived of their fowling-pieces, and forbidden to appear in uniform in public places. Dwellers in small towns and villages were relieved not only of their firearms, but also of shoes clothing, food, and forage. If an individual possessed no weapons, or fewer than he might be expected to own, he was compelled to make good the deficiency, and then hand over his involuntary purchases. The prisons were everywhere crowded to excess. Women and children were kept in rigorous confinement for months, for refusing to reveal the hiding-place of a husband or a father. A reign of terror ruled in Lyons, until Ministers were at length forced to interfere and allay the panic. Several mayors and other officials who had abused their opportunities were summarily dismissed, but these were chiefly men in quite a subordinate position.

The general elections took place in 1818. Every elector was supposed to vote according to his conscience, but in reality very few dared to go against the wishes of prefects and mayors. Jules Bastide wrote to J. J. Ampère in the month of October that he happened to be at Mélun at the time of the Parliamentary election, which was completely controlled by the Government. A prefect boasted that he was acquainted with all the secret votes, and threatened to deprive public functionaries of their salaries unless they set aside "the friend of Washington"—General Lafayette, as he preferred to be called. "I saw," he continues, "men vile enough to bargain with their votes—Frenchmen setting a price upon themselves, and lying for wine and money." In the following month J. J. Ampère imparted his experiences at Paris to his correspondent, Adrien de Jussieu, stating among other things that the rural electors of the surrounding districts had been summoned to the capital by the Ministry, and these men informed him that they had already been instructed by gendarmes in the name of their respective mayors

that they must vote for M. Ternaux, and not for Benjamin Constant. The option lying between dishonour and ruin, they had chosen the former alternative, and had voted as they were bidden.

In the course of 1819 duels were of frequent recurrence, and were sometimes fought between six, eight, and even ten adversaries, Liberals against Reactionaries, and too often with fatal results. A worse evil was the revival of clerical power and the return of the mendicant friars. Indignation extorted from Béranger the *chanson* entitled "Les Révérends Pères":—

> Hommes noirs, d'où sortez-vous ?
> Nous sortons de dessous terre.
> Moitié renards, moitié loups,
> Notre règle est un mystère.
> Nous sommes fils de Loyola ;
> Vous savez pourquoi l'on nous exila.
> Nous rentrons, songez à vous taire !
> Et que vos enfans suivent nos leçons.

These lines, it is true, were more particularly addressed to the Jesuits, who were becoming rampant throughout France. Within the next two years they had recovered the position they held towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV. Father Roussen was recognised as the Superior of the Congregation. The mansion devoted to Foreign Missions in Paris was made over to the "Father of the Faith," with a noviciate establishment at Montrouge, about half a league beyond the gates. This institution was frequented by men of the most exalted rank, seeking initiation as *Jésuites à robe courte.* Though mixing with the world and received at court, these high-born novices had their spirit broken by the humiliating and servile training to which they were subjected. On reception day the most illustrious neophytes grovelled at the feet of their instructors to pick up the crumbs which fell from their table. The Congregation was said to exceed 40,000 in number. The rural clergy were insulted and deprived of their legitimate influence by Jesuit priests intruded on their parishes. The latter, it was said, preached hell, and took no account of heaven. Their weapons were supplied from the armoury of malediction. Piety was postponed to rites and ceremonies. It seemed, wrote Charles Lacretelle, that it was deemed advisable to bring back the religious processions, of which the League had made such scandalous use. Songs with ridiculous burdens were distributed among the common people. Popular canticles were composed for the vulgar. Superstitious formulas were scattered broad-cast. Forms of prayer imbued with an imbecile *mysticity* were prepared for those who were silly enough to accept

them. Miracles were announced, until Leo XII. had the good sense to discountenance them. The liberty of the press was naturally odious to these fanatics, who were equally opposed to the education of the masses. The Congregation were served by their own spies and their own police. They exercised the power of throwing their enemies and unfriends into prison without ever bringing them to trial, and not infrequently forgetting them altogether. Montlosier mentions an Association, whose patron was supposed to be St. John the Evangelist, into which working men were enlisted and disciplined. At certain shops they obtained their wines at cheap rates. Lackeys and chambermaids were taken up by this Association, and recommended to the faithful. The Congregation gradually secured to themselves the supreme control of the Government. They appropriated the patronage of the administration as well as of the Church and the universities. Clerks in public offices appointed by them openly interfered with the Ministers, and arrogated to themselves foreign embassies, prefectures, bishoprics, and the management of schools, from which secularists were summarily dismissed. Officers in the army and navy were required to go to the confessional and to walk in religious processions. To their honour be it recorded, within the space of three years 900 officers resigned their commissions rather than bend the knee to Belial. At the same time it must be confessed that the vast majority preferred a hypocritical profession of the dominant opinions. In the words of the late Mr. Buckle, "Every man who takes this step is a hypocrite: and every Government which encourages this step to be taken is an abettor of hypocrisy and a creator of hypocrites. . . . When a Government holds out as a bait that those who profess certain opinions shall enjoy certain privileges, it plays the part of the tempter of old, and, like the Evil One, basely offers the good things of this world to him who will change his worship and deny his faith." Such was the state of things in France during the administration of M. de Villèle. The country folk were especially disgusted with the wanton contempt shown for their hereditary usages. In 1820 the villagers of Azai were forbidden to dance on their village green on a Sunday, though such had been their custom through many successive generations. Their grievance was set before the Chamber of Deputies by Paul Louis Courier, who insisted that the dancing was perfectly proper and respectable, and that half the business of the neighbourhood was transacted by the seniors while the young people danced and made love before them. The devotees seemed to expect that the villagers were to pass the whole day in repeating prayers and counting their beads. The

prefect had thought proper to prohibit dancing and all manner of amusements under severe penalties. The Church fêtes had consequently lost their zest, and shopkeepers their business. Nevertheless the ordinance was cheated, for the villagers retired to the banks of the Cher and there danced secretly. Unhappily, they also made love secretly, as if it were a thing to be ashamed of, and in truth it might be feared that the results of the new system might sometimes prove discreditable. The inhabitants of Veretz still clung to their Sunday dancing, because the parish priest was a good old man, eighty years of age, who loved to see his flock happy in their simple fashion. The priest at Azai, on the contrary, was a young Seminarist, full of zeal, and a recruit of the Church Militant. The same sort of thing was happening at other places. These new priests had refused to give absolution to girls who declined to renounce dancing and such-like mundane pursuits. It was not so easy to deal with the men. At Easter-time the priest of Azai had asked for four male communicants to carry the canopy over the consecrated wafer, but not one was forthcoming, and he was obliged to apply elsewhere. For this brilliant trifle Courier was sharply reprimanded, but Ministers feared his biting irony too much to again commit him to prison.

Strengthened by the elections, the ultra-royalists ceased to exhibit the slightest moderation. Public functionaries, from prefects to tax collectors, were dismissed without scruple, as were also military officers who had served in the Imperial armies. University students were charged by cavalry and seriously injured. Many young notaries were rejected because of their unsatisfactory answers to the questions, "Do you love the Bourbons? Do you love Legitimacy?" The Charter was at all points systematically violated. Police were brutal to all, but especially so towards political and press offenders. A tradesman and a retired army captain, a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, went one day to St. Germain's for a little recreation. On their arrival, a gendarme demanded their passports, which they had unfortunately left at home. They were accordingly arrested and handcuffed, and taken to prison in company with a convicted thief. At Versailles they were brought before the Procureur du Roi, who sent them to the Prefecture of Police, where they were locked up in separate cells for forty-eight hours, and then discharged. A mayor told the villagers of his rural commune that they must apply to him for passports before they could be permitted to take their goods to market. Many applicants, however, were refused passports, simply on the ground that they did not think aright. Subsequent to the Spanish expedition the ultra-royalists set no bounds to their violence.

M. Magalon, editor of *The Album*, was taken for some trifling press offence to the Central House of Detention, on foot, with his hands bound, and attached to a drunken galley-convict afflicted with the itch, who shouted as they went along, "Vivent les galériens! Honneur aux galériens!" The editor was then condemned to hard labour in prison garb for thirteen months, making straw hats and bonnets and enduring other indignities. He was further sentenced to pay a fine of 2,000 francs. M. Lacretelle, the elder, a member of the French Academy, was in receipt of a pension of 1,500 francs, drawn from a fund destined for the benefit of men of letters: from the same fund M. Lebrun, a tragic poet, had for twelve years received a pension of 1,200 francs: both were struck off the fund. Casimir Delavigne, the poet, had been appointed by M. Pasquier librarian to the Ministry of Justice; he was now dismissed. The only reason that could be assigned for these and similar acts of spoliation was the desire evinced by the clergy, and particularly by the Jesuits, to get into their own hands all such funds and employments. The exposition of relics was revived, sensational missions were sent into the provinces, impassioned preachings were delivered from every pulpit, and crosses were solemnly planted, like trees of liberty at a later period, and with equal efficacy. Religious observances became fashionable. A sermon by some popular court abbé would draw a larger audience than a concert by famous executants, or a drama of the highest order of excellence. The best of all works was the baptism of a Jew, or the conversion of a young Protestant. And yet the churches were deserted by the middle and lower classes, who had nothing to gain by hypocritical demonstrations. Some priests were accused of immodest practices, and their guilt was so obvious that their condemnation could not be turned aside. The bishops thundered against the exercise of free thought, and thereby increased the demand for the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and writers of that stamp. Religion, says an historian of the period, was treated like an exotic, and cultivated as in a hot-house. It is needless to multiply such instances. Let it suffice that this rough outline correctly delineates the condition of France for fifteen successive years under the white flag, the white cockade, and the rule of the Bourbons by right divine.

JAMES HUTTON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Earth Currents and Earthquakes.

SOME of my readers may remember that in May last I called attention to Varley's theory of earthquakes—a theory which, though electrical, is very different from the random guesses that so commonly invoke electricity to account for everything that is mysterious. Varley showed sixteen years ago *how* the well-understood laws of electrical action explain the class of earthquakes I described in that note.

I now learn from *Nature* of January 7th, page 235, that at a meeting of the Seismological Society of Tokio, Professor Shida and Professor Milne explained how, by the aid of the delicate instruments of the underground observatories established in Japan, they demonstrated a direct connection between underground electrical currents and earthquake shocks; a connection directly confirming Varley's theory, which deserves more attention than it has received.

A further connection between these and sun spots was observed, concerning which I shall have something to say in a future note.

My Ship Canal.

THE tunnel under the Mersey is completed; the chief difficulties of the Manchester ship canal, *i.e.* the legal difficulties, the artificial impediments that are insanely thrust upon the threshold of every great British enterprise, are overcome; and presently even the typical Englishman will be forced to understand what a canal really is, and what a canal may do. The idea at present suggested to his mind when the word canal is sounded is that of a gutter five or six yards wide, with a path on one side, on which a horse attached to a rope is employed to pull an oblong wooden box through the dirty water of the aforesaid gutter.

When the Manchester canal is completed an entirely new idea will be inaugurated. A canal will then be regarded as an artificial

development of our natural insular advantages, an extension of our coast-line, by means of which the ocean and all its facilities of communication with the rest of the world may be brought in communication with any of our great industrial centres.

This object-lesson having been duly impressed, even the average Londoner may possibly begin to perceive that his present canal is very long, crooked, and clumsy, and the question of shortening, straightening, and simplifying it may possibly enter his mind.

Assuming such abnormal enlightenment, he will then learn that about 90 per cent. of his commerce with the outer world comes from the West, and along the south coast of the island; that when the ships bearing all this reach that part of the coast which is the nearest to London, *i.e.* but 50 miles distant, they turn off at right angles to their direct course, sail away from London continually farther and farther, until, after following this perverse course above 100 miles, they make a sharp turn at the North Foreland, then take a reverse and winding course, and sail about 150 miles farther, in order to complete the 250 miles, by which they make an advance of 50.

But this is not all. Not only do all these thousands of ships make their distance five times as long as it might be, but the 200 miles so clumsily superadded is one of the most costly and perilous bits of navigation that can be found in any part of the world. It is a sea and river channel afflicted with tides, and infested with shifting sand-banks; "the narrow seas," as Salarino describes them, "being very dangerous, flat, and fatal, where carcases of many a tall ship lie buried." These sand-traps are rendered still more dangerous and fatal by the sudden sea fogs which constitute the special meteorological feature of this shipwreck region.

All this and the tidal troubles of the crowded river may be easily cut off; all the long delays of the fleets of merchantmen that lie anchored in the Downs with cargoes of many millions value lying waste may be saved by simply cutting a respectable ship canal 50 miles long through the chalk and the Wealden, material having no greater average hardness than cheese made from skim milk. No locks are required, London standing on sea level. A tidal basin at one end (Newhaven), and a cutting about as wide as the widest part of the Whitechapel Road, will bring the Atlantic Ocean to the centre of London, and put us in direct unimpeded water communication with all the world.

I advocated the cutting of such a canal in this Magazine of July and September, 1882, but very little response has followed—none of a practical character.

Nevertheless, I venture to utter a prophecy. When Daniel Adamson has completed his great work, is duly knighted, and the shareholders are pocketing their well-deserved profits, a ship-canal mania will set in with the usual extravagance of blind, follow-my-leader speculative epidemics. Should the nation then resolve to present me with a memorial estate, as Blenheim was presented to Churchill, I shall, for reasons stated in the following note, be bound by force of conscience to hand it over to another who has forestalled me.

A Rival Projector.

IN the autumn of 1884 I received from my son, who was then residing in Brighton, a letter containing the following :—

"On the Sunday before Bank Holiday I walked to Worthing and back. It was a glorious day; I enjoyed the walk immensely. On my return journey I met a most extraordinary character. I had just passed out of Shoreham, with its dirty, fish-scented streets, its lazy, lounging, unwashed fishermen, its rowdy, swearing youths, and its tambourine-playing, drum-beating Salvationists, and once more stood upon the open shore. I was rather tired, and sat down to rest. The sun was just setting, and the sea, glittering in a thousand different colours, was displaying its greatest beauty. My thoughts, in consequence, went off wool-gathering. Just as I was blessing mankind in a rather unholy manner for spoiling the beauty of that part of the coast, my cogitations were suddenly disturbed by hearing a loud, but at the same time a pleasant voice, exclaiming, 'Yes, they placed handcuffs on these hands, handcuffs which were too small, handcuffs which bruised and blackened the flesh on these wrists!' I turned round and saw standing behind me an old man of venerable appearance, long white hair, and most benevolent expression on his face. He was facing the sea, holding up his hands before him. He continued exclaiming in this strain, 'Yes, to-day I saw him! The detective from London. He has come to fetch me! Again will these hands be bound! Again will this body be imprisoned! Again will the gaoler's key be turned upon it! Ah, never mind! The Enterprise demands my presence in London, and I may as well go with her Majesty's officer as alone, and it will save my railway fare!' I went up and asked him about the enterprise, and whether I could be of any service to him. He replied, 'No; I must go to London and see my noble friends and solicitors and architect, and see how the Government plans of the enterprise are getting on.' I walked

on with him towards Brighton, and then he told me all about the enterprise. It was to make a ship canal from Shoreham to Kingston-on-Thames. He described in ecstasies how it had been the work of his life; how he had spent all his money travelling about seeing canals, harbours, docks, &c.; how he had worked out a scheme for the canal through a country where locks, &c., would be needless, where a canal could be made for a small amount, only nine or ten millions, towards which the Duke of Norfolk had personally offered him two and a half millions, and the Duke of Devonshire and many other of his noble friends had promised him similar amounts. Finally I went with him to a house (at Portslade) which he had taken to keep his plans in. There were plans on the floor, plans and maps on the wall, and old books in corners of the rooms. He got quite excited showing them to me. He gesticulated loudly, threw off his coat, turned up his shirt sleeves. 'This plan is the keystone of the enterprise, I would not part with it for thousands. This is the work of my life! This is the work in which so many of our nobles are interested, and towards which one man alone has offered two and a-half millions of pounds.'"

He gave my son his card, "M. Pennifold, Portslade," and when he learned that I had proposed a similar canal, invited me to come and see him.

I did so about three months after this, found the house at Portslade shut up, and offered to be let. My inquiries among the neighbours, small shopkeepers, &c., only brought forth uncharitable sneering. They were very urgent in telling me that he was a poor man no better than themselves, a baker by trade in Shoreham, and had taken the Portslade house to "show off." On sharp cross-questioning they admitted that he is a very good man, had been engaged in much charitable enterprise, but was crazy respecting his canal.

I then went to Shoreham, found his shop there; he was out delivering the bread. I spoke to his wife, a sensible, fairly-educated, motherly woman. She was in great trouble, crying in fact; he had spent all their savings, they were threatened with distraint for rent, and eviction, and she begged me not to say anything to him that would encourage his mania. I told her my opinion of the project, and that I was anxious that his merit should be acknowledged publicly. She further told me that he was the best of husbands, had worked hard for the instruction and improvement of his poorer neighbours, had been a voluntary preacher and teacher, paying for hire of rooms, &c.; that they might have been well off but for the

enterprise. She further begged me not to publish anything about him at present, not for a twelvemonth at least. I have abstained accordingly.

After visiting the oyster beds, &c., I returned, and found him at home in his white linen baker's dress. He was very reticent, either restraining himself from any outbreak in the presence of his wife, or suspecting me to be the London detective with handcuffs in reserve, and bent on renewing the imaginary persecutions. The expression of his features, the tone of his voice, his general manner and appearance fully verified my son's view of his venerable aspect and gentle character.

I write this short narrative, having no doubt whatever that either his canal from Shoreham to Kingston, or mine from Newhaven to Southwark or Deptford, or some modification, will be made; and when it is done, and its immense value understood, the history of this poor man will read as a parallel to the story of De Caus, who was goaded to madness by his anticipation of the steam-engine. The *Gentleman's Magazine* is a fit place for such a record.

I hope to see him again.

Squaring the Circle.

Mathematicians have been very hard upon the poor "paradoxers" who have struggled with this problem, but, as it appears to me, the mathematicians have scarcely done their duty. They have duly shown that the accurate quadrature of the circle is impossible, but, so far as I am able to learn, they do not go to the bottom of the question by explaining the fundamental reason of the impossibility, or rather incommensurability.

I dare not be so rude as to say they do not understand this, and that I, who am not a mathematician, am able to teach them what it is; I only venture to deprecate the excessive modesty which has urged them to conceal their knowledge.

Those of my readers who care to learn the history of the subject will find an admirable digest of it, including some very curious facts, in the article "Quadrature," in the "English Cyclopædia." For example: the writer of the article saw a letter that had recently been addressed to the Lord Chancellor by a labouring man who came to London with his solution of the problem, and claimed the £100,000 popularly supposed to be offered by the British Government to anybody who should solve it.

What, then, is this explanation of the fundamental nature or cause

of the incommensurability which I see so clearly, and am surprised that writers like those of the above-named article have so long concealed?

It is that in all measurements we must have an unit, and that measurement only becomes possible when the unit is of the same nature as the quantity to be measured by it. Nobody can tell us how many inches are contained in 24 hours, simply because time is not space, and although we speak figuratively of the "length of time," such length is not measurable in space-length units.

Applying this principle to the proposed quadrature of the circle, we may easily understand that the reason why we cannot express the area of a circle in square inches, square feet, or square terms of its radius, is that our square unit is not circular. A straight-line unit may measure other straight lines, or an unit of space enclosed by straight lines (such as a square unit) may measure other spaces similarly enclosed.

To make this clear let us adopt for a moment a different unit from that of the square inch; let it be a circular inch, the area of a bronze halfpenny, which measures an inch across; then a circular foot would have an area of 144 circular inches, a circular yard that of 9 circular feet, and so on. But having adopted this curvilinear unit, we can no more express by its means the area of squares, triangles, and other rectilinear figures than we can now express that of curvilinear figures in terms of our present rectilinear unit. If on the planet Venus, where graceful flowing curves should predominate, a circular unit is adopted, the paradoxers there will be the square circlers, just as here they are circle squarers, and for precisely the same reason, viz., that they attempt to apply an inapplicable measure.

The whole difficulty has therefore a conventional origin; it depends on the selection of our unit of area measure, which is purely arbitrary.

We similarly fail when we attempt to express the length of curved lines in straight units, or straight lines in curved units. This, in fact, is the basis of the circle-squaring trouble; for if we could express the curvilinear circumference of a circle in terms of its rectilinear diameter, we could square it at once by simply multiplying the length of the circumference by that of the radius; the area of a circle being demonstrably equal to that of a right-angled triangle with base equal to circumference and altitude equal to diameter.

SPECIAL EARTHQUAKES.

RECENT researches have pretty plainly indicated that there are many kinds of earthquakes, and that no general sweeping theory can explain all. A paper read at the last meeting of the British Association (section C), by Professor G. A. Lebour, illustrates this very plainly.

He tells us that during the last two years frequent slight quakings, accompanied by rumbling noises, have been felt at Sunderland, and much discussion has arisen concerning them. His explanation is that Sunderland rests on a bed of magnesian limestone 300 to 400 feet thick, that the rock is riddled with cavities of every size, some so large as to constitute respectable caverns, others so small as merely to give a spongy character to the rock. The cavities are partially due to the solution of the limestone by the carbonic acid of the water falling through it, and partly to the washing out of marly matter.

Every thousand gallons of Sunderland water is found to contain one pound of stone, and thus 40 cubic yards of magnesian limestone are annually pumped away from the foundations of the town by the water company, and far larger quantities are removed by natural flow. Thus the cavities are enlarged until the roof falls and the sides collapse. This crushing down explains both shock and rumbling.

The disastrous artificial earthquakes that have occurred in the Cheshire districts, where the brine pumps are similarly removing the salt strata, and their repetition on a smaller scale since salt works have been in operation near Middlesborough, confirm this view.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Feminine Studies of M. Octave Uzanne.

WITH the publication of "La Française du Siècle,"[1] M. Octave Uzanne brings to a conclusion the series of works he has devoted to the study of feminine allurements and wiles. In the four volumes now before the public, "L'Eventail," "L'Ombrelle, le Manchon, et le Gant," "Son Altesse la Femme," and that now issued, M. Uzanne may claim to have rendered the sex homage, which, though a trifle cynical—as in these days what homage is not?—is at least the most gallant it has received. In scholarship and in piquancy of style the books are the highest products of the pen to which we owe "Le Calendrier de Vénus," "Les Caprices d'un Bibliophile," and many other works which already rank as bibliographical and literary treasures. As specimens of book illustration, meanwhile, they go beyond anything yet attempted. In one case only, that of "Son Altesse la Femme," the novel experiments made in colour-printing obtained only a modified success. Profiting by the experience thus obtained, the work now issued is perfect, the illustrations at the heads of chapters being marvellous in delicacy and having all the grace of the finest etchings with the added vivacity of colour. Not less remarkable are the full-page illustrations. In the highest class work the French are leaving us far behind, and these books represent the highest results yet obtained. A limited impression being public, the work becomes speedily unattainable, and it may exercise the intellect to guess what a complete set will fetch in a few years in the sale room. It is a pride of the best Parisian bookseller that the works he publishes shall speedily become rarities. A new opening is thus afforded the bibliophile, who, without any trouble or research, has only to order a large-paper copy of every illustrated publication of importance to be sent him, and thus to establish a library of ever-increasing value.

[1] Paris: Quantin.

Copyright with America.

An International Copyright between England and America seems at length within measurable distance. Evil dies hard, and there have been so many interests involved in the maintenance of the system of plunder to which English authors have been subject, that there is no cause for astonishment at the hostile reception accorded in the United States to the proposals which have more than once been sent from this country. It is permissible to hope, however, that some of the leading American publishing houses have at length awoke to the value of elementary principles of honesty, and that the reception, favourable in the main, accorded in America to the treaty which the English Government declares itself prepared to consider upon the general terms proposed by Mr. Lowell, is not wholly due to the action of American authors. These latter have, of course, obtained a clear view of the question. Writers such as Mark Twain and Bret Harte, whose popularity is of comparatively modern growth, make more money in this country than in their own. In this fact a strong inducement is naturally offered them to support the proposal which one of the most distinguished of their number has laid down. For them, at least, the side of loyalty and honesty is that also of pecuniary advantage. The chief obstacle to a settlement of the question has hitherto been that, the literary baggage of Englishmen being so much heavier than that of Americans, the advantage has been seen to lie on our side. It cannot yet be said that a balance is struck. The disproportion is, however, in course of constant diminution, and the number of Americans who have a pecuniary right in a settlement of the question is correspondingly augmented.

Objections to the Proposed copyright Treaty.

To treat the general aspects of the question of International Copyright demands a volume rather than a note. The advantages offered to unscrupulous publishers by the course at present existing are, of course, easily perceived. A work of importance issued in England at a rate which is intended to some extent to remunerate the author for his labour is re-issued in America at a little above the mere cost of production. It follows as a matter of course that scarcely a single copy of an English-printed book is sold in the [illegible] ates. Not only then does the writer,

a Tennyson, a Gardiner, or a Huxley, see himself deprived of profit that must necessarily be a stimulus to exertion, but he finds rankling in his mind the sense that he is defrauded and injured. At the present moment strenuous opponents of change and sticklers for the existing condition of affairs are to be found. Among those even who have affixed their names to the Memorial to Congress on behalf of International Copyright are some whose views of justice are, to say the least, puzzling. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, a Connecticut Divine, thus declares that he seeks a law to compel the foreign author to sell his works cheap, and does not believe in an author's right to fix his own price. Being, as he naïvely concedes, not much of an author himself, he thinks "more of the interests of those who read than of those who write books," which draws from a writer in *The American Bookseller* the just if whimsical parallel, "Not being a baker myself, I rather think of those who eat than those who bake, and therefore steal my loaf." One thing at least is certain: the gain resulting from a scheme of copyright will not be confined to writers English and American, largely as these, it may be hoped, will be benefited. It will extend to the publisher, whose business will be established on a basis of justice instead of on a system of rapine.

On the Choice of Books.

AMONG the many forms of torture to which those who have fondly believed themselves to have passed through the period of examinations have been recently subjected by amateur inquisitors, none has made more stir than the questioning applied to literary men and thinkers as to the best conceivable selection of one hundred books. Many whimsical answers have been extorted from different men, since Lord Acton, as I am told, started the idea and Sir John Lubbock first carried it into effect. Lists have been sent in by men so wide apart as the Prince of Wales and Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Swinburne and Lord Coleridge. I have personally a profound respect for Sir John Lubbock, whose list has formed the basis of all the others, and I have a strong disinclination to set up myself against men of established and well-earned reputation. I must yet frankly own that I think all the lists sent in pedantic and preposterous. The quantity of classical books put down is out of all just proportion; and the supposition that a man is to know the masterpieces of all languages is equally absurd, whether we take it that the knowledge is to be obtained through the originals or translations. Sir John

Lubbock's list has received general praise. I maintain that, if carried out, the study of the books given would make a literary prig. I do not refer to the omission of "Paradise Regained," "Comus," and "Samson Agonistes" from Milton, and similar exclusions. I make bold to say that the man who could read some portion of the books named would turn with distaste from others, and I venture to doubt whether any man, even Sir John himself, has ever tried to read them all. To insert Aristotle, Confucius, and Demosthenes, the "Shahnameh," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Comte's "Catechism of Positive Philosophy," Southey's "Curse of Kehama" and "Thalaba," Lord Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and a score others, is as whimsical as to exclude Lafontaine, Lessing, Byron, Schiller, I know not whom. The list is, in fact, suited to no soul in the world. Sir John himself would probably derive more delight from the "Opus divinum de Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ" of Petrarch, a portion of which in a translation he gives in the paper in which his list is framed, than from half the books he includes in the list itself. A scholar who will delight in Sir Thomas Browne will turn from "Self-help," which Sir John classes among the first hundred. Who will be content with the "Gulliver's Travels" of Swift will do without Rabelais or will care to include Gray in the best one hundred books. It would be absurd to say that a list of equal value could be opposed to this, since when a man has taken the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Molière, Bacon, Defoe, Homer, Horace, to mention no other names, he has taken a heavy toll. I maintain, however, that the list should be changed by more than one-half for each different reader. Sir John Lubbock's list is as good as many of the others sent, but the whole matter, taken in the spirit in which it has been treated, is but ingenious literary trifling.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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CANON SAINTLEY'S REMORSE.

BY GEORGE HOLMES,

AUTHOR OF "FARMER JOHN."

IT has been for several years my intention, in obedience to a promise of long ago, to publish this memoir of the last hours of Canon Saintley. But, on sitting down to the task, I had always found that my courage failed me. I never got beyond a few introductory remarks, and even with these I found myself dissatisfied. Thus it is that for many years I abandoned the idea. It is only now that, realising how short a time is left me in which to put my affairs in order, I have placed first amongst those of importance this memoir of the old Canon. For it was with his dying hand in mine that my promise to write it was given, and those were dying lips that blessed me for the promise. The years are many between now and then, and yet my hand trembles and my eyes are dim as I recall the scene, and commit it to words. It may be that the vividness of early childhood still paints the picture before my sight, and that what I then felt in connection with it I shall always feel.

The drowsy Evensong was drawing to a close. It had been so stiflingly hot all this long July day that we choristers of the Cathedral School had for once felt willing to put on our surplices, and march in procession up the cool Cathedral aisle.

I, for one, was rarely sleepy in church. I loved the stillness and the music far too well. But several of my companions had dozed off during the last prayers, although they would usually manage to wake up and sing the final "*Amen.*" I had generally some point of interest on which to fix my attention during service, which may have been the real reason for my never falling asleep. Sometimes it was the long rows of Charity School children, sometimes it was the sweet face

of our dear old Matron, whom I loved better than any one in the whole world, and lately it had been the tall, old Canon, who walked last in procession when the Dean was not there, and who was just now standing up to deliver the Benediction.

I had heard a good deal of talk about him in the last few weeks, for the poor old man was reported to be drawing near his end. He was in reality far older than he looked, and during these last months, although never absent from a single service, he had become more and more bent, and his walk seemed very feeble this evening, as he passed up into the chancel, and took his seat in the Subdean's stall.

"Old Saintley 's breaking up fast," I heard the Alto behind me whisper, and even the Precentor's eyes were wandering after the tall, bent old figure.

I felt a curious sensation of wonder on looking at one who was so soon to die. How many strange new things he would before long be seeing, while I must wait many, many years before they would be revealed to me! The young think more often of death than the middle-aged, or even the old. And, for my part, as I was an orphan, my thoughts and speculations were more about the dead than about the living.

As he stood there with clasped hands, his voice clear, though thin, coming in slow and lingering tones, it seemed to me that he was already gone, and that a spirit looked out of his great, dark eyes. They had not changed their look with age, but burned under his rugged, white brows with the intensity of other years. My gaze hung on him, and I felt as if I could read his inmost thoughts. I saw his eyes wandering to the open doors, as though he were taking a last look at the purple outline of the Northern hills beyond. I could not have said whether his gaze was sad or stern. But I knew his thoughts and mine were the same, and I buried my burning cheeks in the sleeve of my surplice, as the dark eyes were suddenly turned on me. "*Be amongst you and remain with you always.*" It was the last Benediction he spoke.

After tea that Sunday afternoon those of us who loved her gathered round our Matron, and begged her to tell us stories of her youth. Mrs. Fay was the sweetest-looking little old lady I have ever seen. She was very small and very thin, with tiny hands and feet. I used to think that she looked like a fairy godmother, with her silver hair, her long velvet cloak, and her gold-rimmed spectacles. Mrs. Fay was a widow, with some little private property, but, as she had no children and was particularly fond of boys, she had obtained the post of Matron in our school, and very good care she took of us.

I think she tried not to have favourites, although I must own

that I had managed to creep into her heart, perhaps because I was the only orphan in the school.

I had come there many years ago, before I was old enough to think of singing in the Cathedral, and my benefactor was the same old Canon whom I had been watching so attentively of late. So much Mrs. Fay had told me, but, as he never sent for me, nor spoke to me, I had had no opportunity of thanking him for providing me with a home and education. I do not remember ever to have seen my father, but I had a faint shadowy recollection of a fair-haired mother, who had kissed me vehemently, with strange, sobbing words, that I could not understand, as she bade me "good-bye" at the railway-station. I had been given in charge to the guard, for, as I afterwards understood, my mother was too poor to take me from London to Northminster herself. But she had written constantly to me and to Mrs. Fay during our short separation. She had died a few months after I left her.

I had not the remotest idea why Canon Saintley provided for me. He was generally considered a very hard man. He always walked alone, and he was said to have no relatives, and very few, if indeed any, friends. Thinking over these things all through tea made me more than usually absent-minded, so that my companions had many jokes at my expense.

Some time after, we were all loitering in the playground, when I saw Mrs. Fay coming towards us, with a note in her hand. We were soon clustering round her, while she, with a rather awed expression on her face, beckoned me to her.

"Boys," she said, "Canon Saintley has just sent for one of you to go and see him."

I held my breath while she put on her spectacles and looked over the note.

"Michael Napier," she said, and pointed to me, "you must get ready at once. It is you he has sent for. I do not know why the Canon wants you," she went on, "but he is very ill indeed, the housekeeper says, and he expressed such a wish to see you that she could not refuse. I will take you there myself directly. Perhaps he may wish you to remain with him, but I do not know."

The boys had looked very frightened till it became clear which of us was to go. Now they smiled with reassured faces, and this did not serve to raise my sinking spirits.

"He is a good old man, and I have no doubt kind also, although he looks so stern," Mrs. Fay said, as we went quietly out of the school gates. But I was too miserable [illegible] ork.

We did not speak again till we got to the cloisters. It was already twilight, and my heart began to beat violently as we entered those gloomy passages. Still it was something that dear old Mrs. Fay was still by my side. We walked on in silence, and at length we stood before the iron-studded oaken door of the Canon's house.

But here my feelings of awe and terror became too much for me; and I begged dear Mrs. Fay to take me back to the school.

"No, no. Be brave, Michael dear. Poor old Canon Saintley is dying, and he wants to see you. You will not disappoint him?"

Her words fell with a strange clearness on the stillness of the cloisters, and I trembled as I looked at the door, as though I were half expecting to see Canon Saintley's spirit pass visibly through it.

A few minutes later and I had passed the threshold. A silence more awesome than that of the cloisters rested over the house, and only my tread and that of the housekeeper, on the thickly carpeted passage, awoke a slight rustling as we went. Yet, strange to say, I now lost my fears. I seemed to be no longer awake, but moving in some marvellous dream.

The housekeeper pulled aside a rich curtain that shrouded a doorway, and knocked lightly once or twice. A clear, thin voice, which I well knew, called "Come in" from the distance. We entered a long, low room; its ceiling crossed with black, oaken beams; through the latticed oriel I saw the outline of the distant hills. A reading-lamp on a table by the bed threw a softened light on the Canon's white hair. His long, thin hands held his watch, which he had just been winding; the key had fallen to the ground, near the table. A furred mantle had been thrown round his shoulders, and a fire burned in the grate. To me the room seemed chill and cheerless, although I had found the day so overpoweringly hot.

The housekeeper led me to the bed, and, obeying a motion of the Canon's, placed me on a chair beside him.

"So you have come, Michael Napier. Who brought you?" asked the thin, clear voice.

"Mrs. Fay, our Matron," I murmured in reply.

"Were you afraid to come?" he asked.

"Yes," I faltered. Had his spirit been near me all the way here?

"And what did Mrs. Fay tell you?" he asked presently.

I felt constrained to tell him. "She said you were dying, sir."

There was a short pause, and then he said, "Are you afraid to stay *with me now?*

"No, sir. I was afraid," I cried, "but not now. I am not afraid any longer."

He did not smile, but motioned to the housekeeper to leave him and me alone. "He shall watch with me to-night," he said. "And I shall not require anything. No doctor, mind, till to-morrow." He laughed queerly. "To-morrow, to-morrow! Will you stay with me, Michael?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered. He lay back, and closed his eyes. Before leaving the room the housekeeper bent to whisper to me: "If you want anything, call me. I shall be all night in the passage outside, on a chair near the door. You're a brave boy, and God bless you." I smiled, and she passed noiselessly away.

"What did the woman say?" asked the old Canon, confronting me with his eyes.

I was obliged to tell him everything. "But you won't call her," he cried in his thin, clear voice. "I want—I *will* die alone with you—since you have come. Promise," he said, stretching out his hand for mine. I gave it and promised, for I was under the spell of his will.

He lay silent for a time and then said: "Michael, I have much to say to you, but none must hear. Go quickly outside the door, and tell me whether you can distinguish from outside what I am saying." He began speaking in a low tone, and I went outside, putting my finger to my lips when the old housekeeper wished to question me. I laid my ear against the keyhole, but I could only distinguish a vague murmuring coming from the room beyond. "No, I heard no words," I said, as I returned and sat down again.

"Michael," said the old man, "you are a very little lad; how old are you?"

"Twelve years old last month, sir, the 21st," I answered.

"You look about seven. Tell me, why do you fix those grey eyes of yours on me when I say the Benediction in the Cathedral?" Again I was compelled to tell him my every thought.

"Well, you are right," he said presently, "I shall soon be gone. And there is no one to be sorry. Some will be glad. And yet *you* were not afraid to come and see me die. I shall grow very cold, Michael, cold as ice; and there will be no sound in this room save the rustle of Death's wings. You will not hear them, boy, so you need not shudder. Don't fix your eyes on me so, Michael. . . . Ah, God, you have your father's eyes! Poor Michael Napier!
have got *her* hair, her golden hair, my little tender [illegible]
soft and fair, it was like threads of golden [illegible]
bed, and passed his hand over my head as [illegible]

"I am dying," he went on, "with only this little lad to watch by me. You shall not repent it, Michael, for somehow I knew you would come. Michael, love much, and many; I have only loved myself, and now it profiteth me nothing." His eyes were fixed on my face with a wistful look. "I have so little time," he said, "and so much to tell. Michael, you must hear me out, and judge, when all is told, whether God can forgive me. I fear me much He cannot. But you shall hear, and when I am gone you must publish it, that all may know what manner of man the good Canon Saintley was."

He groaned, and whispered what sounded like the fragment of a prayer. "Promise that you will publish the tale, that I may die in peace."

I faltered out, "I promise."

"I wish to do some good before I die. But there is so little time." He pointed to a leather book and a pencil, which lay on the table. "Take them," he said "and write."

"As a lad," he began, "I was brought up to know that I must make my way in the world. I was clever without being in any way a genius, and my mother, who was a widow, toiled day and night at dressmaking, to enable her to send me to a good school. A rich lady who was interested in her, for she had been her maid, took me up. I was put to a first-rate gentlemen's school; and when the lady died she left a sufficient sum to defray my college expenses, with a view to my becoming a clergyman. I went up to Oxford full of hopes and resolutions, and my first examinations made me well spoken of among the Dons of my college. I gained several prizes, but the 'Ireland' was throughout the goal of my ambition. I was accompanied from school to college by an inseparable friend, one Michael Napier, a very handsome lad, who made as many friends as I did few, for he was a brilliant talker and delightful companion, while I was shy, proud, and reserved. He knew all my history, and took the deepest interest in my plans, throwing himself into my future as though it had been his own. I was as attached to him as it was possible for me to be to any one; for my own self, from earliest years, had been impressed upon me as the first consideration. Napier, though better born and better off than I was, in his intercourse with me (he was some few months younger) invariably treated me as his superior. He did not seem in his humility to be conscious that, whereas I had talent, he had genius and gifts, which would place him with little difficulty in the front rank. I knew this *only too* [illegible] so did all his numerous friends.

"In our fourth year we both devoted every spare moment to reading for the 'Ireland.' Napier was a clever draughtsman, and devoted to his pencil. But he was content to neglect even this favourite pursuit for more serious work. His inspiring motive was that he was devotedly attached to a young lady of higher rank than his own; and in a brilliant University career, with its attendant rewards, he saw his only hope of succeeding in his suit. I alone knew of this, and inwardly scoffed at Napier for so soon giving up his liberty.

"One Sunday evening we dined with a large and merry party. It was a warm June day, and we leaned out of the windows watching the people passing to church. One of the company proposed—but not, I fear, in a spirit of devotion—that we should follow their example; and it was decided that a church not far off, noted for its ritualistic services, would offer the best entertainment. We hurried out, Napier catching up a small dinner-bell as he ran through the hall. This he concealed under his gown, and rang at intervals as we walked along, to our delight, and the surprise of the passers-by. The church was brilliantly lighted, and crowded to the doors. It was seated with chairs, the men and women being separated. I was behind our three companions with Napier, who, putting the bell carefully on the floor between us, drew out his notebook, and began surreptitiously to sketch some of the congregation.

"My nerves, which the severe study of the last weeks had strained unduly, were excited by the wine I had just been drinking; and the flaring gaslight and smell of incense served still more to inflame my brain. I whispered and laughed with Napier and our friends in front, so that heads were several times turned in our direction, and a verger was signalled to come and watch us.

"Just then the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. After giving out his text, he stood for a moment regarding the mass of people before him with an air of solemn dignity, and it was during this pause that, prompted by some devil, I suddenly bent down, and rang the dinner-bell loudly once or twice, at the same time shouting in a feigned voice, '*Muffins, muffins!*'

"Napier, horror-struck, instantly leaned over me, and seized my hand.

"The congregation rose. There was a struggle, and, I knew not how, the verger was near us, we were outside the church door, Napier and I, and I heard him saying in a firm voice, 'Yes, I did it. I tell you I did it—I rang the bell.'

"I felt as if I had been struck dumb. I do not

I then intended that Napier should bear the blame for me. I simply stood dazed, and powerless to utter a word, while the verger took down his name and college, with a view to reporting the outrage to the Vice-Chancellor. I did not sleep that night; and I remained in my rooms all the next day. At about nine o'clock in the evening one of our companions of the previous night came to see me. He volunteered the news for which I dared not ask. Napier had been summoned before the Vice-Chancellor's court that morning; the verger and several others had given evidence; he had denied nothing, and although much regret was expressed the offence was considered a very grave one, and the sentence was:—Rustication for a year. 'And he was sure of the "Ireland," you know,' added my friend, with tears in his eyes.

"Sent down for a whole year; his short and brilliant career over; this was what Napier's generosity had cost him. At the moment of detection he had rapidly summed up the comparative value of his University course and mine; the balance leaned heavily to me, so, without a pause for regret, he took the step backwards which left me first in the race. I never saw him again. He went down in the course of the next few days, and by that time I was too ill to leave my rooms. Our friends, without exception, believed Napier guilty; and my depression was attributed to unselfish regret at his loss.

"From that moment fortune turned a beaming countenance on me. I won the 'Ireland,' obtained a Fellowship at my own college, and settled down to university life with the satisfied consciousness of a future well provided for. Napier, as had been anticipated, did not return to Oxford. I did not till some years after know the real reason of this. For I made no attempt to meet him, nor to gain any news of him. But the fatal cause of this separation ever haunted my thoughts; and I often walked long distances to avoid passing the church where we had parted for ever. I took Orders, although such belief as I had ever had vanished in the moment when I permitted wrong to triumph over right, at the great crisis of my life. I believed in myself alone, and my power to remove all obstacles from the path of my ambition.

"I obtained some reputation as a preacher, and my published sermons were, I believe, the cause of my future promotion; but that was not till many years later. I did not intend to marry, as that would have deprived me of my Fellowship, and I learned increasingly to value my present life of ease. I went abroad in the vacations; my rooms were full of antiques and pictures, in which poor Napier's

refined taste would have rejoiced—poor Napier, to whom they really belonged, they, my reputation and my very soul. When, no matter where, this thought came to me, I was seized with violent shuddering, and a terror as of the presence of death and judgment overpowered me. I made no friends, for I dared not cultivate an intimacy which might result in a self-revelation.

"I was now approaching middle age. At the beginning of a summer vacation I happened to spend a few days in London on my way to the Continent. One evening I wandered out, and amused myself with looking into the picture shops in a street near my hotel. I had been fond of doing so years ago with Napier, who could never pass a picture shop without looking in, to admire or to criticise.

"On this particular evening I found much to interest me in one of the smaller of the shops. There was in the window a set of lovely sketches of the Thames near Oxford, which I found to be both true and suggestive: suggestive also of Napier, of whose careful style they reminded me. Feeling myself to be securely unknown in the great city, and unable to suppress my secret desire for news of him, I passed into the shop, intending to purchase the pictures and to learn the artist's name.

"My entrance interrupted a hurried conversation which was being carried on between the dealer, who spoke in harsh tones, and a young girl, who shrank into the background when I appeared. I asked my question, and while the shopman bent to examine the price I turned and looked at the girl.

"It was the most beautiful face I had ever seen. I looked until she blushed under her shabby, black bonnet, as though she were afraid that my glance might be criticising her poor dress and threadbare shawl. She had thick waves of fair hair lying smoothly on a low forehead; and her large, dark-blue eyes, set far apart, were full of sweetness and intelligence. I thought she gave a little, wistful smile when I paid for the sketches and put them under my arm. I stood, I do not know why, still looking in at the window some time after. The conversation was continued within, and I detected some fragments which led me to conclude that the dealer was buying some pictures from the girl, and driving a hard bargain. She was so young to be thus occupied alone, at that hour, that my pity was aroused, and, without any definite plan, I waited till she came out of the shop. She lingered for a moment; then she saw me, and I noticed that she blushed again, and seemed to hesitate whethr should speak to me or not. I suppose my age and my cleri gave her confidence in me. She came a little nearer, and

the sketches under my arm, she said timidly, 'Would you like to see some other pictures done by the same artist who did those?'

"She looked straight at my eyes with a brave innocence. Her unconscious beauty acted on me like a spell. My heart actually beat more quickly, with a sensation that was new to me. She drew a portfolio from under her poor shawl, and cautioning me to walk on a short distance, in case the dealer should be watching us, she held up the pictures one by one for me to see. 'He is such a hard man, and this is against his rules,' she said. 'My poor brother and I are quite dependent on his favour.'

"I admired the sketches, particularly those she had herself done. They were cleverer than her brother's, although less finished. I bought nearly the whole portfolio, for which she asked but a modest sum; and in return I learned her history and her address. She told me she was only seventeen, and that her father, who had been a poor London curate all his days, had lately died, leaving her and a crippled brother totally unprovided for. They were now with difficulty supporting themselves by the sale of their paintings to the dealer.

"'I suppose I might be a governess,' she said, 'but I could not leave my brother. He is very ill just now, and I can only get away from him when he sleeps.'

"I parted from her at her home, and strolled back to my hotel, still under the spell of her influence.

"I did not go abroad for several weeks. Instead, I paid daily visits to the poor house of the children-artists; and perhaps the one kind action of my long, selfish life was that of brightening the cripple boy's last days on earth. A kind action—but by no means a disinterested one. I was in love with his sister, and my instinct told me that kindness to her brother was the surest way to win her heart. At times I felt I could relinquish my life of ease at Oxford to have her always at my side. But this was only at times. When, after the death of the boy, I returned to my college, old habits reasserted themselves, and I dreaded any change of life. But notwithstanding this we were now formally, although secretly, engaged. Rachel continued to board in the same house, and laboured with her old diligence at her painting, refusing the allowance which I wished to give her. I always found her bending over her easel, a large painting-apron covering her shabby dress.

"It was understood between us that when a good college living offered, I should accept it and we should be married. Yet, inwardly, hoped that many years would elapse before this would happen.

"We had been engaged for five years. One day when we were walking together, Rachel surprised me by offering earnestly to release me from my engagement. She did not realise that it was her youth which was being wasted by my selfishness; she only feared that she was spoiling my life, which, she said, there were many others much worthier to share. Overcome by her generosity, I declared that my life was hers only, and I left her reassured and happy.

"Soon after, the incumbent of a valuable benefice in the gift of my college died, and the living was offered to me. It was in almost every respect a suitable place, the only drawback being that it was situated far away from any town, on the wildest part of the Yorkshire moors. I went down to see it, and spent a few days in the Vicarage-house. In that lonely region my spirit, undisturbed by the influences of society, at once became a prey to the bitterest feelings of remorse. Napier's face again haunted me at every turn; and when I entered the quiet country-church my own unrepented sin seemed to arise and accuse me. I could not face a lifetime in such a desolate place. I fled back to Oxford, and, shutting my eyes to all possible consequences, I refused the living.

"I suppose this was the death-blow to Rachel's hopes. I received a short and sorrowful letter from her in answer to mine which announced what I had done. She gave me my liberty, and assured me that nothing could now induce her to alter her decision. On reading her brave and gentle words, I found it hard to stifle my regret and my affection. I had loved her indeed, although I loved myself more. Yet before long I managed to persuade myself that I had been ill-treated, and I answered her letter with a cruelty that must have deeply wounded her sensitive mind. She made no reply; and I banished her from my heart. It had been better for her had she never met me that summer evening. Those who have loved me have suffered—always suffered."

The minster clock struck twelve, but I felt no inclination to sleep. My heart beat fast with fear lest the old man should die before all was told. He had been making a great effort. His voice had been getting weaker and weaker, and his eyes grew dimmer each moment. Now all was still in the room. It became very cold, and, as I looked on his white and quiet face, I asked myself was he dead.

But suddenly he opened his eyes, and began to speak again.

"Michael, Michael, I am dying. Give me that glass of water. You are a gentle boy. Heaven bless you, Michael, for helping me die! . . . '

His eyes closed. I prayed to God that he should live.

"Michael," he began, speaking with difficulty, "there is not much left to tell. Some years after, Rachel wrote to me that she had married—an artist, a friend of her brother's. She begged for my forgiveness if she had wronged me. Wronged me! I laughed when I read the words. Yet from that moment my heart was dead. I felt then all I had lost. I gathered that it was a poor marriage. But she wrote that: 'He loved her, and she had been so lonely.' The signature was: '*Rachel Napier.*' . . ."

"My mother!" I said, in an awed whisper.

After a long pause, Canon Saintley continued:—

"Two or three years after, an old college friend, named Blackwood, was dining with me in my rooms. His first words were, had I seen Napier's death in that morning's paper? The shock of the disclosure almost stunned me, and I was compelled to leave the room for some minutes to compose myself. We sat talking till late of the time when we three had been at Oxford together. He expressed surprise that I had never met Napier again, and asked me whether I had ever heard what his history had been. I murmured that I had not. He told me that Napier's after life had been ruined by that Sunday evening's adventure. The young lady to whom he was engaged had refused to see him again when he left Oxford, without giving any reason; his relatives had treated him with coldness instead of sympathy; and his heart was broken. He was unable to settle to anything; and then he had taken to bad ways, and for a time nothing was to be heard of him. His mother, who had believed in him in spite of everything, stood by him to the last. But she had been unable to help him, owing to heavy money losses; and she died in comparative poverty not many years after. Napier had been devoted to her, and her death seemed to sober him. He turned over a new leaf, and found occupation in his old art of drawing, by which he soon began to earn a living. He worked with untiring perseverance and much success for many years, when he married a lovely woman, herself an artist, named Rachel Moore. Blackwood added that he had heard that Napier had taught her and her brother drawing, when they were children.

"At the name of Rachel Moore I sprang from my chair; but hastily controlling myself, I signed to Blackwood to finish his tale. There was no more to tell. Napier's death, although I had not seen it, was in that morning's papers.

"A gloom fell over me; and my companion, pressing my hand with sympathy, soon left me to my wretched thoughts. I was now a haunted man.

"A few months later the Canonry of Northminster was offered to me by the Crown, and I hailed the preferment as affording a change of scene. I determined to leave Oxford for ever, and to take up my residence at Northminster. I sold all my pictures and valuable curiosities which I had collected. The sight of these beautiful objects only helped to remind me of the past.

"I never saw Rachel again; but one day I received a letter from her. It was a touching letter, and my eyes filled as I read it. Nothing could have induced her to write for herself, she said, but for her fatherless boy she had compelled herself to ask for help. And she had no one to go to but myself. In memory of our friendship of long ago, would I do something for the boy? Perhaps my interest would obtain him a place in some charitable institution, where he might be educated and fitted for supporting himself when he grew up. He was five years old, she said; a good little lad, and a great comfort to her. It hurt her so to part with him: but it would be for his good. She had strength enough still to work for herself. She did not refer to my knowledge of her husband, and I saw that he had been faithful to the end. I wrote back a short note. I said that a vacancy had occurred in the Northminster Choir School, to which I promised to nominate her son. I would pay whatever was wanting to complete her boy's support while he was there. But I offered no word of sympathy, or kindness, to the woman whom I had wronged—to the widow of the man whose life I had ruined. She wrote gratefully in answer. She must have pined after you; she died very soon after you left her.

"I did not go to see you when you came. Mrs. Fay often spoke to me of you, wishing, no doubt, to interest me in my protégé. She had taken a fancy to you, because you were so small for your age, and you had such pretty ways, she said. For some time I dreaded to look in the direction of the little school-boys, who followed the old lady into the Cathedral. When I heard that you had been admitted into the choir, and visitors said that your singing was beautiful, I used to try and close my ears during the anthem solos, lest I should distinguish your mother's tones in your young voice. I never looked at you, lest your face should recall your mother's to me.

"Yet, one night, while you were singing, and every eye was turned on you, I felt compelled to look. It was a still, summer evening, and the sunset streamed through the painted windows. The Cathedral was flooded with light. It shone on your fair hair and your little surplice. The anthem was Steggall's 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' 'Vanity of vanities,' swelled

the great chorus, 'all is vanity.' To one conscience at least the words seemed to strike the key-note of a wasted life. And then your voice alone was heard softly repeating, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' As you whispered the words, you slowly turned your face full on me. Ah, God! how I suffered then. I saw in you an avenging angel. For you had your father's eyes, and, to my overwrought imagination, they seemed to meet mine with a look of childish anguish and reproach. God had sent the child-image of my dead friend to haunt me till my death.

"After that you never sang but my attention was fastened on you only. And again and again I fancied that your sad, young gaze followed me reproachfully. Mrs. Fay often spoke of you, but I could not summon courage to address you myself."

. . . .

The faint traces of the fingers of Dawn were laid on the summits of the Northern hills as the old Canon's voice ceased. Looking through the latticed oriel, I could see innumerable birds come swiftly from the trees in the garden below. A deep sigh seemed to sound from the sleeping world without. Nature was rousing herself to wake: she breathed again.

The room grew colder and colder. An icy presence seemed to be creeping towards me. I shuddered at the felt consciousness of an invisible entrance. The candles were burnt to their sockets. I heard the minster clock strike three. A fearful hush fell.

"Michael!" I drew closer to the bed. "Take my hand, Michael," he said. I took the chilly hand between both of mine. "Hold fast, Michael, don't let go," he said faintly. "Could you kiss me, Michael, before I die? Just so: once, twice." He blessed me with one hand on my head, the other still clasping mine.

"Michael, God bless thee, lad! It grows very dark. It is cold, very cold! . . . Think of me with love . . . pity . . . when you pass my grave. . . . Turn my face towards the rising sun. I ever loved the warm sunshine. . . . Michael. . . . Rachel. . . . they are coming. . . . your sake. . . . they forgive. . . ."

. . . .

The hours crept on. The minster bells chimed eight. I sat still holding his cold hand in mine. Then suddenly my dazed eyes fell on the old Matron's sweet face, and I fell senseless into her arms.

I was found to be the old man's sole heir. I was now well provided for—even rich.

But it was only to the dear old Matron that I ever gave a full account of his last hours, or told the sad story of Canon Saintley's *Remorse.*

THE UNEMPLOYED & THE RIOTS.

THE axiom that there can be no effect without a cause applies in social affairs as strictly as in physical science. Some causes are incidental, superficial, and temporary, others are fundamental and permanent. The incidental superficial causes of the late riots have been sufficiently discussed in incidental and superficial newspaper articles, the writers of which have only to deal with temporary questions as they rise from day to day.

I have no intention here to invade their province, but to inquire whether there is any fundamental deep-seated source of the recent outbreaks. Are these sores limited to the social epidermis, or are they symptomatic of social blood-poisoning?

The lawless roughs and the patient, unemployed, lawfully pleading sufferers both come from the same places, from the foul demoralising slums of our great towns and cities. How came they there? What is the origin of such accumulations? Are they natural and necessary adjuncts to what we call modern civilisation, or are they the results of some removable error in our social organisation or proceedings?

These are serious questions, demanding serious consideration. Turning to the official report of the last census, I find that the population of the outer ring of London, *i.e.* of the part on which additional population is packable, has increased 126·8 per cent. in twenty years (from 1861 to 1881); that, curiously enough, the next town in the order of growing population is that which has emulated London most distinctly in the matter of riots, viz. Leicester; its growth during the same period has amounted to 79·8 per cent.

In 1861 the proportion of the rural population of the United Kingdom to the total population was 37·7 per cent.; in 1871 it had fallen to 35·2 per cent., in 1881 to 33·4 per cent. Or, otherwise stated, in 1861 there were 161 dwellers in towns to 100 dwellers in rural districts; in 1871, 184 to 100; in 1881, 199 to 100. To-day the difference is doubtless still greater: the urban population now exceeds the rural population by more than two to one.

The town population do not and cannot produce their own food, nor the material for their own clothing, or fuel, or light.

It is evident, therefore, that we are heaping our population in towns more and more and more. This may be a consequence of the increasing opportunities of obtaining profitable and agreeable employment and general prosperity afforded by the towns, or it may result from the relatively diminishing demand for labour in agriculture. If it is clearly and positively due to the first of these, it is a symptom of prosperity; if to the latter, if destitution drives the surplus population of the country into the deeper and more dreadful destitution of the slums, there is serious ground for alarm.

Up to a certain period in our history, and that quite a recent one, the first of these conditions prevailed, but now and lately there is reason to fear that the latter is operating. If so, we must see to it at once, or suffer consequences for which we are but little prepared, and of which we have had little or no previous experience.

One thing is quite certain: farming, properly so called, is gradually becoming one of the lost arts in England. Our farmers are rapidly degenerating into mere graziers, and the reason is not difficult to find. As farms are now let in England, the agricultural capitalist has the choice of merely grazing, say 500 acres, at a profit of £1 per annum per acre, or highly farming 100 acres at a profit of £5 per acre. Everybody who knows anything of practical agriculture understands that the latter involves far more trouble, far more attention to detail, and is esteemed as far less dignified than the free and easy wholesale grazing business. Hence rural England is gradually becoming converted into prairie ground and sheep run. But for the vigorous check which the importation of frozen meat has recently supplied, this agricultural degeneration would have proceeded much more rapidly.

Evidence taken by the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade shows that the importation of "bacon and ham, which was less than 2 lbs. per head of the population in 1870, rose in 1884 to more than 10 lbs.; butter and butterine were under 5 lbs. in 1870 and 1871, and in 1884 nearly 8 lbs. per head; and so with cheese, which was less than 4 lbs. in 1870, became nearly 6 lbs. in 1884; and eggs similarly, which were under 14 lbs. in 1870, amounted to nearly 28 lbs. in 1884." Note that this difference is *per head*, not the total due to growing population.

If the 500 acres above-named were worked as five farms, yielding £5 per acre each, they would employ more than five times as much labour as the 500 acres worked as grazing ground. Thus, by our

present substitution of grazing for farming, we are starving the labourers off the soil and driving them into the towns by sheer despair and destitution.*

We may obtain a bushel of apples by planting an apple-tree near to our back door, gathering and storing the fruit when it ripens ; or we may obtain the like by first sending to America for raw cotton, then erecting mills to spin and weave that cotton, then shipping the woven fabric back to America, exchanging it for American apples, packing these in barrels, carrying them across the Atlantic, and selling them to wholesale factors, who sell them to retail shop-keepers, who sell them to the consumers.

I need not ask which of these is the more natural and rational method, or which is the more likely to prosper permanently.

Peculiar, exceptional, and temporary circumstances may render the roundabout process the most advantageous for a while. We *have been* placed in such abnormal circumstances. Our insular position has saved us from the ravages of invading armies, while the manufacturing enterprise of our neighbours has been strangled by the insecurity of capital due to the retail brigandage of private cut-throats and the wholesale brigandage of military despots. We *have had* coal nearer to the surface and otherwise more easily workable than that of other countries. We have planted great colonies where *at first* the sparsity of population has rendered it more advantageous to the people of those places to obtain implements, clothing, &c. by the roundabout process of exchanging for agricultural products.

But all these conditions are but temporary ; our European neighbours, our American descendants, and our distant colonists are becoming less and less dependent upon us, and more and more anxious and able to help themselves. They are even struggling to mimic our manufacturing specialty, trying to pervert the natural laws of supply and demand by the shallow device of "protecting" and promoting industrial precocity.

Our practical reply to all this is the simplest possible. We do

* In a recent speech in the House of Commons Mr. Mundella told us that "at the beginning of the present century Great Britain had a population of something like ten and a half millions, and what had happened in the last fifty years was something unparalleled in the history of the world. We have increased our population threefold in the last eighty-five years. At the beginning of the century there were some four millions of wage-earners in the country ; one half of them were engaged in agriculture, and the other half in industrial employment. Now, instead of one half of the population being employed in agriculture, only one seventh or one eighth are so employed, six sevenths or seven eighths being engaged in industrial occu[illegible]

not spin and weave, and smelt and forge, and cast and fashion, for the privilege of sending the products away (as those who measure prosperity by *exports* seem to suppose), but in order that we may obtain what we lack at home, our primary and greatest lacking being agricultural products, the chiefest of all being food. Therefore, instead of twaddling about "fair trade," retaliation, &c., let us see whether it is possible to help ourselves to the food we require by a more productive system of agriculture, a system naturally adapted to a country where land is scarce and labour superabundant, that system being obviously the directly opposite to grazing or prairie farming. We must turn sharply round just 180 degrees, reverse the course we have lately followed, and develop our national industry in the direction of garden farming, or that kind of agriculture which obtains the largest possible produce from a given area by employing upon it the maximum of labour.

We cannot do this at a jump : if we could, all the unemployed would at once emigrate from the towns into the country, the now crowded slums would be peopled no more thickly than sanitary conditions demand, and instead of obtaining eggs as we now do by hundreds of millions annually from Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Hungary, &c.; cheese from every country in Europe, from Canada and the United States ; poultry from Russia, as well as the nearer countries of Europe ; apples from the United States ; gooseberries, plums, currants, and even strawberries, from Germany, *viâ* the Rhine ; pickled pork, ham, and bacon from Chicago ; and so on with 70 per cent. of all the materials of our breakfasts, dinners, teas, and suppers, we should produce all at home excepting some of the wheat, and those fruits, seeds, and leaves that demand a tropical or subtropical sun for their ripening.

It is sad to contemplate the amount of ink and eloquence that has lately been shed in the advocacy of projects for providing employment by the construction of public works that would otherwise not be at present constructed. The spectacle shows how greatly some of the teachers of the people are in need of elementary teaching in economics. Even the logical application of untaught common sense ought to show that all such projects are exactly equivalent to the action of a private individual who, finding his income is falling short, should propose to supply the deficiency by increasing his expenditure.

To demonstrate this, let us suppose that in order to "find employment" for 20,000 of the London unemployed, public works of the kind suggested are at once commenced. In order to pay the wages *additional* taxation of some kind must be levied. Those who pay the

taxes will be so much the poorer, will have to restrict their customary expenditure or investments to a corresponding amount. This restriction will diminish their demands upon the vendors and makers of whatever they abstain from purchasing, and these vendors and producers will be thrown out of employment to that extent. Thus the finding employment for the 20,000 will throw out of employment about 20,000 others, and then we shall have 40,000 to subsidise in the place of 20,000.

To employ all these, on the same principle, double taxation must now be enforced with double effect, *i.e.* the disemploying of 40,000 more. Then we must provide for 80,000. The next step in the same direction will bring the number of unemployed to 160,000; the next to 320,000; the next to 640,000; the next to 1,280,000, and so on until the taxation amounts to 100 per cent. on the incomes of the taxable; then all will become paupers together, with nobody to pay the poor's rates.

The monstrous absurdity of this remedy would of course be practically demonstrated long before it reached this stage, but not before it had done serious mischief, if a community could be found sufficiently blind to commence it on a scale of appreciable magnitude.

Not so the remedy I propose, viz. the restoration of the people to the soil, of the tillers to tillage. In this case the newly provided labour would create additional food, more than the newly employed could themselves consume. Thus they would be fed, and the surplus go to the towns to feed the townsmen and supply productive employment for such as could make the implements, clothing, and other requirements of the soil-tillers. These would be given to them in exchange for their surplus food. Wealth would be actually created both in town and country by such employment.

Is this practicable? Yes. But not at a jump, as I have said already. Some temporary palliative may be immediately necessary, but let it be clearly understood that it is only a palliative, to be continued only *pro tem.*, while preparation for the radical remedy is in progress.

We have had much loose talk and flippant jeering anent "three acres and a cow." The proper objection to this is that one cow is of little use, seeing that she must annually be dry for three months or thereabout, and three acres are insufficient for the support of the smallest of families, even if held rent-free. A dozen acres and two cows (alternate milkers) [illegible] en pigs, and fifty rabbits, &c., is near [illegible] arms can only afford a [illegible]
troubles by being [illegible]

But reply will be made to this by the usual false statements concerning the superior productiveness of large to small farms, admiration of the agricultural machinery of large English farmers, &c. To this will be added some purely speculative dream-talk about the further subdivision of such small estates, and the consequent starvation of the peasant proprietors.

There is no occasion to speculate at all on the subject; the experiment has been tried on a huge scale by whole nations of widely varying character and climate with complete and unvarying success, and the imaginary subdivision has not taken place.

As regards the productiveness of results, let us compare Belgium, a country of small farms, with our own country.

The soundest test of agricultural success is afforded by the number of people that can be supported on a given area. Consulting Martin's 'Statesman's Year-Book,' I find that Belgium, in 1878, supported a population of 469 to the square mile; England and Wales only 389, or Great Britain and Ireland collectively 265. This in spite of the fact that we import such vast quantities of agricultural produce, grain, flour, beef, mutton, eggs, butter, cheese, milk, poultry, rabbits, &c. Some of these, chicory, butter, eggs, rabbits, beef, and mutton, come to us from Belgium, and flax to the value of about three quarters of a million annually besides.

Everybody knows that the huge indemnity resulting from the war with Germany instigated by Paris was paid out of the savings of the peasant proprietors; and any Englishman who chooses to investigate the facts may learn, from the growth of prosperity of the French peasantry, as proved by what they have invested on their little farms in purchase-money and improvements, and have invested in Government and other securities, a lesson that will make him blush with shame when he compares it with the progress of our own rustics in the same period.

I have made walking excursions across France and over similar ground in my own country. The contrast between the moral and physical condition of the rural population of the two countries is most painful to the contemplation of an Englishman. The very poorest of the poor in rural France are capitalists, whose savings are growing year by year, so that when old age arrives the father and mother end their days in comfort in their old home, now handed over to the son as a family estate. When old age comes upon the English hind (we have no peasants) he retires to the union workhouse as a matter of course, and even during his working life he is too commonly a pauperised recipient of winter blankets and other pitiful doles.

Referring to the census of 1872—the latest I have at hand—I find that in France there were 5,970,171 heads of families engaged in agriculture in a total rural population of 24,888,904, and that the number of *freehold* agricultural properties amounted to 5,550,000; or otherwise stated, 92 per cent. of the agricultural labourers in France are working on their own family estates.

Compare this with the condition of English Hodge.

Walking from Switzerland into France through the Mulhouse tunnel, some years ago, I was overtaken by a violent hailstorm, and took shelter in one of the poorest cottages I have seen in France. The mother of the family complained of times being very hard for poor people, *because land was so dear*; not because the rents were high, or wages low, or employment scarce, but because freehold estates were hard to purchase. Imagine Hodge discussing the price of land in reference to his own purchasing powers!

This contrast is the more striking when we remember the wretched condition of the rural population of France previous to the Revolution, the ruinous effect of the wars of the first Napoleon in killing off the best of the rural manhood, and the subsequent crushing action of the conscription.

I am aware that certain fine lady and gentlemen tourists have peeped into the doors of a few homes of these freeholders, have learned what they have for dinner, and have been duly shocked at the absence of roast-beef and bacon, and the general frugality of the French farmer; but I find, on examining the notions of these visitors, that they compare the French peasant with the English farmer, the wealthy capitalist, the employer of Hodge, not with Hodge himself. This is nonsense. The French peasant proprietor is the poorest class in rural France, the class corresponding to that which in England is a hopeless, penniless serf, an actual or prospective pauper, with no prospect of any other refuge in old age than the union workhouse, and who, if endowed with any surplus energy, deserts his home to matriculate in the slums, and develop into one of the "roughs" who, during the recent riots, supplied us with a mild foretaste of the necessary results of our present social arrangements.

Norway presents us with the grandest picture of the effects of peasant proprietorship. There the land has from time immemorial been the property of the labourer who tills it—it has never been poisoned by the foul curse of feudalism. The title-deeds of many of these peasant holdings are in a dead language, and the names of the peasants are those of the district. The results are marvellous. Land which no English [illegible] ate

under our agricultural system, even if receiving a liberal bounty per acre instead of paying rent, is there made to support whole families, and that by the same race as ourselves, and in latitudes hundreds of miles farther north than John o' Groat's House, some of it even within the arctic circle. Sailing along the arctic coast of Norway, the tourist passes here and there little oases called "stations," where the steam omnibus halts to land and embark a passenger or two. If a careful observer, he may learn that in the midst of the rocky desolation there is a deposit of rock fragments and gravel left by an ancient glacier in a hollow formerly filled by the ice. This is cultivated, is a dairy farm and fishing station, farmers and fishers being all freeholders and capitalists, no such class as labourers without property existing there.

One of the grandest of the Norwegian fjords is the Geiranger. It is walled by perpendicular precipices from 1,000 to 3,000 feet high. Sailing along the fjord, a boathouse is seen here and there at the foot of the dark wall. Looking skywards directly above it may be seen what appear to be toy houses on a green patch. Closer observation reveals moving objects, a field-glass shows that they are cattle, goats, and children, tethered to boulders to prevent them from straying over the edge of the precipice. A family resides up there, cultivating this bit of ancient glacier ground, backed by craggy mountain tops, with a foreground of precipice above the fjord. The only communication between these eagle-nest farms and the outer world is by the boat below. How that boat is reached, where is the staircase of ledges on the face in the precipice, is incomprehensible to the passing tourist. In most cases no indication of a track is visible.

Nothing but absolute proprietorship by the cultivator could bring such land into cultivation. Latitude 62 deg., altitude 2,000 to 3,000 feet, summer three to four months long; the ground covered with snow during six to eight months of every year.

If the land of Britain were similarly held, millions of acres of British desert such as the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors, Dartmoor, Exmoor, &c., would be covered with dairy and garden farms, like the hand-watered peasant freeholds of the Guldbrandsdal, where the magic power of such proprietorship has converted similar land into an Arcadia, though more than 200 miles farther north than the holdings of the Caithness crofters.

Leases, however long, are useless. An English lease is a monstrous iniquity, a confiscation contract forced upon the community, by a land monopoly, by a mere handful of men who hold the

primary source of our daily bread; who hitherto have made our laws, and who practically say to us, "Accept this or starve." No sane man will highly cultivate land thus held; will subject the fruits of his whole life's labour and self-denial to such deliberate confiscation at the end of a specified term. Those who imagine that the rights of property will long continue to be respected in a community where they are thus grossly, openly, and systematically violated by its own wealthy law-makers must have unbounded faith in human inconsistency, and the self-sacrificing docility of the wealth-producing millions.

We must either restore the people to the soil, or the soil to the people. The latter alternative is already the growing, or rather surging, cry of a really dangerous propaganda. Those most profoundly interested—the present lords of the soil—have power to remedy existing evils and avert future catastrophes, but there is no more time to be lost, too much has been lost already. The increased heaping of the land into the hands of an insignificant minority must be reversed as a means of national safety and a necessity of national progress. I cannot here enter upon the subject of practical measures by which the change is to be effected, but recommend our landed aristocracy to study the working of the Crédit Foncier instituted by Napoleon III. in aid of the purchase of estates by the peasantry —to do so with the view to initiate a similar institution on their own estates, which they may carry out if they choose, but which (in the present state of things) cannot be done without their consent and aid. If they refuse to do this, let them extend their studies a little further back to include the whole history of the land and landlord question in France during the current century. They will thereby become acquainted with the alternative.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TWO YEARS TO WEST.

CARLYLE hit the mark when he said to the New York clergyman: "You can talk of your democracy or any other 'cracy,' or any kind of political rubbish; but the cause of your prosperity is that you have a great deal of land for a very few people."

Yet we could not indulge in such confident prophesying of the glorious future of the Western States had we merely extent of territory to rely upon. But, add to the extent the surpassing fertility of the soil, which, in such amazingly short time, converts the flower-ocean-like prairie into rich food-and-gold-yielding fields for the over-taxed and over-crowded Cisatlantic populations. To the working-man of Europe—borne down by the weight of existing systems to a condition in which success is almost an impossibility—these territories hold out the offer of a manhood made real through the independence of fruitful labour. Here the immigrant who will work and wait will ere long see his cabin become a home fit for independence, see it surrounded by the happy homes, the churches, and the schools which he and his brothers have built on their recovered birthright.

I rejoice for the sons of these men. No entrancing, tender, dreamy time will come into their boyhood. Little or nothing of what corresponds to the poetic conception of youth will be known by them. They will be educated in realities. The responsibilities of life will come upon them almost at once. Young hands and brains will early learn the nobility of labour. Not Sham and Sentiment—rulers over worshippers whose minds are dwarfed and whose energies are deadened—but Freedom, moral and intellectual, will be the god of these young Westerns.

For whom have the rivers, with their thousand-mile courses; the magnificent forests, wider than Old England; and the prairies, broad as the empires of old, not had a magnet attraction? But there, as everywhere, the tide must be (to quote a man not obscure

even out West) "taken at the flood." Of the average hundred thousand monthly immigrants, not all learn that—

> Destiny is not
> Without thee, but within.
> Thyself must make thyself.

It was not with regret that, in the Spring of '80, I found circumstances obliged my joining a friend—an Englishman—in what he called " a Campaign West." I was, to say the least of it, not overflushed with success at the time. It was arranged one evening on the balcony of our hotel at New Orleans, where we sat overlooking the big city on land and the almost bigger city of ships on the Mississippi. It is a queer, merry, motley crowd one finds there. But, in that republican city, no one attempts, by the medium of rags and pinching, to stir up the latent "universal-brotherhood" feeling. There seems a general understanding that sympathetic souls are "out of type." Perhaps there is no city in the world where a rather weak fellow from the old continent can develop as much "go" and self-reliance as in New Orleans. There is, certainly, no other where a lad—maybe the pride of an Eastern home—can give himself over less ostentatiously to his canine tendencies.

Two days later we started for Texas, where, under the States' Pre-emption Act, my friend had obtained a grant of one hundred and sixty acres of land. These States' Homestead, Pre-emption, and Timber Claim Acts are not as well known as they might be. By the Homestead Act any citizen, or emigrant with declared intention of becoming a citizen, over twenty-one, may get one hundred and sixty acres of land on paying fourteen dollars fees, if he files an application and affidavit at a Government land office. On this land he must settle within six months after application, and he must live five years on it, unless he cares to pay two hundred dollars, when, after six months, no further residence is required.

By pre-emption, the settler pays two dollars fees, and receives his deed on payment of two hundred dollars, when he has lived on his claim for six months, or not more than three and a half years.

Possession under the Timber Claim Act is of necessity a process of eight years or so, and is subject to numerous minor specifications. Applications under this Act are generally thought worth while only on the part of successful homesteaders and pre-empters.

That was rather a tedious journey. The cars were packed with land agents and immigrants; the former seemed neither better nor worse than r [illegible] possibly, the latter were the

pioneers of new cities before which should fade the wonders of Chicago, Leadville, and San Francisco; but the sight of them was not specially exhilarating. The men were weary and the women anxious-looking; on the faces of the little ones was no delight. Americans do not "fix" things by getting up relief societies and such-like. Some digger-Indians were along, bound for the Farther West. The remaining lot were a few dozen extra-seedy adventurers, and a sprinkling of always-rub-you-the-wrong-way-looking miners—themselves or their fathers originally from the Empire Celestial—with that "Ophir of the Occident," 'Frisco, in view. We met with some other curious specimens of natural history—hordes of those disgusting horned lizards, and whole cities of prairie dogs, on top or peering out of their really social-looking habitations. When we had branched off, and were nearing the district of our new home, the earth became literally a sea of flowers, in which the bullocks of our prairie-schooner (in which we had ridden since leaving car) seemed to wade. The air was like a sparkling cordial.

On April 3rd we encamped near a stream, amid land well timbered with pitch-pine. Our claim was the stretch of prairie lying to the south-east, and on the left bank of the Colorado River.

As we knew by experience that a prairie-schooner is not the most desirable shelter in rainy weather, we first of all entertained visions of a shanty. Forty-five dollarsworth of lumber, fetched up the Colorado, proved the very thing; and we were soon able to enter into possession of our house with the regular English "castle" feeling. It contained two rooms. The dove-tailing of the planks at door and windows we looked upon as a triumph in our primitive architectural arrangements. Our kit—supplemented for homesteading before leaving New Orleans—was pretty complete, but our cooking was rather a trial at first. However, we ate our food philosophically.

While the slight necessary fencing (the Herd Law relieving the settler of much outlay in that line) was being seen to, and the bargaining for implements going on, I gave a little attention to the botany of the region. Around our loghouse there was very soon a charming little garden. I found near our creek numerous Kalmia, species of which are common in English shrubberies, and are known as American laurel. It is one of the plants whose fertilisation is accomplished by means of insects. The bee, in its search for honey, lowers the stamen, which, immediately jerking up, discharges pollen grains through the anther pores on the insect, which then flies to another flower to repeat the process and aid in cross-fertilisation. I frequently came upon the Yuccas, which are protandrous, the

glutinous pollen being conveyed to the stigma through the agency of a little moth—Pronuba Yuccasella—the only insect which effects this operation. The "papaw" (Asimina triloba) and the rest of the Anonaceæ, or custard-apple family, are plentiful; also the common Houstonia, the Partridge-berry, and the Nesæa verticillata—a species of Loose-strife. In the higher regions the Cypripedium spectabile, which, unlike other orchids, has two stamens, is occasionally met with; and the Buffalo Grass (Buchloë dactyloides), one of the comparatively rare diœcious grasses, whose agent of fertilisation is, of course, the wind, grows abundantly.

Thirty-five acres of land were broken up and sown with sod-corn the first spring. The corn was flourishing, and we had potatoes and peas before we—used to the lazier Eastern seasons, and busy all the time breaking up prairie (pretty hard and hungry work)—could believe our eyes. The yield was thirty-five bushels an acre, which sold at fifty cents a bushel. Besides harvest hands, in the beginning of June we hired a man from Kansas, Joe, of Washingtonian virtues, who "nivir telled a lie." He stopped with us till November, at the rate of twenty-five dollars a month. During July a couple of fellows, from up the Rio Grande somewhere, cut and stacked for us fifty tons of hay for two dollars a ton. They showed us where best to stack our hay, at a bend of the creek, where the timber afforded shelter, and we ploughed a fire-guard round it. For part of this hay-crop I made a tight bargain, later on, with a neighbour who kept a force of teams,—five and a half dollars a ton for thirty tons.

In the fall of '80, besides fishing and driving, and shooting both large and small game, there was plenty of husking corn, chopping wood, and doing chores (domestic work) to be seen to; and, as we meant to go in for stock, we hired, for their board, a couple of newly-come-West "Bosting" immigrants, to eke out the help of our guide, philosopher, and friend, the immaculate Joe. From this latter we expected great things in the sport way, as, according to accounts, his previous experiences must have been amongst animals of the prehistoric awfulness of those revived for us at Sydenham.

We then invested in a herd of beeves and forty two-year-old heifers. For the beeves we gave thirty-five dollars a head, and for the heifers ten. In selecting the latter we chose those that were short of leg and large in body, and that did not stray away from the herd—their owner vouched—while feeding. By-and-by we bought four milk cows, and a dozen young pigs at a dollar and fifty cents r

head; so that now we were the owners of over seventy head of stock. This is what we had been advised to do in the first place, instead of owning estate. To be sure, in the West there are immense tracts, owned by speculators, where the land is pretty well free to all to graze cattle. You drive your stock to market, and do not pay a cent for freight to any railway company. You have not the outlay for machines, or the harvest help at three dollars a day. If the markets are low you may hold over a bunch of steers or a whole year's stock, and the quality will only be improved. And at a day's notice you can start for a new state. But cattle-raising and herding in Texas are not unattended with risk, financially and personally. Winter herding and summer herding are two distinct things. Summer herding duty is simply to keep the cattle in sight. They should have their own way as much as possible, and should never be run. At sunset they have to be slowly driven to the bed-ground, and there watched. Herding on a stormy night means riding round the bed-ground with the other herders, singing in chorus, trying to keep the human voices above the roar of the wind and the rattle of the hail, so that the cattle may hear them, and a stampede be prevented. The horrible "blizzards" that periodically sweep over all the Western States, not excepting—in a degree—New Mexico and Texas, kill off numbers of animals as well as herders.

One autumn night's herding is rather memorable. The cattle had stampeded with more than usual panic and fury, and, in a few moments, in spite of the efforts of the herd-gang, were across prairie like a whirlwind. New to the business, not heeding the wind-drowned shouts of the gang, as it was yet early, I gave chase for several miles. Of course it was useless. When I became convinced of this I began to look out for some shelter, and at length came on a pueblo, or Indian town. It was, as they all are, built of stone. The only entrance to the dwellings is by ladders, as there is no communication between the upper storeys and the street, the estufas below being entered by a mere hole. I contrived by shouting, cracking my whip, and other modes of raising a din, to rouse one family overhead, who, after cross-questioning me in a most unmelodious and unintelligible mixture of native and Spanish, embellished with one or two English words, agreed to take me in till daylight. I put my horse in a very rickety, empty hut, and got him made as comfortable as possible. Arrived above, some dirty, naked children manifested great interest in me. A woman, with her beauty decidedly unadorned, but surmounted by a most wonderful matting of something I will in courtesy call hair, gave me some unknown and not too delicious food,

of which I was glad enough. When I had eaten, a man, ascending a trap-ladder, and signing to me to follow, introduced me to an upper room, where, he gave me to understand, I might sleep. After he had been at some pains to assure me that the other occupant of the room—whose outline I noticed stretched on the floor—would not disturb me, he went down by the trap-stair, shut the door, and, I could hear, removed the ladder. This I did not enjoy. I searched for some other means of outlet. I saw none. There was a round hole without glass in the wall, not far from my mat, and the damp of the dark night came in by it. I lay down, and must have slept some time. With a start, as if something heavy had fallen below, I awoke. All was still. The moon was now risen; her light flooded the room; the wind had gone down. I crept to the trap-door and listened. Harsh, sibilant whispers were going on underneath. A queer feeling of uncomfortableness came on me. I rose, and walked across to my outstretched companion. By the moon's light I lifted the cloak whose hood lay on his face. The clear features were rigid in death. The next moment found me forcing my body through the small enough hole in the wall. An old lasso lay on the narrow ledge without. I tried it, resolved to risk it, and, knotting the one end firmly round one of the large stones jutting out on the ledge, and coiling the other round my arm, was on ground in another minute. Soon good Charley—my horse—carried me far away from the pueblo; and I breakfasted on the claim of a settler from Georgia.

My ride back was through some of the wonderful scenery on the Colorado. The many-tinted rocks, purple, pink, and sweet pearly grey, were polished, near the base, into marble by the waves; and the sunshine made them gleam with iridescent beauty. From the laughing, leaping water below, the light winged swiftly to speak its soundless joy to the darkness-clothed forest above, and the creeks and cascades uplifted their music with the choral voice of the river.

About an hour from home, Charley and I were met by Joe. He looked about as curious as an American ever allows himself to look; but was monosyllabic. When we got to the stable-door, thrusting half his face round the corner to where the others were at work, and jerking the left thumb at me, he exclaimed with just such a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as Darwin might have betrayed on presenting to the world the Missing Link, "I've diskiver'd um!"

It is strange, in consideration of Joe's former exploits, that I was the only animal we knew him hunt successfully.

Wheat-culture next engrossed our attention. In the spring of 1881 we planted some twenty-five acres to wheat. This first yield was excellent, being about seventeen bushels an acre; and we disposed easily of the greater part for fifty cents a bushel. We had paid for about eighty bushels of seed, and our harvest hands cost us, on an average, about two dollars an acre. But we had now our own threshing machine—on the model of those first-class ones used on the great farms in Kansas—so that, minus seed and help outlay, the result was an almost clear profit. In the early fall we cut and shocked the sod-corn for stock-supply; and sowed a still larger acreage of wheat, which also was a success.

By dint of generally careful herding and a systematic driving of strayed stock, we had wonderfully few losses. Later on, we sold in lots the cattle for which we had paid ten dollars a head, and realised an average increase of about thirty-five dollars—ample compensation for the trouble and cost of rearing.

We had much improved our house and garden, and had also erected comfortable sheds for our hired men, and water-tight roofing for our machines and implements, besides rough stabling, cow-houses, and piggeries.

Perhaps it was the exhilaration of success, but certainly that winter, in spite of manifold obstacles and discomforts, was a thoroughly happy one. Nothing could be cheerier than the sight, on a winter's "off" night, of our fellows—English, American, and Indian—getting rid of life's effervescence by fiddling and dancing, and making the big tobacco-clouded shed ring with their strong, jolly voices.

Our spring wheat-crop of '82 was destroyed by the grasshoppers. Millions of eggs had been deposited in the soil, and in spring the insects hatched. But already, all things considered, our success as pre-empters was decided; and we obtained the right to flourish, if we cared, on our tolerably trim farm, a rag of the stars and stripes.

What, in a great measure, withholds success from a number of immigrants is their ignorance of the substances different crops require for their nutrition. All that is to be done is to supply the deficient soil with manures, or to suit each crop to the soil containing the required nutritious substances. In this way agriculture is a science instead of simply a pastoral art.

The chemist and the farmer ought to be collaborateurs. Science illustrates, does not set aside, the fact that plant-life is influenced by a more vital agency than mechanical or chemical force alone. Soils are not dependent merely on the disintegration of the rocks in the

district. Vegetable matter enters into and much changes their composition. Until our young peasantry receive, during their very limited school-life, an instruction more practically suited to their wants in the calling they are to follow, we cannot feel very sanguine of the future of the British emigrant in the competition for existence which the enormous influx of population will ere long introduce even in the West.

LOUIS PHILIP.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

IN his preface to "Selections from Byron's Poetry," Matthew Arnold doubts "whether Shelley's delightful essays and letters will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and stand higher, than his poetry." We may turn this sentence round, and, applying it to the acute critic himself, "doubt whether his poetry will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and stand higher, than his delightful essays." For delicate, brilliant, full of *verve* as they are, only those into which the controversial and the personal are not intruded will endure; the rest, despite the rapier style which makes its passes through our smug and vulgarised respectabilities, and which cuts away the base on which miracles and a materialised heaven alike rest, vainly attempting to save Christianity while surrendering whatever is distinctive in it, will share the relative impermanence of all such work, and have small interest for a later time. Probably Mr. Arnold's own sound instinct has, in the issue of his "Selected Prose Passages," correctly anticipated the verdict of the future as to the place which "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" will occupy.

In the judgment of a slowly increasing number of thoughtful readers he is winning, as, in the judgment of a smaller circle, he has already won, no mean place among the masters of immortal song, and a first place among contemporary poets. Such an assessment of his position, thus stated at the outset, may sound like a challenge, since it at once invites that comparison between himself and other poets of our time which imports the din of controversy into a realm where we would fain listen only to the lyre of Apollo.

But, nevertheless, a mind like Matthew Arnold's, so individual that no poetic school of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas can claim it, and flood the market with diluted imitations of the master, will have its unrelation to other minds best indicated by comparison, restricting this to Tennyson and Browning, not only for their eminence, but because they differ as much from each other as Matthew Arnold differs from them both.

The mellifluousness of Tennyson, the music of his verse, secures his work from oblivion. He is a supremely great artist, a brilliant colourist, a very Tintoretto among poets; and while this fair English landscape abides unsullied, he will be remembered as the word-painter in loveliest pictures of its varied moods, its chastened beauty. We wander through his verse as through a gallery of masterpieces, where colour vies with colour, yet with no garishness in general effect. Such is his treatment of all that he touches with cunning hand and faultless metre; but what lies beneath? Mr. Arnold, in speaking of Homer, says that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness; that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life" which he has acquired for himself. How loyal and thorough to his own rigid conditions Matthew Arnold has shown himself will be considered presently; but applying them to Tennyson, how stands it? Judged by this, his verse seems inadequate; though the words be strong, well-chosen, the fittest for the expression, 'tis "a tale of little meaning" that they tell. The utterance is larger than the conception; the thought is often of a high average, but average only, at its best; it seldom sets us thinking, or has within it that element of suggestiveness which in poets of more philosophic sweep—Browning, Arnold, George Meredith—carries us into illimitable realms, lifts us to the summit of the mount of Transfiguration. For answer to the larger, profounder questions which seethe in men's minds to-day, we look in vain in the poetry of Tennyson. Pure and noble thought is there, high chivalric notes are struck in its sonorous, majestic music, but rarely the clear, sane, convincing words that shall infuse strength into souls fighting with their doubts. Even in the stately stanzas of "In Memoriam," through which we hear the changes rung on "nature, man, and human life," we hear mingled too often the notes of an unquiet mind. The tentative theology of Maurice, and the moribund philosophy of schools whose leaders still plead for some reserved place in man or nature where necessity shall have no sway, and law give place to chance, is in them.

Leslie Stephen's criticism on Byron and Shelley applies to Tennyson: "the world seems to him awry, because he has not known how to accept the inevitable, nor to conform to the discipline of fact."[1] However intense the feeling, and [illegible] ession,

[1] [illegible]

we are left in a state of intellectual and emotional discontent. While we enjoy his landscape-painting, whether [of English meadow and upland, or of lands where "it is always afternoon," we feel that he has never penetrated to the arcana of Nature; that she is described, not interpreted; and with deepening experience of life, we can find no satisfaction in poetry whose philosophy is both inadequate and discredited.

In his sonnet on the "Austerity of Poetry" Mr. Arnold describes the Muse as "young, gay, radiant, adorned outside," but with "a hidden ground of thought and of austerity."

Turning to Tennyson's great compeer, whatever his muse may lack in gaiety and radiance, she has no lack of austerity. Browning's rugged, healthy robustness is in sharpest contrast to Tennyson's never-limping, ever-limpid, rhythm. Musical and metrical as Browning has proved himself to be in sweet lyric and ringing verse, and masterly in his command of expression, for him the thought is everything, the grace and measured ease of expression secondary, the synthesis subordinate to the analysis. His gems tremble with the light of no common day, but their brilliancy owes nothing to the lapidary's art, nor is even the encrusting ore always removed. In their suggestiveness his poems remind us of the famous unfinished groups of Michael Angelo in the mausoleum of the Medici in San Lorenzo at Florence, only that the incompleteness of the statues was involuntary, while the unshapeliness of the written words is intentional. Both are alike the work of masterly anatomists, sympathetic in their tastes; for Michael Angelo was poet as well as sculptor and painter, and in much of the younger master's work there is an obtrusiveness of the anatomy which makes us desire the radiant, adorned outside of Mr. Arnold's muse, or at least more lucidity of treatment. The poet is not called upon to save us the trouble of thinking, but neither has he necessarily more to tell us, and that better worth the telling, because the language is obscure and the metre unshapely. Obscurity may cover mediocrity as well as the profounder truth. Not that there is anything mediocre in Browning; but with most of us leisure is scanty, if art is long, and we prefer our metaphysics in prose with honest labels on their backs, to thin disguise of them in different arrangement of type. That can be only rhyme or rhythm, or vapid verse, not poetry, which has no philosophy of life within it; but the philosophy must be touched with emotion, and though divine in essence, be made flesh, that it may dwell among men.

Unapproached as Browning is in power of psychological analysis *and insight*, it is not easy to find attached to his vigorous present-

ment of the problems of man and nature any solution of them in which a perplexed and fugitive age can rest.

Some quarter of a century after the brothers Tennyson had issued their anonymous volume, Matthew Arnold made his venture, veiling his identity under the initial "A." The "Strayed Reveller and other Poems," published in 1849, was followed in 1852 by "Empedocles on Etna and other Poems," by "A.," two years after the death of Wordsworth, the memorial verses upon whom are among its contents. Then, as the author himself tells us, when barely fifty copies of the volume had been sold, it was withdrawn, and, save in certain fragmentary portions, the great and noble poem which gave its name to the book was excluded from subsequent editions until that of 1867, chiefly on the ground that it lacked the action which could alone relieve the monotony of an attitude depicted as one of endurance and prolonged mental distress. Between the publication of the anonymous volumes and the publication within the last few months of the "complete" edition in three volumes, the poems have been subjected to rearrangement and alteration. In work where there is no sheen or glitter one cannot speak of polishing and re-polishing; the alterations are mainly verbal, such as one might expect from a master craftsman and fastidious critic in revising his own work. Unlike any of his prominent contemporaries, Mr. Arnold has written no great or long-sustained work, which might be cause of regret if the length of a poem were the measure of its value. But in this, as in other matters, bigness is not greatness, as Emerson says, and diffuseness is often the accompaniment of flabbiness. "The great artist can express his power within the limits of a coin or gem, the great poet will reveal his character through a sonnet or a song." In running one's eye down the tables of contents of Mr. Arnold's poetry, one is struck with the apparent tameness of theme; the titles of the early and lyrical poems have the sobriety of the "Christian Year," and in the narrative and dramatic poems, wide as is the range from sick Bokhara's king to Balder dead, from the doomed Mycerinus to the wounded Tristram "famous in Arthur's court of old," we find no choice of subjects where the thrilling and romantic are the leading *motif*. Supreme artist as he is, master of a style pure, chaste, and well-nigh as faultless as work of man can be, severe in its simplicity, simple also in the main are the materials. Even where they have a studied commonplace look, as in an ... "Lines written in Kensington Gardens," there the is manifest in the uplifting of the simple and

level, in the suggestiveness which is never exhausted, in the hiding of power within restfulness.

In truth, the first impression which the poems themselves, sober in their colouring, scarce a ripple in their movement, playing on no passion, scorning all tricks and catches, frugal of metaphor and imagery, give, is one of disappointment. It is like the oft-expressed feeling on first arriving within the walls of Rome, or on a first view of St. Peter's, whether we see the apparently small dome against a flushed sky from the Pincian Hill, or watch its recession as we approach it from the Piazza San Pietro; a feeling which wears away on nearer acquaintance, and departs altogether when the days spent among the ruins and treasured relics of the Eternal City have become happy memories. But, as the visits there, repeated again and again, deepen delight, so a closer study of Mr. Arnold's poetry deepens appreciation, and we are in the end held by an irresistible charm easy neither to describe nor to define. This powerlessness of definition is in itself evidence of the power of the thing which eludes it, or which would die under attempted dissection, as the sorrow of tears under chemical analysis, or the scent molecules of a flower in search for them among its scattered petals. Nevertheless, some analysis of the distinctive qualities of this passionless, yet stimulating, poetry must be attempted, if only to whet the appetite that it can never cloy.

Beauty of form, felicitous choice of measure, especially in the use of the anapest, grace and steadiness of movement—these are the external characteristics throughout. "No countryman of ours," says Swinburne, in his generous recognition of Matthew Arnold's high and distinct place, "since Keats died has made or has found words fall into such faultless folds and forms of harmonious line. He is the most efficient, the surest-footed poet of our time, the most to be relied on; more than any other, he unites personality and perfection."[1] In the subject-matter no "provincial" note is struck. Mr. Arnold's reading has been wide and deep, and his sweep and range of history is correspondingly large and varied; the processions of the ages file before us in the "Strayed Reveller"; the advent and varying fortunes of Christianity, in the sequel to Obermann; the Greek, through whose eyes he looks while losing not his own "sad lucidity of soul," the Asiatic, the Egyptian, the Scandinavian are there; "the stormy northern world of water and air and iron and snow, the mystic oppression of Eastern light and cruel colour, in fiery continents and cities full of sickness and

[1] *Essays and Studies*, p. 156.

splendour and troubled tyrannies, alike yield up to him their spirit and their secret, to be rendered again in just and full expression." [1]

No surer test of Mr. Arnold's range and greatness and right assessment of men is supplied than in his elegiac poems. That on his friend Arthur Clough, entitled "Thyrsis," is placed by Mr. Swinburne, in which estimate most readers will agree, in equal rank with the "Lycidas" of Milton and the "Adonais" of Shelley. Wordsworth is the subject of two poems, the "Youth of Nature" and "Memorial Verses"; "Rugby Chapel" enshrines the memory of the poet's father, through whom he believed

> In the noble and great who are gone ;
> . . . Souls temper'd with fire,
> Fervent, heroic, and good,
> Helpers and friends of mankind ;

"Westminster Abbey," the memory of the chivalrous Dean to whom, a prey to unrest and weakness, death comes as "crowning impotence."

> And truly he who here
> Hath run his bright career,
> And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
> And borne to light and right his witness high,
> What could he better wish than then to die,
> And wait the issue sleeping underground?
> Why should he pray to range
> Down the long age of truth that ripens slow;
> And break his heart with all the baffling change,
> And all the tedious tossing to and fro?

The Brontës, Heine, the living dead of the Grande Chartreuse monastery, whose peace he would fain possess while he pours on their faith the impassioned words of regret that he cannot share it; last, but not least, the obscure, serene, and gentle recluse, Senancour, the author of "Obermann," one of the few "who possess their soul before they die"—these defile before us in sombre procession, while in "Geists's Grave" and "Poor Matthias" the pet dach-hound and canary have the tribute of enshrinement as sharers with us in one mysterious life and one unknown destiny.

Every philosopher is not, neither need he be, a poet; but every true poet must be a philosopher, dealing with "nature, man, and human life," and therefore dealing, as best he may, with the problem how to regulate that conduct which, as Mr. Arnold says in "Literature and Dogma," makes up a great deal more than three fourths of life. And he is the greater poet whose imagin[illegible] ensfused with reason; who has the deepest t[illegible] strongest feelings to utter.

[1] [illegible]

Dealing with the like materials, it is interesting to note, as the roll of English poets pass before us, how varied and progressive has been their interpretation of Nature; how the period of unquestioning delight has given place to that of reflection, and this in turn to the attempted solution of the problems pressed upon us in face of a universe whose component parts are weighed and measured and analysed. For this use of poetry "in so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them, appealing to the whole man," as science does, "and not to a single faculty," we are indebted to Wordsworth.

The sympathy with Nature, which had been fostered by observation in his boyhood, long satisfied an appetite that felt no need of a "remoter charm by thought supplied"; but as he advanced in life and experience, he cared for Nature only as seen through human feeling, and made his poetry a didactic vehicle by which to expound his philosophy of the significance of the external world, and by which, in his own words, to "console the afflicted, add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; and teach the gay and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore become more actively and securely virtuous." Full of that imaginative sympathy by which the poet penetrates to the inner life of things, and in a single touch expresses their finer breath and spirit; as when he speaks of

> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills;

he in the end conceived of Nature as responsive to his own moods, as laden with the "still, sad music of humanity," and talked of himself in this fashion to satiety.

This reading of oneself into externals, the "pathetic fallacy," as Ruskin terms it, is as pernicious as it is untrue. It is the survival of that fond delusion of an earth for whose sole benefit a sun, of whose rays that earth intercepts rather more than the two-thousand-millionth part, was created; and of man as the ultimate aim and end of the universe. Hence Wordsworth's attitude became that of a pantheistic optimist, to whom the contemplation of the presence

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,

brings relief from the burden of mystery, enabling him to "see into the life of things"; blinding him, however, to their dark side;

> But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
> From half of human fate.[1]

His influence on Matthew Arnold is marked, and in the 'Memorial Verses" the worth of the man, and the debt to him, are acknowledged. "We saw with his eyes and were glad." But the master, "growing old in an age he condemned" . . . an "iron time of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears," satisfied not the scholar, on whom the power of the *Zeitgeist* had fallen, and whose interpretation of Nature is the converse of the older bards. With the doctrine of the limitations and persistent lower instincts of Nature's highest creatures, and of the struggle for existence through which above seven hundred million human beings are every century pounded back to nothingness before they have known that they ever lived, the fittest being left to take their chance, Nature, to the truer modern insight, is the joyless, tearless, eyeless ; away from and above humanity, careless, ignorant whether we laugh or weep, the infinite, unfeeling, isolated :

> The mystery she holds
> For him, inveterately he strains to see,
> And sight of his obtuseness is the key
> Among those folds.
>
> He may entreat, aspire,
> He may despair, and she has never heed.
> She, drinking his warm sweat, will soothe his need,
> Not his desire.[2]

"First Principles" and the "Origin of Species" have been published since Wordsworth died, and the poet has to make his reckoning with them, as Mr. Arnold, and, in less articulate fashion, Browning and George Meredith have done. To them Nature, with the larger knowledge gained concerning her works and ways, is the *unalterable*, to whom man, with whom "she can never be fast friends," must submit, to whose greatness he must yearn, following after whom he must tranquilly perform the tasks whose lasting fruit outgrows

> Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
> Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

This truer aspect does not dull the poet's eye to her beauty, but it chastens his descriptions ; it does not lessen his awe, it increases his reverence ; wherever he stands, his shoes are taken from off his feet as upon holy ground. And it is because Mr. Arnold is as

[1] Arnold, *Stanzas on Obermann.*
[2] Geo. Meredith, *Poems and Lyrics o[illegible] the Joy* [illegible]*rth*, p. 119.

alive to Nature's loveliness as to her rigidity that he is more self-restrained than the poet-painters of her prettinesses. Felicitous epithet, ever wisely economical of its adjectives, sets before us the essentials of the things portrayed. Where can be found a nobler roll of sonorous line than the description of the flow of Oxus to the Aral Sea, which closes the episode of "Sohrab and Rustum"? In the "Forsaken Merman," when the father's passion and sadness are stilled with departure of hope that the mother, sitting in the "little grey church on the windy hill," will answer the call of her children, "wild with pain," to return to the sea-caverns, what echoes of the sea-depths and vivid pictures of their inmates are here!

> Children dear, was it yesterday
> We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
> In the caverns where we lay,
> Through the surf and through the swell,
> The far-off sound of a silver bell;
> Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
> Where the winds are all asleep;
> Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
> Where the salt weeds sway in the stream,
> Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
> Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground,
> Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
> Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
> Where great whales come sailing by,
> Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
> Round the world for ever and aye.

The Alpine air blows, the accents of the eternal tongue play, through the pine-branches in the "Stanzas on Obermann" and "A Dream"; the thunder of the avalanche and the hoarseness of the mountain torrent is in the lyrical group on "Switzerland."

We stand on Dover beach and

> . . . hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,
> Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
> With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
> The eternal note of sadness in,

the same note that Sophocles heard on the Ægean, the same that the age hears as the sea of faith retreats "down the vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world." Mr. Arnold finds frequent and happy suggestiveness in the hush and movement of the stars, and his apostrophe to the heavens in "A Summer Night"—

. . . Whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil!

recalls the lines in Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty"—

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens through Thee are fresh and strong.

But save that the latter bard has a lyric to the cuckoo, no like reminder comes to us in this breath of sweet country air from "Thyrsis":—

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze;
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!
Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go!
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the valleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star.
He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? Next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.

But we must pass to the essential significance of Mr. Arnold's poetry, that interpretation of Nature which determines his philosophy of life. Perhaps, amidst much variety of choice, the fittest representative poems for this purpose are "Resignation," which, included among the "Early Poems," has the germs of his matured thought, and the long chant to Pausanias in "Empedocles on Etna."

In "Resignation," Fausta, to whom the poem is addressed, reminds the poet, as they walk over Wythburn Fells to Watendlath, that they had trodden the same mountain paths ten years before with a "boisterous company." They sit down and survey the familiar whole, apparently unchanged.

The self-same shadows now, as then,
Play through this grassy upland glen;
The loose dark sto[illegible]
Lie strew[illegible]

the wild brook, the rushes cool, the sailing foam, all are the same.

There was a camp of gipsies hard by then; if chance brings them back to the old spot, do they moralise on harder times, stiffening joints, and the law growing stronger against vagabonds every day? No, they rubbed through yesterday, and will rub through to-morrow

> Till death arrive to supersede,
> For them, vicissitude and need.

The poet, by contrast, with quicker pulse, with energy to scan the many-sided life of humanity in city and village :—

> Lean'd on his gate, he gazes—tears
> Are in his eyes, and in his ears
> The murmur of a thousand years.
> Before him he sees life unroll,
> A placid and continuous whole—
> That general life, which does not cease,
> Whose secret is not joy but peace;
> That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd
> If birth proceeds, if things subsist;
> The life of plants, and stones, and rain,
> The life he craves—if not in vain
> Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
> His sad lucidity of soul.

The poet, you reply, is more than man; the gipsy less. True, but the world outlasts them both, and were the scope of human affections widened,

> Man still would see and see dismay'd
> Beyond his passion's widest range,
> Far regions of eternal change.
> Nay, and since death, which wipes out man,
> Finds him with many an unsolved plan,
> With much unknown, and much untried,
> Wonder not dead, and thirst not dried,
> Still gazing on the ever full
> Eternal mundane spectacle—
> This world in which we draw our breath,
> In some sense, Fausta, outlasts death.

The pilgrims, Mecca bound; the Goth, bound Romewards; the scarfed crusaders; these, and all whom labours self-ordained enthrall, set before them death or attainment; but milder natures, freed from passion, fret not that they are bound to submit to what they cannot alter in a world governed by necessity and outlasting all passion. Therefore blame not him who, knowing love as transient,

or power as an unreal show, judges human care and restlessness as vain. Rather praise such an one, and make its life's aim not how to amuse, but to set free the heart, to conquer fate by awaiting no gifts from chance, to bow to what we cannot break and draw homeward to the general life. Such an attitude is not weakness or folly

> . . . . in His eye,
> To whom each moment in its race,
> Crowd as we will its neutral space,
> Is but a quiet watershed
> Whence, equally, the seas of life and death are fed.

The philosophy of acquiescence is not necessarily the philosophy of inactivity; we need not cry "Kismet," and fold listless hands; in the springs of eternal law and order man may renew his strength; in the freshness of Nature renew his youth, towards her greatness yearn while he rallies the good in the depths of himself. He need be neither madman nor slave, holding false way over a despotic sea, bent for some port, he knows not where, till the tempest strikes him and the wrecked helmsman disappears; or giving his life to unmeaning task-work, and dreaming of naught beyond it, till death reaches him, "unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest"; for the heavens above him declare

> How boundless might his soul's horizon be,
> How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
> How it were good to live there, and breathe free;
> How fair a lot to fill
> Is left to each man still![1]

Empedocles, the subject of Mr. Arnold's most important poem, flourished, as the phrase goes, in the fifth century B.C. He is one of the most imposing figures in Greek philosophy, but our knowledge of him is vague and shadowy. Lucretius, who adopted both his method and his philosophy, speaks of him in his immortal "De Rerum Natura" as "the godlike genius whose verses cry with a loud voice, and set forth in such wise his glorious discoveries that he hardly seems born of a mortal stock."[2] The reputation which he acquired as statesman, orator, and physician among his fellow-Sicilians was so enhanced by the popular imagination that he was accredited with miraculous power and venerated as superhuman; in the current belief he had laid the winds that ruined the harvests, and brought back to life the woman Pantheia, who had long been in a death-like trance. According to one story, which has its variants among every people concerning the mysterious withdrawal of their

[1] *A Summer Night.* [2] Munro's tr, 731-733.

demigods, he was taken from a feast held in his honour in a blaze of glory to the gods; according to another, he threw himself into the crater of Etna so that no trace of him might be left, and thereby the people believe in his translation to heaven; but the volcano rebuked his impious vanity by casting forth one of his sandals, and so revealing the manner of his death. Of his works, which were all in verse, only fragments remain, the most important being a didactic poem on Nature. The doctrines set forth in this are, with much that is wild and grotesque, curiously anticipatory here and there of the theory of evolution, of the doctrine of the forces and energies of nature, and of the oneness of the stuff of which all things, living and not living, are made.

Mr. Arnold lays the scene of his poem on Mount Etna, where Empedocles had promised to meet his friend Pausanias to tell him what it might profit him to know concerning current gossip about Pantheia's miraculous restoration to life. As they pass through a glen on the highest skirts of the woody region of the volcano, Pausanias asks the master to "instruct him of Pantheia's story," when Empedocles evades reply, and bids him listen to the song of Callicles, the sweetest harp-player in Catana. When this has ceased, Empedocles touches his own harp, and sings the chant which, with some few notes of the Empedoclean philosophy, contains what may be interpreted as Mr. Arnold's philosophy of "Nature, man and human life."

> The out-spread world to span
> A cord the gods first slung,
> And then the soul of man
> There, like a mirror, hung,
> And bade the winds through space impel the gusty toy.

There spins the soul, winning a thousand side-glimpses, yet never seeing the whole; while the gods laugh in their sleeve as man, purblind, "dare stamp nothing false where he finds nothing sure." Are we thus the toys of fate? I judge not, but much rests with man himself how best to meet doubt and be not fear's blind slave. Ask me not, Pausanias, how long Pantheia lay in trance, neither about miracles; 'tis pitiful trifling to inquire into the falsity or truth of these gossiping legends; "ask what most helps when known," how knowledge shall best aid right action, and the general weal be increased. We, feeling the burden of self, can have no relief from the nostrums of the several schools. The sophist sneers, bids us eat, drink, and be merry, and "make up in the tavern the time wasted

in the mosque"; the pious counsel us to forswear the world, the flesh, and the devil, each shouting that the truth is with him.

> And yet their oracle,
> Trumpet it as they will, is but the same as thine.

For the cure lies within, not without. The creeds of the schools are wearying logomachies; their revelations only supply the materials for the wrangling of the sects, and arrest the growth of the spiritual life:

> Once read thy own breast right,
> And thou hast done with fears;
> Man gets no other light
> Search he a thousand years.
> Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine.

The neglect of this is why men have no calm. Lacking true perspective of things, right proportion, they make their *will* the measure of their *right*, nursing the delusion that they have claim to bliss, "a title from the gods to welfare and repose." Not that the thirst for these is to be condemned; the error is not in man's making them his aim, in seeking the best he can, but in thinking that the world, which "is from of old," exists only to insure them for him, who is a "new-born stranger" here. This is no reason for living basely, for being content with low aims, but it is a reason for not expecting Nature to alter the conditions which are our limitations.

> Streams will not curb their pride
> The just man not to entomb,
> Nor lightnings go aside
> To give his virtues room;
> Nor is that wind less rough which blows a good man's barge.
> Nature, with equal mind,
> Sees all her sons at play;
> Sees man control the wind,
> The wind sweep man away;
> Allows the proudly-riding and the foundering bark.

And not only this: though Nature harm us not, the ill deeds of other men darken life. So in face of vexations and hindrances of our lot, we create illusory causes. Like children who beat the stones they trip over, and who rate the senseless ground they fall upon, we people the void with gods on whom we charge our ills and all the world's evil. Or, reversing the scheme, when the lighter mood supervenes, and life brings joy, we postulate the existence of kind gods "who perfect what man vainly tries." We speculate about these figments of the brain, these products of our fears and hopes;

we make them in our own image; we speculate about the world, about the things that have been; "we search out dead men's words, and works of dead men's hands"; we shut the eye and muse "how our own minds are made," but we cannot overtake the secrets of the soul's origin and destiny. "Our hair grows grey, our eyes are dimmed, our heat is tamed"; so, thinking that all knowledge must lie with the gods, we invoke oracle and revelation from them, arguing in our folly that our ignorance gives proof that omniscience is with them, "that our being weary proves that we have where to rest." Then, foiled in our search for knowledge, palled with pleasure, without resource enough to invent a new vice, as fleeting youth is spent, and *vanitas vanitatis* written on every rapture past and every dead passion, we create our illusion of another life, which shall redress the wrongs and compensate for the defects of this, and, learning no lesson of self-surrender, of sacrifice of illusions from the experience of life here, we appeal to the gods to give us with them the joy denied us on earth.

> Fools! that so often here
> Happiness mocked our prayer,
> I think, might make us fear
> A like event elsewhere;
> Make us, not fly to dreams, but moderate desire.

And yet for those who know themselves, who wisely take their way through life, does it not yield moderate bliss, and dare we judge in what true bliss consists?

> Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoy'd the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
> To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes—
>
> That we must feign a bliss
> Of doubtful future date,
> And, while we dream on this,
> Lose all our present state
> And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

The village churl with his children, his fellow-boors, his pipe and public, and rough horse-play as recreation, feels this, and is loth to leave a life which yields him this little, while we of larger range and higher pleasure for life's fill dare not trust the joys that are.

> I say: Fear not! Life still
> Leaves human effort scope,
> But, since life teems with ill,
> Nurse no extravagant hope;
> Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair!

For majesty and repose, for purity and lucidity of thought and expression, for insistence on the patient and willing subdual of the soul to immutable necessity, surely this poem has not its peer among any philosophic verse of our time—nay, since the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus. Mr. Arnold is not of the stuff of which heroes or martyrs are made, neither is there in his poetry the inspiration which makes a man die for a cause. But heroes and martyrs tarry not to reason, neither do they wait for the inspiration of poetry as stimulus to action ; the world's crises evoke them, their lives are the response, and give material for epics to the singers of revolutions, through whose voice the many "out of weakness are made strong." The heroes and martyrs see the vision, and have faith in its accomplishment; the many, purblind and without capacity to nurture lofty ideals, desirous only to "call their lands after their own names," need most the incitement to rise above sordid aims into a larger, purer air which verse like Matthew Arnold's exhales.

The abiding qualities which render that verse so wholesome an influence in these times, and in all times of unquiet and practicalness, are its clearness, absolute freedom from sophisms, its frank, fearless attitude towards problems the recognition of whose insolubleness is no excuse for paralysis in thought or action ; its nutritive suggestiveness, its pure emotion, without taint, "its joy within its calm," its healthiness in counselling introspection based upon faith in the sanity and essential goodness, and capacity for yet greater goodness, of humanity. Its philosophy lies in this—

> Yearn to the greatness of Nature,
> Rally the good in the depths of thyself.

EDWARD CLODD.

A SKETCH IN MID-OCEAN.

COMMEND me to a first-class oceanic steamer of the White Star Line for comfort. I step out of my Liverpool hotel and into my "White Star" *appartement meublé*—what is the difference? The light, being electric, is better; the bells are more frequently answered, and consequently oftener rung; the attendants are more civil, and, under trying circumstances which I may allude to presently, more sympathetic; the food is plentiful, cheap, and excellent; coffee-rooms, smoking-rooms, bath-rooms within easy reach. A pianoforte and perpetual sea-motion seem almost the only drawbacks—but then some people on board are sure to like the one without minding the other; to them a few days on the Atlantic between Liverpool and New York on one of these vast oceanic hotels must be, if they have not got to minister to the sea-sick, happiness unalloyed.

For about a day and a half I was engaged with the steward on some urgent affairs of so private a nature that no one except the doctor was admitted to see me. His remarks were conclusive and valuable; and finding, towards the end of the second day, after prolonged, indefatigable, and I may say sleepless attention, a considerable abatement in the pressure of business, I concluded to dine at the general table. Up to this time I had been too busy to dine at all.

The "lots" on board were of the usual mixed character. The noisy lot were less objectionable than usual, headed by a vivacious Frenchman, who by day organised as many of the male folk as were willing into rope-pulling and other rollicking bands on deck. By night, seated at the piano—for he turned out to be an organist with a fatally retentive memory—this versatile Celt would extemporise upon every theme from "Lohengrin" to "Yankee Doodle," and, as he was not difficult about *encores*, ten o'clock, late for on-shipboard, would find him still surrounded by two or three musical fanatics, still pounding away at the "Dame Blanche" or "Faust," to the confusion of the sleepless and unmusical in adjoining state-rooms. He was a right cheery

Gaul, and, although I abhorred the variations on the "White Lady," I owed him no grudge. One by one the sullen Teutons on board gave in to his irresistible vivacity, and found themselves careering about deck next morning, on some wild-goose game under the little man's despotic orders, like so many school-boys. O, proud Britons! you never, never will be slaves, we know; but you had to surrender to that impetuous little Frenchman, with his mischievous, laughing eyes and his bristly, clean-trimmed beard. When you mobbed him, crushed his hat over his eyes, and finally, in your own rough and peculiar horse-play, hoisted him aloft and bore him kicking and laughing to the bulwarks with fell intent to hurl him overboard, the Frenchman still conquered; for had he not shaken you out of your national stiffness and reserve, and was he not, as he stood waving his crushed hat with imperturbable good humour after the fray, the very embodiment of what is almost your national *bête noire*, "le don de la gaieté"?

There were sadder elements on board. The *Germanic* was pretty full. After the first day or two, the splendid dining-room was well furnished with guests. The third day there came in late a slender emaciated young man, leaning on the arm of a pretty young woman of about twenty-five. She arranged his cushions for him, and he sat very still at the dinner-table. His tall pale forehead, and large dark eyes that seemed to take little note of what was going on, gave him a statuesque and even cadaverous appearance. After dinner he remained seated in the dining-room, with his wife beside him. She spoke to him occasionally, even read him little bits out of some book, apparently humorous. But he hardly noticed her, and she soon relapsed into silence, pretending to read, as it seemed to me, with a forced composure of face. Suddenly she laid down her book, rose, and helped the invalid to his feet. He was very weak, and staggered out of the room supported tenderly by his wife. All eyes were turned towards them for a moment; the general talk flagged; the saloon door closed. We never saw him alive again. That night he died. I learned from the doctor that he had gone abroad to some German springs for his health, and, getting worse, had started, hoping only to live through the passage, and die at home. At eleven o'clock next morning the poor young wife sent for me, and I went to her room. He was lying like a marble effigy, not much more still, not much more pale, than he had looked a few hours before at the dinner-table, but the eyes were closed, and the light gone out for ever. So strange it seemed—and she sat tearless. For months, weeks, and days she

now, and she could not weep. But she could speak a little, enough to tell of two lives that once had been supremely blest and happy; she could even bear to speak of her irreparable loss—it was better so. At such times we are all utterly helpless to comfort one another—the help must come from within and from above. So we knelt down by the body at rest. She could not bear to have him laid in his coffin and no prayer said; and after that I left. About two o'clock I looked down from the upper-deck, and noticed a great stir among the passengers. Four sailors passed through the crowd bearing a coffin draped with a Union Jack for a pall. The young wife's entreaties that her husband should not be lowered into the sea had prevailed with our good captain, and the coffin was placed in a boat swung on deck. The poor young lady was singularly composed and reasonable; she shrank from leaving her room or facing any of the passengers. But in the darkness she allowed herself to be brought up on deck to breathe the fresh air, and she stood for some time looking towards the boat which contained all that she cared for in this world.

I am told that deaths on board these great ocean steamers are common enough. People crossing and recrossing for their health are not unfrequently surprised by that black privateer at whose summons commercial and pleasure crafts alike have to strike their flags.

I continued pacing the deck for some time. There was no moon; the ship's lanterns gave a vague light; the stars were out; a few people lingered in their folding chairs on deck; the dim boat hoisted a-stern with its sad freight seemed to draw me. About this time last night she had closed her book suddenly, and he had risen to take his last walk in this world, and to-night the book of his life lay closed, the story abruptly broken off at the age of thirty-two, with how many chapters unwritten!

As I turned round and looked up at the tall masts faintly visible against the sky, and then over into the gloomy waters through which we were rushing, the sails of the *Germanic* were set; the ship's lights glared fitfully through the black smoke; there was something inexpressibly gloomy and funereal about it all. I was irresistibly reminded of Turner's burial of Wilkie at sea. In that picture, the drooping half-furled sails are seen to be *jet black*, and I have heard this condemned as unnatural, and done for scenic effect. When asked about it, Turner merely remarked that he was obliged to paint the sails *jet black*. Above me now the great square sails, white by day, stood out against the dim starlit sky. They were *jet black*. Turner was right, as usual, and his critics were wrong, as usual.

The poor young widow had gone to her cabin, not far from the dining-room, to spend her first terrible night alone. She wanted to keep the coffin with her one more night, but the captain was peremptory, and she was resigned. We are in the habit of sneering at French frivolity. On entering the saloon, I noticed the piano was shut. The little French organist was sitting at the other end of the room chatting with a few of his particular cronies, all very quiet and subdued. He never opened the piano again during the voyage. His gaiety seemed to have received a check from which it could not recover. True-hearted little man! you never sought to know that poor bereaved lady, but your respectful tribute was not thrown away upon her. You did what you could. That very night a noisy party of girls and vulgar men squabbled over dominoes and cards till past eleven o'clock, laughing and joking boisterously, close to the poor lady's room. They were English.

Mr. Jones was on board; he was going to New York to bring out "Saints and Sinners," which had lately had such a run in London. He doubted whether the satire on Dissent would be appreciated in America, where all sects are equal, or are supposed to be. Mr. Howard Paul and I did our best to cheer him up. Indeed, the Americans are quite as alive as we are to the tyranny of the congregation over the minister, and to the vulgarity of the lay jack-in-office under the Voluntary system in the New Republic; and accordingly "Saints and Sinners" took in New York as well as in London. There is little more to record. Chitchat, reading, writing, and routine on board; an occasional unknown ship in sight on the horizon; a couple of little brown-and-white birds on our rigging, so tame that the steerage passengers caught them and senselessly put an end to their poor little lives. Once some pretty dolphins sported at a respectful distance round the vessel; happily, they could not be caught. A whale spouted far out to sea; he was wiser still, he could not even be seen. The fog-whistle blew exasperatingly all one night, and the next morn, the ninth after leaving Liverpool, through a blinding sheet of rain, we steamed into New York harbour.

H. R. HAWEIS.

THE LOCKSMITH GAMAIN.

AMONG the many episodes of the French Revolution, there is one which deserves to be somewhat closely examined, because of the gravity of the accusation which it involves against the King and Queen, and because a good deal of controversy has raged round it. The episode is that of the locksmith Gamain, whom the King and Queen are charged with having attempted to poison.

That the accusation was believed during "the Terror" goes without saying; the heated heads and angry hearts at that time were in no condition to sift evidence with impartiality. Afterwards, the charge was regarded as preposterous, till the late M. Paul Lacroix—better known as le Bibliophile Jacob—a student of history, very careful and diligent as a collector, gave it a new spell of life in 1836, when he reformulated the accusations in a *feuilleton* of the *Siècle*. Not content to let it sleep or die in the ephemeral pages of a newspaper, he republished the whole story in 1838 in his "Dissertations sur quelques points curieux de l'histoire de France." This he again reproduced in his "Curiosités de l'histoire de France" in 1858. M. Louis Blanc, convinced that the case was made out, has reasserted the charge in his work on the French Revolution, and it has since been accepted by popular writers—as Décembre-Alonnier—who seek to justify the execution of the King and Queen and to glorify the Revolution.

M. Thiers rejected the accusation, M. Eckard pointed out the improbabilities in the story in the "Biographie Universelle," and M. Mortimer-Ternaux has also shown its falsity in his "Histoire de la Terreur," and finally, M. Le Roy, librarian of Versailles, in 1867 devoted his special attention to it, and completely disproved the poisoning of Gamain. But in spite of disproval the slanderous accusation does not die, and no doubt is still largely believed in Paris.

François Gamain was born at Versailles on August 29, 1751. He belonged to an hereditary locksmith family. His father Nicolas had been in the same trade, and had charge of the locks in the royal palaces in Versailles and elsewhere.

The love of Louis XVI. for mechanical works is well known. He had a little workshop at Versailles, where he amused himself making locks, assisted by François Gamain, to whom he was much attached, and with whom he spent many hours in projecting and executing mechanical contrivances. The story is told of the Intendant Thierry, that when one day the King showed him a lock he had made, he replied, "Sire, when kings occupy themselves with the works of the common people, the common people will assume the functions of kings," but the *mot* was probably made after the fact.

After the terrible days of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, the King was brought to Paris. Gamain remained at Versailles, which was his home, and retained the King's full confidence.

When, later, the King was surrounded by enemies, and he felt the necessity for having some secret place where he could conceal papers of importance which might yet fall into the hands of the rabble if the palace was invaded again, as it had been at Versailles, he sent for Gamain to make for him an iron chest in a place of concealment, that could only be opened by one knowing the secret of the lock.

Unfortunately, the man was not as trustworthy as Louis XVI. supposed. Surrounded by those who had adopted the principles of the Revolution, and being a man without strong mind, he followed the current, and in 1792 he was nominated member of the Council General of the Commune of Versailles, and on September 24 he was one of the commissioners appointed "to cause to disappear all such paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions from the monuments of the Commune as may serve to recall royalty and despotism."

The records of the debates of the Communal Council show that Gamain attended regularly and took part in the discussions, which were often tumultuous.

The Queen heard of Gamain's Jacobinism, and warned the King, who, however, could not believe that Gamain would betray him. Marie Antoinette insisted on the most important papers being removed from the iron chest, and they were confided to Mme. de Campan.

When the trial of the King was begun, on November 20, Gamain went to Roland, Minister of the Interior, and told him the secret of the iron chest. Roland, alarmed at the consequences of such a discovery, hastened to consult his wife, who was in reality more minister than himself.

From August 10, a commission had been appointed to collect all the papers found in the Tuileries; this commission, there ought to be made acquainted with the discovery; but

the danger. Mme. Roland, as an instrument of the Girondins, feared that among the papers in the chest might be discovered some which would show in what close relations the Girondins stood to the Court. She decided that her husband should go to the Tuileries, accompanied by Gamain, an architect, and a servant. The chest was opened by the locksmith, Roland removed all the papers, tied them up in a napkin, and took them home. They were taken the same day to the Convention; and the commission charged the minister with having subtracted such papers as would have been inconvenient to him to deliver up.

When Roland surrendered the papers he declared, without naming Gamain, that they had been discovered in a hole in the wall closed by an iron door, behind a wainscot panel, in so secret a place "that they could not have been found had not the secret been disclosed by the workman who had himself made the place of concealment."

On December 24 following, Gamain was summoned to Paris by the Convention to give his evidence to prove that a key discovered in the desk of Thierry de Ville-d'Avray fitted the iron chest.

After the execution of the King, on January 21, 1793, the Convention sent deputies into all the departments "to stimulate the authorities to act with the energy requisite under the circumstances." Crassous was sent into the department of Seine-et-Oise; and not finding the municipality of Versailles, of which Gamain was a member, "up to the requisite pitch," he discharged them from office; and by a law of September 17, all such discharged functionaries were declared to be "suspected persons," who were liable to be brought before the revolutionary tribunal on that charge alone.

Thus, in spite of all the proofs he had given of his fidelity to the principles of the Revolution, Gamain was at any moment liable to arrest, and to being brought before that terrible tribunal from which the only exit was to the guillotine. Moreover, Gamain had lost his place and emoluments as Court locksmith; he had fallen into great poverty, was without work, and without health.

On April 27, 1794, he presented a petition to the Convention which was supported by Musset, the deputy and constitutional curé. "It was not enough," said Musset from the tribune, "that the last of our tyrants should have delivered over thousands of citizens to be slain by the sword of the enemy. You will see by the petition I am about to read that he was familiarised with the most refined cruelty, and that he himself administered poison to the *father of a family*, in the hopes thereby of destroying evidence of his

perfidy. You will see that his ferocious mind had adopted the maxim that to a king everything is permissible."

After this preamble Musset read the petition of Gamain, which is as follows : "François Gamain, locksmith to the cabinets and to the laboratory of the late King, and for three years member of the Council General of the Commune of Versailles, declares that at the beginning of May 1792 he was ordered to go to Paris. On reaching it, Capet required him to make a cupboard in the thickness of one of the walls of his room, and to fasten it with an iron door; and he further states that he was thus engaged up to the 22nd of the said month, and that he worked in the King's presence. When the chest was completed, Capet himself offered citizen Gamain a large tumbler of wine, and asked him to drink it, as he, the said Gamain, was very hot.

"*A few hours later* he was attacked by a violent colic, which did not abate till he had taken two spoonfuls of elixir, which made him vomit all he had eaten and drunk that day. This was the prelude to a terrible illness, which lasted fourteen months, during which he lost the use of his limbs, and which has left him at present without hope of recovering his full health, and of working so as to provide or the necessities of his family."

After reading this petition Musset added: "I hold in my hands the certificate of the doctors, that testifies to the bad state of the health of the citizen petitioner.

"Citizens! If wickedness is common to kings, generosity is the prerogative of the free people. I demand that this petition be referred to the Committee of Public Assistance to be promptly dealt with. I demand that after the request all the papers relating to it be deposed in the national archives, as a monument of the atrocity of tyrants, and be inserted in the bulletin, that all those who have supposed that Capet only did evil at the instigation of others may know that crime was rooted in his very heart." This proposition was decreed. On May 17, 1794, the representative Peyssard mounted the tribune, and read the report of the Committee, which we must condense.

"Citizens! At the tribunal of liberty the crimes of the oppressors of the human race stand to be judged. To paint a king in all his hideousness I need name only Louis XVI. This name sums in itself all crimes; it recalls a prodigy of iniquity and of perfidy. Hardly escaped from infancy, the germs of the ferocious perversity which characterise a despot appeared in him. His earliest sports were with blood, and his brutality grew with his years, and he delighted in wreaking his ferocity on all the animals he met. He was known to be cruel, treacherous, and murderous. The object of

this report is to exhibit him to France cold-bloodedly offering a cup of poison to the unhappy artist whom he had just employed to construct a cupboard in which to conceal the plots of tyranny. It was no stranger he marked as his victim, but a workman whom he had employed for five-and-twenty years, and the father of a family, his own instructor in the locksmith's art. Monsters who thus treat their chosen servants, how will they deal with the rest of men?"

The National Convention thereupon ordered that "François Gamain, poisoned by Louis Capet on May 22, 1792, should enjoy an annual pension of the sum of 1,200 livres, dating from the day on which he was poisoned."

It will be noticed by the most careless reader that the evidence is *nil*. Gamain does not feel the colic till some hours after he has drunk the wine; he had eaten or drunk other things besides during the day; and finally, the testimony of the doctors is, not that he was poisoned, but that, at the time of his presenting the petition, he was in a bad state of health. Accordingly, all reasonable historians, unblinded by party passion, have scouted the idea of an attempt on Gamain's life by the King. Thus the matter would have remained had not M. Paul Lacroix taken it up and propped the old slander on new legs. We will take his account, which he pretends to have received from several persons to whom Gamain related it repeatedly. This is his *mise en scène*.

"The old inhabitants of Versailles will remember with pity the man whom they often encountered alone, bowed on his stick like one bent with years. Gamain was aged only fifty-eight when he died, but he bore all the marks of decrepitude."

Here is a blunder, to begin with: he died, as the Versailles registers testify, on May 8, 1795, and was accordingly only forty-four years old,—that is, he died *one* year after the grant of the annuity. M. Parrott, in his article on Gamain in the "Dictionnaire de la Révolution Française," says that he died in 1799, five years after having received his pension; but the Versailles registers are explicit.

M. Lacroix goes on: "His hair had fallen off, and the little that remained had turned white over a brow furrowed deeply; the loss of his teeth made his cheeks hollow; his dull eyes only glared with sombre fire when the name of Louis XVI. was pronounced. Sometimes even tears then filled them. Gamain lived very quietly with his family on his humble pension, which, notwithstanding the many changes of government, was always accorded him. It was not

suppressed, lest the reason of its being granted should again be raked up before the public."

As we have seen, Gamain died under the Government which granted the pension. M. Lacroix goes on to say "that the old locksmith bore to his dying day an implacable hatred of Louis XVI., whom he accused of having been guilty of an abominable act of treachery."

"This act of treachery was the fixed and sole idea in Gamain's head, he recurred to it incessantly, and poured forth a flood of bitter and savage recriminations against the King. It was Gamain who disclosed the secret of the iron chest in the Tuileries, and the papers it contained, which furnished the chief accusation against Louis XVI.; it was he, therefore, who had, so to speak, prepared the guillotine for the royal head; it was he, finally, who provoked the decree of the Convention which blackened the memory of the King as that of a vulgar murderer. But this did not suffice the hate of Gamain, who went about everywhere pursuing the dead beyond the tomb, with his charge of having attempted murder as payment for life-long and devoted service. Gamain ordinarily passed his evenings in a café at Versailles, the name of which I have been told, but which I do not divulge lest I should make a mistake. He was generally in the society of two old notaries, who are still alive (in 1836), and of the doctor Lameyran, who attended him when he was poisoned. These three persons were prepared to attest all the particulars of the poisoning which had been proved at the *procès verbal.* But Gamain lacked witnesses to establish the incidents of the 22nd May, 1792, at the Tuileries; but his air of veracity and expression of pain, his accent of conviction, his face full of suffering, his burning eyes, his pathetic pantomime, were the guarantees of good faith." These three men, the notaries and the doctor, which latter M. Lacroix hints was living when he wrote, were his authorities for what follows. The notaries he does not name, nor the café where they met. His account, published in the *Siècle,* at once attracted attention, and M. Lacroix was challenged to produce his witnesses. As for M. Lameyran, the doctor, he had died in 1811; consequently his testimony was not to be had in 1836. The other doctor who had attended Gamain was M. Voisin, who died in 1823, but M. Le Roy asserts positively that in 1813 M. Voisin told him, "Never was Gamain poisoned. Lameyran and I had long attended him for chronic malady of the stomach. This is all we testified to in our certificate when he applied for a [illegible] we

stated that he was in weak health—not a word about poisoning, which existed only in his fancy."

These certificates are no longer in existence. They were not preserved in the archives of the Convention. Even this fact is taken as evidence in favour of the attempt. M. Emile Bonnet, in an article on Gamain in the "Intermédiaire des Chercheurs," declares that they have been subtracted since the Restoration of Charles;[1] but there is no trace in the archives of them ever having been there. Moreover, we have M. Le Roy's word that M. Voisin assured him he had not testified to poisoning, and, what is more important, we have Musset's declaration before the Convention that the certificate of the doctors "asserted the ill-health of the claimant." If there had been a word about poison in it, he would assuredly have said so.

M. Lacroix was asked to name his authorities—the two advocates who, as M. Lameyran was dead, were alive and would testify to the fact that they had heard the story from the lips of Gamain. He remained silent. He would not even name the café where they met, and which might lead to the identification. M. Eckard, who wrote the notice on Gamain in the "Biographie Universelle," consulted the family of the locksmith on the case, and was assured by them that the bad health of Gamain was due to no other cause than disappointment at the loss of his fortune, the privations he underwent, and, above all, his terror for his life after his dismissal from the Communal Council.

We will now continue M. Lacroix's account, which he proceeds, not a little disingenuously, to put into the mouth of Gamain himself, so that the accusation may not be charged on the author.

"On May 21, 1792," says Gamain, according to the "Bibliophile Jacob," "whilst I was working in my shop, a horseman drew up at my door and called me out. His disguise as a carter did not prevent me from recognising Durey, the King's forge assistant. I refused. I congratulated myself that evening at having done so, as the rumour spread in Versailles that the Tuileries had been attacked by the mob, but this did not really take place till a month later. Next morning Durey returned and showed me a note in the King's own hand, entreating me to lend my assistance in a difficult job past his unaided powers. My pride was flattered. I embraced my wife and children, without telling them whither I was going, but I promised to return that night. It was not without anxiety that they saw me depart with a stranger for Paris."

[1] Le Bibliophile Jacob says the same: "Les—pièces—détournées maladroitement par la Restauration."

We need merely point out that Durey was *no* stranger to the family: he had been for years associated daily with Gamain.

"Durey conducted me to the Tuileries, where the King was guarded as in a prison. We went at once to the royal workshop, where Durey left me, whilst he went to announce my arrival. Whilst I was alone I observed an iron door, recently forged, a mortise lock, well executed, and a little iron box with a secret spring which I did not at once discover. Then in came Durey with the King. 'The times are bad,' said Louis XVI., 'and I do not know how matters will end.' Then he showed me the works I had noticed, and said, 'What do you say to my skill? It took me ten days to execute these things. I am your apprentice, Gamain.' I protested my entire devotion. Then the King assured me that he always had confidence in me, and that he did not scruple to trust the fate of himself and his family in my hands. Thereupon he conducted me into the dark passage that led from his room to the chamber of the Dauphin. Durey lit a taper, and removed a panel in the passage, behind which I perceived a round hole, about two feet in diameter, bored in the wall. The King told me he intended to secrete his money in it, and that Durey, who had helped to make it, threw the dust and chips into the river during the night. Then the King told me that he was unable to fit the iron door to the hole unassisted. I went to work immediately. I went over all the parts of the lock, and got them into working order; then I fashioned a key to the lock, then made hinges and fastened them into the wall as firmly as I could, without letting the hammering be heard. The King helped as well as he was able, entreating me every moment to strike with less noise, and to be quicker over my work. The key was put in the little iron casket, and this casket was concealed under a slab of pavement in the corridor."

It will be seen that this story does not agree with the account in the petition made by Gamain to the Convention. In that he said he was summoned to Paris at the beginning of the month of May, and that "Capet ordered him to make a cupboard in the thickness of the wall of his apartment, and to close it with an iron door, the whole of which was not accomplished till the 22nd of the same month." He was three weeks over the job, not a few hours. "I had been working," continues Gamain, or M. Lacroix for him, "for eight consecutive hours. The sweat poured from my brow; I was impatient to repose, and faint with hunger, as I had eaten nothing since I got up."

But, according to his account before the Convention, the elixir made him throw up "all he had e[illegible] day."

"I seated myself a moment in the King's chamber, and he asked me to count for him two thousand double louis and tie them up in four leather bags. Whilst so doing I observed that Durey was carrying some bundles of papers which I conjectured were destined for the secret closet; and, indeed, the money-counting was designed to distract my attention from what Durey was about."

What a clumsy story! Why were not the papers hidden after Gamain was gone? Was it necessary that this should be done in his presence, and he set to count money so as not to observe what was going on?

"As I was about to leave, the Queen suddenly entered by a masked door at the foot of the King's bed, holding in her hands a plate, in which was a cake (brioche) and a glass of wine. She came up to me, and I saluted her with surprise, because the King had assured me that she knew nothing about the fabrication of the chest. 'My dear Gamain,' said she in a caressing tone, 'how hot you are! Drink this tumbler of wine and eat this cake, and they will sustain you on your journey home.' I thanked her, confounded by this consideration for a poor workman, and I emptied the tumbler to her health. I put the cake in my pocket, intending to take it home to my children."

Here again is a discrepancy. In his petition Gamain says that the King gave him the glass of wine, and makes no mention of the Queen.

On leaving the Tuileries, Gamain set out on foot for Versailles, but was attacked by a violent colic in the Champs Elysées. His agonies increased; he was no longer able to walk; he fell, and rolled on the ground, uttering cries and moans. A carriage that was passing stopped, and an English gentleman got out—wonderful to relate!—extraordinary coincidence!—a physician, and an acquaintance.

"The Englishman took me to his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive at full gallop to an apothecary's shop. The conveyance halted at last before one in the rue de Bac; the Englishman left me alone, whilst he prepared an elixir which might contest the withering power of the poison. When I had swallowed this draught I ejected the venomous substances. An hour later nothing could have saved me. I recovered in part my sight and hearing; the cold that circulated in my veins was dissipated by degrees, and the Englishman judged that I might be safely removed to Versailles, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning. A physician, M. de Lameyran, and a surgeon, M. Voisin, were called in; they recognised the unequivocal tokens of poison.

"After three days of fever, delirium, and inconceivable suffering, I triumphed over the poison, but suffered ever after from a paralysis almost complete, and a general inflammation of the digestive organs.

"A few days after this catastrophe the servant maid, whilst cleaning my coat, which I had worn on the occasion of my accident, found my handkerchief, stained black, and the cake. She took a bite of the latter, and threw the rest into the yard, where a dog ate it and died. The girl, who had consumed only a morsel of the cake, fell dangerously ill. The dog was opened by M. Voisin, and a chemical analysis disclosed the presence of poison, both on my kerchief stained by my vomit, and in the cake. The cake alone contained enough corrosive sublimate to kill ten persons."

So—the poison was found. But how is it that in Gamain's petition none of this occurs? According to that document, Gamain was offered a goblet of wine by the King himself. "A few hours later he was attacked by a violent colic. This was the prelude to a terrible illness." Only a vague hint as to poison, no specific statement that he had been poisoned, and that the kind of poison had been determined.

Now, corrosive sublimate, when put in red wine, forms a violet precipitate, and alters the taste of the wine, giving it a characteristic metallic, harsh flavour, so disagreeable that it insures its immediate rejection. Gamain tasted nothing. Again, the action of corrosive sublimate is immediate, or very nearly so; but Gamain was not affected till several hours after having drunk the wine.

According to the petition, Gamain asserted that he was paralysed in all his limbs for fourteen months, from May 22, 1792; but the Communal registers of Versailles show that he attended a session of the Council and took part in the discussion on June 4 following,—that is, less than a fortnight after; that he was present at the sessions of June 8, 17, 20, and on August 22, and that he was sufficiently hearty and active to be elected on the commission which was to obliterate the insignia of monarchy on September 24 following, which certainly would not have been the case had he been a sick man paralysed in all his members.

Why, we may further inquire, did not Louis the XVI. or Queen Marie Antoinette attempt to poison Durey also, if they desired to make away with all those who knew the secret of the iron locker?

Now, Durey was alive in 1800, and Eckard, who wrote the article on Gamain in the "Biographie Universelle," [illegible] him at that date, and Durey told him [illegible] iron safe was made, not in [illegible]

bable, as it would have been easier for the King to have the locker made before his escape to Varennes, than in 1792, when he was under the closest supervision.

According to the version attributed to Gamain by M. Paul Lacroix, Gamain was paralysed for five months only. Why this change? Because either M. Lacroix or the locksmith had discovered that it was an anachronism for him to appear in November before Roland, and assist him in opening the case which he had made in May—five months before, and afterwards to declare that he was paralysed in all his members from May till the year following. We think this correction is due to the Bibliophile. But he was not acquainted with the Versailles archives proving him to have been at a session a few days after the pretended poisoning.

There is not much difficulty in discovering Gamain's motive for formulating the accusation against the King. He betrayed his king, who trusted him, and then, to excuse his meanness, invented an odious calumny against him.

But what was M. Lacroix's object in revivifying the base charge? We are not sure that he comes cleaner out of the slough than the despicable locksmith. He gave the story a new spell of life; he based his "facts" on testimonies, who, he said, were ready at any moment to vouch for the truth. When challenged to produce them he would not do so. His "facts" were proved again and again to be fables, and yet he dared to republish his slanderous story again and again, without a word of apology, explanation, or retractation. M. Lacroix died only last year, and it may seem ungenerous to attack a dead man, but one is forced to do this in defence of the honour of a dead Queen whom he grossly calumniated. The calumny was ingeniously put. M. Lacroix set it in the mouth of Gamain, thinking thereby to free himself from responsibility, but the responsibility sticks when he refuses to withdraw what has been demonstrated to be false.

There is something offensive to the last degree in the pose of M. Lacroix as he opens his charge. "For some years I have kept by me, with a sort of terror, the materials for an historic revelation, without venturing to use them, and yet the fact, now almost unknown, on which I purpose casting a sinister light, is one that has been the object of my most active preoccupations. For long I condemned myself to silence and to fresh research, hitherto fruitless, hoping that the truth would come to light. . . . . Well! now, at the moment of lifting the veil which covers a half-effaced page of *history*, with the documents I have consulted and the evidence I

have gleaned lying before me, surrounded by a crowd of witnesses, one sustaining the testimony of the other, relying on my conscience and on my sentiments as a man of honour—still I hesitate to open my mouth and call up the remembrance of an event monstrous in itself, that has not found an echo even in the writings of the blindest partisans of a hideous epoch. Yes, I feel a certain repugnance in seeming to associate in thought, though not in act, with the enemies of Louis XVI. I have just re-read the sublime death of this unhappy political martyr; I have felt my eyes moisten with tears at the contemplation of the picture of the death inflicted by an inexorable state necessity, and I felt I must break my pen lest I should mix my ink with the yet warm blood of the innocent victim. Let my hand wither rather than rob Louis XVI. of the mantle of probity and goodness, which the outrages of '93 succeeded neither in staining nor in rending to rags." And so on—M. Lacroix is only acting under a high sense of the sacred duty of seeking the truth, "of forcing the disclosure of facts, before it be too late," which may establish the innocence of Louis XVI. Now, be it noted that M. Lacroix is the first to accuse the Queen of attempting the murder; his assault is on her as much as, more than, on the poor King—in the sacred interests of historic truth!

What are his evidences, his crowd of witnesses, his documents that he has collected? What proof is there of his active preoccupations and fresh researches? He produced nothing that can be called proof, and refused the names of his witnesses when asked for them. We can quite understand that the Bibliophile Jacob may have heard some gossiping story such as he narrates, and may have believed it when he wrote the story; but then, where are the high sense of honour, the tender conscience, the enthusiasm for truth, when his story is proved to be a tissue of improbabilities and impossibilities, that permit him to republish, and again republish at intervals of years, this cruel and calumnious fabrication?

S. BARING GOULD.

THE STAPLE OF LANCASHIRE.

DEATH is the fount of life; the generations perish, and the race grows strong by their labours; the seed must die, or the hopes of seed-time will not be fulfilled in harvest; after winter comes the spring. "'Tis the nature of all things," says Marcus Aurelius, "to change, to turn, to corrupt; that others may, in their course, spring out of them." So nations rise and fall; and the last become first, and the first, last; and the bread of the children is cast to the dogs. The old civilisations pass away, and the holy places become the prey of the infidel; the city of the Pharaohs is a ruin, Jerusalem is given over to poverty and desolation, and the glories of Athens are departed for ever. The sun of Greece is set, to shine on other lands, and civic peace is found where Romans never trod. Sicily has no second Archimedes, Rhodes no second Hipparchus, but a Copernicus arises on the shores of the Baltic, and a Newton in the Western Isles. The West takes up the work of the East, and the North joins the South in the brotherhood of progress. And as in the larger world and the life of humanity, so in England and the life of its people, the same process has been going on; the forces at work have spared neither the old centres of industry, nor the old organisation of labour. The poor and barren North has become the great seat of manufactures, while the South has seen her commerce dwindle and her ports decay. Norwich, once the second city in England, is now surpassed by twenty others, the manufactures of the home counties have ceased to be, the looms of Canterbury and Sandwich are silent, and the weavers are gone from Sudbury and Colchester. London alone remains, drawing to itself more and more of the life and strength of Southern England; but the prosperity of London never rested on any one industry, nor has it grown by industry alone. The seat of English law and liberty, of luxury and pride, scarcely felt the ruin of the weavers of Spitalfields, nor has the loss of its shipbuilding stayed its increase for a moment. Everywhere are changes which no efforts can prevent, but which patriotism, courage, and foresight may control and turn to good account.

Once the woollen manufacture was spread over all England; for,

through the difficulties of carriage, that industry was to be found wherever sheep were reared—in the rich and populous South, as well as in the sparsely peopled North. But its very poverty made the north the fitter for the development of manufactures; for there less land was under tillage, and more labour could be spared from agriculture, and the industry of the loom was more essential to the well-being of the people. And with the introduction of machinery this first advantage was immeasurably increased; for, besides the concentration which resulted, the use of water-power, and then of steam, fixed the industry in those places where water-falls and coal-mines were to be found—places such as Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire; and these had the further advantage of easy communication with London and the Midlands, and of being separated from the sea at Liverpool and Hull only by short stretches of level country. But the localisation of manufactures did not stop here. At a very early period Manchester cottons had been known, but these were really woollen goods made in imitation of the cottons imported from abroad. It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that the new industry was brought into Lancashire by Flemish weavers, who had fled from persecution. For more than a century after, the manufacture of woollens, the old staple of England, and that of cottons, were carried on in the same centres; but in the cottons then made in England the weft alone was of cotton, while the warp was of linen yarn. At first this was obtained from Germany, but in the end Ulster became the chief seat of the linen trade, and thus cotton became the staple of Lancashire, as having the easier communication with Ireland, while the woollen manufacture was left in possession of Yorkshire. This ascendency of cotton in the western part of the manufacturing districts was further confirmed by America becoming the great source whence is derived the raw material of the industry.

The manufacture is divided into two very distinct parts, spinning and weaving. Spinning essentially consists in bringing the raw cotton into thread by means of a stretch and a twist; but in practice this is effected by two almost similar operations, in the first of which the cotton-wool is brought to a continuous piece, called roving, about the thickness of a quill, and then this, in the second, is reduced to thread. Before the introduction of the manufacture into Lancashire the primitive method of spinning, that by the distaff, had already been superseded by the spinning-wheel. In this the spinner's left hand gave the stretch to the roving, whi
on which, as it revolved, the

its motion from a wheel turned by the right hand of the spinner. A similar machine, called the roving wheel, had previously brought the cotton to roving, after undergoing the preliminary processes of batting and carding, so that the fibres of the cotton might all lie in the same direction.

In the eighteenth century the previous scientific advance, and the great increase of mechanical skill, which made itself apparent in clock making and many other industries, could scarcely have failed to affect the cotton manufacture. It was in weaving that important changes were first brought about. In the year 1738 John Kay, a native of Bury in Lancashire, but then living at Colchester, made a great improvement in the loom. Before this the weaver threw the shuttle between the meshes of the warp with one hand, and caught it with the other, if the breadth of the stuff was not above three feet; if it was more, two weavers had to be employed. But in the new invention, which was known as the fly-shuttle, the movements of the shuttle were regulated by two strings attached to a handle which the weaver held. Kay returned to Lancashire, and tried to introduce the new improvement among the weavers of cloth, who were still to be found at Bury; for that partition by which Lancashire was given up to the cotton manufacture was not yet completed. The attempt met with little success; the weavers broke out into riot, threatening the inventor's life; and he, giving up hope, retired to France, the first of an ill-fated line. It was not until twenty-two years later, when his son Robert invented the drop-box, by which different coloured threads could be used in weaving the same piece, that the fly-shuttle also came into use among the cotton weavers. Then the amount of work which could be done by a loom was much increased, and, as a result, the demand for spun cotton; and hence there arose a great need for improvements in the methods of spinning, a need which found its satisfaction in the invention of the water-frame, popularly ascribed to Arkwright, and in that of the spinning-jenny, due to James Hargreaves.

As far back as 1732, six years before the fly-shuttle, Lewis Paul, a Frenchman by birth, set himself to improve the methods of spinning cotton. He went to Birmingham, which was even then famous for its skilful workmanship, and entered into partnership with Wyatt, a local inventor. Their first patent was taken out in 1738, in the name of Paul, and the specification leaves no doubt that this machine involved the principle of the water-frame, which Arkwright afterwards claimed as his own. The roving passed between two pairs of rollers, the second pair moving three, four, or

five times as fast as the first, so as to give the stretch, and was then wound on a spindle which gave the twist; and this is essentially what takes place in the water-frame. The honour of the invention has been disputed between the two partners. Wyatt's sons have given an account which has every appearance of truth, relating how their father set up unaided a small machine in an outhouse at Lichfield, and there produced the first thread of cotton which had been spun untouched by human hand. But, on the other side, Wyatt may have had previous communication with Paul, the patent was taken out in Paul's name, and Paul showed his great ability by the invention, ten years later, of the cylindrical carding machine, the basis of all subsequent improvements in carding. There is only one other piece of evidence, and that very slight, but, such as it is, it favours the claim of Wyatt. Twenty years after the first patent Paul, now acting alone, took out a new one with some improvements of detail, yet in this the most essential part of the invention is omitted, for here the second pair of rollers does not revolve at a quicker rate than the first.

Wyatt set up in business at Birmingham, and also gained the ear of at least one man of influence. It was the peculiar fortune of Edward Cave to be a pioneer in both literature and trade; to be at once the founder of the first English magazine, and one of the earliest to aid in the improvement of cotton spinning. It is interesting to notice that the two men especially associated with these enterprises, one with the first and the other with the second, were both natives of Lichfield, and were living at Birmingham when they became known to Cave, who was himself the son of a Rugby shoemaker. In his biography of the founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Johnson, with a proper contempt for "the great Twamley, who invented the flat-iron," and all his fellows, never directly mentions this connection with the early history of the cotton manufacture. Under the influence of Wyatt, Cave established a small factory at Northampton; but, as no improvements had yet been adopted in weaving, the spinning-wheel kept the weavers supplied with cotton weft, and consequently there was no opening for the new method of spinning. In the end, the factories at Birmingham and Northampton had to be closed, and Wyatt lay for many years in a debtors' prison. But when he died, the foremost citizens of Birmingham followed him to the grave, among whom wer
the partner of Watt, and Baskerville, the Deist, array
wont on such occasions, in a coat of gold lace,
of death.

Meantime the old system remained unchanged; often the children worked at the batting and carding, the women at the spinning-wheel, the men at the loom, each family completing in itself the whole process of manufacture, and usually farming a few acres of land as well. Until 1740 the spinners of Lancashire procured the raw cotton and the linen warp for themselves, but, at that time, the Manchester merchants began to give out the materials and receive them back when woven; ten years later there appeared a class of middlemen, called fustian masters, who attended the Manchester market once a week, and there sold the woven goods in the grey to the merchants. These latter, or their travellers, took them through the country on pack-horses, supplying the sellers as they passed. Bolton-le-Moors, the centre of the manufacture, was a small town of some five thousand inhabitants. All around for twenty miles the weavers were scattered in the vales and moorland villages, working in their cottage homes, where the moors and narrow valleys seemed to condemn the people to poverty and isolation. Now all is changed. In Bolton, under its canopy of smoke, more than a hundred thousand live. Factories, resonant with machinery, rise on all sides like citadels of industry: in them work, husbands separated from their wives, and parents from their children, the descendants of those who plied the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom by their own hearths in the villages around; and to them, as the sole refuge from besieging hunger, hastens at earliest dawn the long line of workers, while the factory bell gives out its notes of warning. The cotton is still spun into thread, and the thread woven by the looms, but all the conditions of life have changed to an extent that no rise of a new manufacture nor decay of an old, no conquest, or no revolution, has ever brought about. Nor have the villages changed less. By the side of the streams in the valleys, still beautiful, factories have risen up, tall as the hills, the compeers of those of the towns. It is as if man, finally victorious over his environment, had erected his trophies in the strongholds of the enemy.

And what man was to work this change, or what succession of men? Who was to give the death-blow to the old system? Who was to be the first to foresee the new? Who was to be the exponent of the forces out of which the new life of Lancashire was to arise? In the year 1760 there arrived in Bolton a man destined to be the prime instrument in the work: a poor, ignorant barber, ready to undersell his fellows and work for starvation wages, so that he might make a living; a man whose courage, energy, and determination were to leave their mark on a whole people; a conqueror, as yet

unthought of. As he passed through the villages, no knell was tolled for the old life, as he entered the town none came forth to greet the founder of the new. As he went by the open doors of the cottages, little did the women spinning think that he would put their wheels to silence for ever; little did the children playing by the roadsides think that this poor wayfarer would stamp his impress on all their future lives. Like the angel of death came Richard Arkwright, and passed on unnoticed and unknown.

The year 1760 may be considered the crisis in the history of the cotton trade, for in that year the export of fustians began, and the fly-shuttle was, at length, brought into use; and so there arose a great demand for weft, and throughout all the cotton districts the minds of ingenious mechanics were set on the improvement of the methods of spinning. Among these was James Hargreaves, a weaver of Standhill near Blackburn, the inventor of the spinning-jenny. It is said that a spinning-wheel accidentally turned on its side and still revolving first suggested to him a machine in which several spindles might be worked at once, and in 1764 he succeeded in making the first jenny. In this, to deal only with the essential characteristics, the threads, each attached to a separate spindle, were shut tight in a jointed beam called the clove, which could then be drawn away from the spindles, thus giving the requisite stretch, while a wheel set all the spindles revolving, whence the twist was obtained. Knowing the feeling that prevailed against machinery, he tried to keep his invention secret, but it was soon discovered. His house was attacked by a mob, the jenny destroyed, and he himself driven to seek refuge in flight. He went to Nottingham, destined to be the Medina of inventors, always willing to receive the rejected of Lancashire; and there he died a few years afterwards.

Meanwhile others were busy in a different direction, and among them Thomas Highs of Leigh, by trade a maker of that part of the loom called the reed. As he went about his work of repairing looms, he heard of weavers having often to spend hours in seeking weft, and he was thus led to try his hand at a remedy. He had, no doubt, heard of the earlier attempts at spinning by rollers, and he set to work on the same principle, employing a watchmaker named Kay to make the wheels. They worked in a garret, always kept locked, but they, too, were unable to keep their secret. Their slow progress, however, made them seem ridiculous rather than dangerous. One Sunday evening a neighbour asked them in mockery for weft, and Highs, in a fit of passion, threw his machine out of the window and broke it. He soon took up the work of painful reconstruction,

while Kay left Leigh, declaring that he had done with cotton-spinning for ever. But in this he was very much mistaken. One night, in a tavern at Warrington, he met Richard Arkwright, no longer a barber, but now the possessor of a recipe for a hair-dye and a merchant in hair, travelling up and down the country in order to buy from the country-girls at the fairs. Kay happened to speak of the work on which Highs and himself had been engaged, but Arkwright showed little interest: on the contrary, he professed to be intent on the problem of perpetual motion, a curious subject for a practical man, and one with no mechanical training. Next morning, however, a great difference was seen. Before Kay had risen, Arkwright was at his bedside, full of spinning by machinery, and to that he henceforth devoted his life. It need not be supposed that he got the first idea of spinning by rollers from Kay; that, as we have seen, had been invented thirty years before, and somewhat later Arkwright was certainly acquainted with this first attempt; nor could a man of so eager a nature live for years in the centre of the cotton district without becoming interested in the great problem. But in Kay, a watchmaker by trade, and long the associate of Highs, he found the very man to make up for his own want of experience in the construction of machinery. With this help the model of a machine for spinning by rollers was made, and soon after exhibited in the grammar school at Preston, Arkwright's native town. But it was at Nottingham that his first factory was set up. There he found many willing to aid in the work, and ultimately entered into partnership with Strutt, who was already well known as the inventor of the stocking-frame. Soon afterwards he opened a second factory at Cromford, in Derbyshire, where the machinery was moved, not by horses, as at Nottingham, but by water, whence the machine was called the water-frame.

For some time the two machines, the jenny and the water-frame, were both in use; the former for spinning weft, and the latter for spinning warp, and for roving. Their effect on the organisation of industry was very different. The jenny required only a small space, while the water-frame, set in motion by the forces of nature, was most profitable when worked on the largest scale. It was thus the immediate cause of the introduction of the factory system; for, although Lombe and others had set up silk mills, that industry never attained any very great dimensions in England. But the introduction of new machinery, and with it of the new mode of life and labour, did not take place without protest from those whose daily bread seemed at stake; and that protest often took a form at once foolish and dangerous; for the

disputes of an industrial civilisation should be settled by other means than a return to the arbitrament of war. From the time of John Kay and the fly-shuttle, each attempt at innovation was the signal for outrages, which culminated in the great riots of 1779, when mobs scoured the country destroying all the machines they could find, and those in authority, frightened by the numbers thrown out of work and by the rise of the poor-rates, stood aloof in secret sympathy. It was all in vain: forces of which the poor weavers could take no account had already doomed the old Lancashire, had already graven the features of the new. It was the old story of men striving to escape the inevitable, when all their energies were needed for its amelioration. But much may be said for those who, in a very real sense, took up arms to defend their hearths and homes. In the first place, the fall of wages, the want of work, was certain and present, the expansion of trade, which was to be the remedy, problematical and future; and who could tell how much demoralisation might come from even half a generation of idleness and poverty? "Would the copyists," asked Comte, "who were thrown out of employment by the invention of printing have been completely consoled by being convinced that, in the next generation, there would be an equal number of persons living by printing, and many more in succeeding centuries?" And there were circumstances in Lancashire which made the new system peculiarly dangerous. In their own homes the women had worked the spinning-wheel, and the children had made ready the raw cotton; and thus when the factories were established, it was already deemed right, nay had become necessary, that the women and children should contribute to the support of the household. Now the exclusion of the women and younger children from the mills was evidently the first condition of moral, and even physical, health; for what worse fate could befall a people than that its children should grow up without a mother's care to a life of which the very fount was poisoned by premature, unhealthy, and protracted toil? But to this exclusion the previous habits of the people were a fatal bar. And, again, how little calculated was the conduct of the employers to reconcile men to their new dominion! Dark stories are told, how they obtained friendless children from the southern work-houses as apprentices, and worked them to death in their mills; and even without such atrocities there is enough to show that the good of those they employed was with many the last consideration. Now, as is shown in the glorious tale of ancient Rome, and in many another page of human story, there are no heights which [illegible] valour cannot rise to, when led by worthy chiefs

that poor weavers should show the most difficult of all heroisms, the heroism of resignation, while those who should have been their leaders gave themselves up to a wild race for wealth, that is a thing the like of which has scarcely ever come to pass in the whole history of mankind.

The failure of the employers to fitly perform or even recognise their duties was the necessary outcome of their age. To moralise the possessors of capital is a task that requires the full strength of philosophy, of religion, and of public opinion, and at the time of the introduction of the new system of industry these could give scarcely any help. In the eighteenth century the old institutions, having outlived the beliefs on which they rested, and which gave them their consecration and their meaning, had become merely oppressive; the evils they produced were more patent than those they prevented; and so the cry went up for the abolition of all social bonds, the free play of all individual energies. But this zeal for destruction took a very different form in France and in England. In defending the imaginary rights of man, the French showed that they were of those that love the light, and hate the darkness, and that to them, too, was it given to preach the brotherhood of man. The weakness of their creed was atoned for by the heroism of their conduct. In the less social atmosphere of England, the new doctrine took another development. In a country already in great part the slave of its riches, the Economists proclaimed that each should be left free to pursue his individual interests, whereby the nation's wealth would be the more increased. But man does not live by bread alone. Each factory became one of those temples,

> where is offered up
> To gain, the master idol of the realm,
> Perpetual sacrifice.

Yet, if philosophy fails, is there not religion? Surely, in the land of the Puritans, *that* must have kept its power. Again the tendency of the age is seen; for religion under the Evangelical movement became more and more a question of the salvation of the individual soul. Such public services as this great movement aided—the emancipation of the negroes, the reform of the prisons and madhouses, and other noble works—were in the same direction. They tended rather to free the weak from the oppression of the strong, than to urge the strong to the protection of the weak, and the performance of their social duty. They were essentially revolutionary, and were preached by the negative school in France long before they were heard of in England. Thus individualism was for the moment everywhere in

the ascendant. Such changes as then took place in the industrial life of England always cause suffering, but how much more when they come to pass in an age wherein religion has lost its social power, and man has lost his faith in social sympathy!

Richard Arkwright, the central figure of the great transformation, was in character its fitting representative. Endowed with unconquerable perseverance, courage, and hopefulness, he gave up his prosperous trade in order to devote himself to the introduction of spinning by machinery, and although by so doing he reduced himself to the greatest straits. While at Preston, his native town, exhibiting his first model, he was so ragged that he had to be given clothes to enable him to vote at the election. Of extraordinary energy, he was wont to work from five in the morning to nine at night, and when over fifty years of age he set apart an hour every evening to improve his writing and grammar. But his unforgiving temper never pardoned his wife for destroying some models of machinery: he separated from her a few years after marriage, nor was he ever again reconciled. Without honour, he let nothing stand in his way, boldly claiming as his own the inventions of others. Yet, although himself without inventive ability, he was quick to see the advantages of new methods, and to combine them with those already in use; thus he greatly improved the carding-machine, and introduced the process of drawing and doubling between the first and second passage of the cotton through the water-frame. Especially did he show his skill in working out the details of the factory system.

One story that is related of him brings out very clearly the unscrupulous selfishness of his character. When he first set up as a barber at Bolton, he reduced his charges from twopence to a penny, and the other barbers having been forced to do likewise, he made a second reduction to a halfpenny. As there was in this case no room for improvements in machinery, the gain to the community was the equivalent of the loss that the barbers suffered either in diminished wages or increased labour; and this gain to the community was shared equally by the man who had inherited his penny, by him who had received his penny as wages, and by him who had stolen his penny; so that, on the whole, there was a loss to the industrious part of the population, which bore the whole loss, and only received a portion of the gain; and every barber in the town had to suffer in order that Richard Arkwright might obtain a share of the trade.

At length, however, Arkwright's conduct in regard to the inventions that he claimed was submitted to a court of law. His first patent was granted in 1769 for fourteen yea[illegible]

spinning by rollers. In 1775 he took out a second for improvements in spinning, and for various inventions connected with carding and roving. Some of these had been in use long before, so that many spinners refused to recognise his claims. In 1781 he brought an action against Colonel Mordaunt, who was supported by many others, but Arkwright lost his case on the ground that his specifications were confused and unintelligible. It is curious to note that in these patents he describes himself as a clockmaker, although he had never followed that trade, and indulges in an unusual amount of rhetoric to express his loyalty to the King and his services to mankind, in great contrast to the patents of Paul and Hargreaves. Four years later he brought a second action, and on the evidence of skilled mechanics that the machines in question could be constructed from the specifications, he gained a verdict. His opponents now found themselves obliged to take the more general ground that his patents were for inventions not his own. Some time before, Arkwright had quarrelled with Kay and even threatened him with a criminal prosecution. At a third trial Kay and his wife came forward as witnesses, and with them Thomas Highs, and the widow and son of Hargreaves. The models of the machines were worked in court, and in the result Arkwright was defeated, the judge, Mr. Justice Buller, declaring that he had not a leg to stand on; while a motion for a new trial was refused by the full court on the ground that the verdict was perfectly satisfactory.

It was in this moment of defeat and shame that Arkwright's peculiar strength became most apparent. He redoubled his energies; he set up new factories; he extended his connection even to Lanark in Scotland; he faced and broke down a ring of Manchester men, formed to exclude his thread from the market; and he ended by setting the prices of cotton yarn. He was knighted the year after the trial on his presenting, as sheriff of Derbyshire, an address of congratulation to the King on the failure of Peg Nicholson's attempted assassination. When he died, in 1792, he was worth half a million of money. His life was exactly contemporaneous with the great changes in English industry. He was born in 1732, when Kay invented the fly-shuttle, and Paul first turned his attention to spinning; he came to Bolton in 1760, when the improvements in weaving were adopted, and fustians began to be exported; he took out his patent in 1769, the same year as that of Watt; and at the time of his death the factory system was fully established.

Long before the death of Arkwright, another great advance was made by the invention of the spinning-mule. Samuel Crompton was born in 1753, at Firwood Fold, near Bolton. When he was five

years old, he went to live at the Hall-in-the-Wood, one of those old mansions known as halls, which are common in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and are generally, as in this case, let out in tenements. Soon afterwards his father died, and his mother, a stern, upright woman in whom the spirit of the Puritans lived again, brought him up in all strictness. To read his Bible, to love righteousness, and to labour steadfastly, such were the commandments laid upon him from his earliest childhood, with but little tenderness; often she would chastise him, even when he had committed no fault, because she so loved him. At ten, he began to help his mother, and as soon as he was old enough to work alone he was required to spin a certain length each day. Thus controlled, his beautiful nature, loving, generous, open-hearted, remained hid, so that he passed his boyhood and youth without playmates and without friends. One amusement he had in his love of music, which he inherited from his father, and for a time he added to his earnings by playing in the orchestra at the Bolton Theatre. But other work was waiting for him; nor was he slow in taking it up. The very air seemed laden with the sounds of industry and invention. Arkwright he had seen in Bolton in old times; when sixteen, the year of Arkwright's first patent, he had himself begun to work on one of Hargreaves' jennies with eight spindles; and besides, Watt was at the same time perfecting the steam-engine, and only seven miles off, at Worsley, the Duke of Bridgewater's canal was being made. But how was young Crompton, scarcely past his boyhood, to give form to the ideas struggling in his mind? That, too, was to be accomplished. In an attic he found some forgotten tools with which his father had once made an organ, and with these he fashioned the first spinning-mule. He began his labours in 1774, and worked for five years—secretly, and by night, until the noise betrayed him. Once, in the great riots of 1779, when the destroyers were out, he had to take the machine to pieces, and hide it in a cavity above the ceiling. During the work, as afterwards, he was beset by spies: one is said to have secreted himself in a loft for some days, and looked down at Crompton through a gimlet-hole while he worked. At length, in 1780, when he had just married, and his work was complete, he gave it up freely to the public; for he had not the means to take out a patent, and he was unwilling to keep it secret. The impetus to the manufacture was immense, yet a subscription in favour of the inventor realised less than a hundred pounds. Crompton was left to work in his own cottage, his wife and children helping, just as his father had done before him, save that the cotton was spun by a small mule. Strangers continued to harass him

in order to find out whether he had made any improvements in his machine, and his workmen were constantly being bribed to leave him, so that after his removal to Sharples in 1785 he trusted entirely to his own family, and refused admission to visitors. Among these was Sir Robert Peel, the father of the prime minister, who is said to have offered Crompton's son, George, half a guinea to open the secret fastening of the door leading to the room in which the machine was kept. In 1791 Crompton removed to Bolton itself, and, making the common mistake of inventors, set up in business. His want of capital, and still more of capacity, soon began to tell, and he was eventually reduced to poverty, though Parliament, in 1812, voted him a grant of five thousand pounds. Perhaps of all his misfortunes, the loss of his wife tried him most. She died in 1796, and as he returned from following her to the grave, he thought she stood on the threshold welcoming him home. Soon afterwards he joined the Swedenborgians, and became the leader of the choir at their chapel. To this sect Highs also belonged. As the years passed on, and his children went out into the world, his isolation increased, until he was left, as in the days of his boyhood, once more alone. He died in 1827; and many years afterwards the operatives of Bolton raised a monument above his grave.

Throughout his long life of honourable poverty, Crompton was distinguished by the uprightness of his character and the independence of his conduct. When he was pressed to canvass for the parliamentary grant, he made answer: "Thinking as I do, it can be of no use my accompanying you to the Chancellor of the Exchequer: I decline it. I cannot advocate my own case. Were it another's, I could say something. Were I to attempt it in my own case, it would shut my mouth. I wish my claims to stand or fall by their own merit." And tested by merit, he may stand as one of the foremost of inventors. With all his disappointments he had the good fortune, so often missed, to see his invention fully approved in his lifetime. Within a generation of the making of the first mule, the spindles so worked were to be counted by millions, and were estimated to be nearly fifteen times as numerous as those worked by the water-frame, nearly thirty times as numerous as those by the spinning-jenny. But Crompton had hopes of another kind in connection with his invention. He looked upon the factory system with much fear; and while the water-frame required large buildings and capital, a small mule could be worked in a cottage. But the advantages of production on a large scale were too great, and Crompton lived to see the mule worked exclusively in factories.

The mule combined the principles of the water-frame and the spinning-jenny, the thread being first stretched by rollers, and then again by passing through a clove, or jointed beam, only that instead of the clove, as in Hargreaves' machine, being drawn away from the spindles, the spindles were made to recede from the clove. By this combination the stretch, instead of being given at once, was divided, and so the strain on the thread was much reduced ; and hence the thread could be spun much finer ; indeed, it was only after the mule came into use that muslin could be manufactured in this country. In 1825 Richard Roberts completed the work of Crompton by his invention of the self-acting mule.

Meanwhile improvements had taken place in other parts of the manufacture. At one time the cottons had been bleached by alkaline leys and sour milk, but Scheele in Sweden found that the cork of a phial of chlorine, an element he had discovered, destroyed vegetable colours, and this having been applied to bleaching by Berthollet, was first made known in this country by James Watt. In weaving, too, Cartwright invented the power-loom, though he left it in a very rough state. But improvements in weaving arise rather in the silk than the cotton manufacture ; for the silk needs only that the threads spun by the worm should be twisted together to give the requisite strength ; and therefore in the silk manufacture the most skilful mechanicians have devoted themselves to the improvement of the loom, which thus belongs rather to the history of Lyons than to that of Lancashire.

Thus arose the cotton manufacture of Lancashire, and developed into strength, and bent to its exigencies the lives and habits of its servants. In the middle of the last century it was a small industry of the cottage, carried on by a few peasants in the vales of Lancashire, and scarcely known beyond the borders of England ; now Lancashire is the typical manufacturing district, and its products are spread throughout the world. The rise of the cotton manufacture, coinciding as it did with the improvement of the steam-engine by Watt and the formation of the canal system of the country, followed close on the great expansion of the empire under Pitt. Yet little benefit came to the great mass of the people. It was by no accident that the labourers were better off in the half-century before Pitt than at any time in the half-century that followed ; commerce might be made to flourish with war, but not the happiness of the people. Before long England experienced what it was to lay the whole world under tribute, and yet have want and misery at home ; and for the mere name of dominion, to hold her livelihood at the mercy of a thousand accidents ; [illegible] not of

necessity bring prosperity. After a time, indeed, the country adapted itself to the new state of things, and with the advantage of being the only nation that had given itself up to such a career, it obtained a transient success. But this did not last. Now, other nations enter into competition, and the opening up of new markets becomes more and more difficult; nor will the conscience of a new generation condone the old policy. Thus we are left with a declining trade on the one hand, and on the other an industry organised with a view to expansion rather than stability. Sooner or later we must recognise the reorganisation of our industry as the only solution; we must give up the hope of manufacturing for the whole world; and we must abandon attempts to force particular markets, giving as they do only momentary relief, while they serve to prolong the agonies of the crisis.

And of all parts of England none will suffer more than Lancashire. The black cloud from her thousand chimneys may have to pass away, exposing to the light of heaven a waste of misery and despair; and the ruin that has fallen on Tyre and on Alexandria may have its counterpart in the cities of Northern England. Yet the desolation that has overtaken so many of the great nations of the past has never been due to material causes alone; those have lived on that have had foresight and courage to adapt themselves to their new place in the life of the world. The twelve centuries prophesied to ancient Rome passed away, and Rome was but beginning its second glorious life, as the spiritual centre of the western peoples. Marseilles is still a great trading city, still a gate of the nations, as when two thousand four hundred years ago Pytheas sailed forth to discover the islands of the North. If the character of the English people remain true to its old renown, if the courage and energy that have built up the Lancashire of to-day be still forthcoming, if there be still found a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, then England will survive the fluctuations of trade and the disorganisation of industry, and will be great and prosperous, though her vaunted empire fall away, like the Pilgrim's burden, at the recognition of new and higher duties, of a new and more peaceful destiny.

S. H. SWINNY.

"ON THE OLD ROAD" WITH MR. RUSKIN.[1]

STRANGE as it may seem, fifty-two years have just elapsed since John Ruskin made his first fledgling appearance in print; so that these volumes, commencing with "Enquiries on the Causes of the Colour of the Water of the Rhine" and "Considerations on the Strata of Mont Blanc," contributed in his middle teens to *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History*, cover a period of more than half a century. They contain, with a few exceptions—excluded for special reasons—all Mr. Ruskin's minor prose writings, hitherto uncollected. "The Poetry of Architecture," published in 1837–38 in *Loudon's Architectural Magazine*, with the signature of "Kata Phusin," and which, as Mr. Ruskin himself declares, contains sentences as well put together as any he has written since, is reserved to form, or as fitted to form (so the editor thinks), a separate volume; and some papers in the *Geological Magazine* (1867–70), on "Banded and Brecciated Concretions," are omitted, as possibly finding a place in the presently issuing *Deucalion*. The three papers some time since reprinted at the end of "A Joy for Ever" are also, of course, not included here. With these exceptions, and perhaps a few others,[2] readers have here, in handsome, shapely, and consecutive form, the entire *opera minora*, so much coveted and long sought after, of their great teacher and master, hitherto known or attainable, and certainly till now unattainable except by the expenditure of much time and patience, in addition to an outlay of as many pounds as the present volumes cost shillings.

[1] *On the Old Road.* A Collection of Miscellaneous Essays, Pamphlets, &c., published 1834–1885. By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. In Two Volumes. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, 1885.

[2] *e.g. Leoni; a Legend of Italy*, a prose story published in *Friendship's Offering* in 1837, and playfully alluded to by Mr. Ruskin in a recent chapter of his *Præterita; The King of the Golden River* (1851); the letter-[illegible] *Harbours of England*, and perhaps we might add *Giotto and* [illegible] as the editor *has* included the other Arundel-Society publ[illegible]

Here we find, among other treasures, *The Cestus of Aglaïa*, rescued at last from its long hiding-place of twenty years in old numbers of the "Art Journal"; the two eloquent *Quarterly Review* articles (for Mr. Ruskin was once, nay twice, a Quarterly Reviewer, well-nigh forty years ago, though he has "ever since steadily refused to write even for that once respectable periodical,") on Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" and Sir Charles Eastlake's "History of Oil Painting" (of which Mr. Ruskin declared to ourselves that "though a little bombastic, there was *meat* in them"); the hitherto anonymous paper on "Sir Joshua and Holbein," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* during the earlier period of Thackeray's editorship; and the now very scarce pamphlets on "Pre-Raphaelitism," "The Construction of Sheepfolds," and "The Opening of the Crystal Palace." Here too, disinterred from the bulky blue-books in which they hitherto lay entombed, are the valuable and interesting Minutes of Mr. Ruskin's Evidence when he was examined before the National Gallery Site Commission, the Select Committee on Public Institutions, and the Royal Academy Commission in 1857, 1860, and 1863 respectively. The volumes are edited by the "Oxford Pupil," to whom we are indebted for the similar collection of Mr. Ruskin's Letters, which appeared some five years ago under the title of "Arrows of the Chace," though, as on the former occasion, his name is modestly withheld. Each volume is provided with an excellent and exhaustive index—a model and monument of assiduous and intelligent work in that kind, which should be highly helpful to every serious student of its contents.

Mr. Ruskin is responsible only for the fanciful title of the book and for his sanction to its issue, not for the arrangement and subdivision of the papers, and certainly not for any of the misprints, which are more numerous and serious than should be. But we must not begin by looking our gift-horse in the mouth. Rather let us proceed at once to string together a few pearls, almost at random, from the richly varied contents of these handsome volumes.

In the paper on "Meteorology," contributed to the "Transactions of the Meteorological Society" in 1839, when Mr. Ruskin had just attained his twentieth year, we can already detect something of the glow and colour of his later style:—

We do not bring meteorology forward (he says) as a pursuit adapted for the occupation of tedious leisure, or the amusement of a careless hour. Such qualifications are no inducements to its pursuit by men of science and learning. . . . Neither do we advance it on the ground of its interest or beauty, though it is a science possessing both in no ordinary degree. As to its beauty, it may be remarked that it is not calculated to harden the mind it strengthens, and bind it

down to the measurement of magnitudes and estimation of quantities, destroying all higher feelings, all finer sensibilities: it is not to be learned among the gaseous exhalations of the deathful laboratory; it has no dwelling in the cold caves of the dark earth; it is not to be followed up among the charnel-houses of creation. But it is a science of the pure air, and of the bright heaven; its thoughts are amidst the loveliness of creation; it leads the mind, as well as the eye, to the morning mist, and the noonday glory, and the twilight cloud, to the purple peace of the mountain heaven, to the cloudy repose of the green valley; now expatiating in the silence of stormless ether, now on the rushing of the wings of the wind. It is indeed a knowledge which must be felt to be, in its very essence, full of the soul of the beautiful.

But it was not until some years later (1843), in the first volume of "Modern Painters,"—the work which made his fame,—that Mr. Ruskin's power of word-painting and magic of style burst forth into full blossom. Soon after the second volume of "Modern Painters" (1846) came the two articles, already alluded to, on Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" and Eastlake's "History of Oil Painting," hitherto little known, and now reprinted for the first time. It is not often that the ponderous and solid pages of the *Quarterly Review* have, before or since, been illuminated with such an outburst of fervid and enthusiastic eloquence as the following, on "Fra Angelico":—

It is difficult by words to convey to the reader unacquainted with Angelico's works any idea of the thoughtful variety of his rendering of movement. Earnest haste of girded faith in the Flight into Egypt, the haste of obedience, not of fear; and unweariedness, but through spiritual support, and not in human strength. Swift obedience of passive earth to the call of its Creator, in the Resurrection of Lazarus. March of meditative gladness in the following of the Apostles down the Mount of Olives. Rush of adoration breaking through the chains and shadows of death, in the Spirits in Prison. Pacing of mighty angels above the Firmament, poised on their upright wings, half-opened, broad, bright, quiet, like eastern clouds before the sun is up; or going forth, with timbrels and with dances, of souls more than conquerors, beside the shore of the last great Red Sea, the sea of glass mingled with fire, hand knit with hand, and voice with voice, the joyful winds of heaven following the measure of their motion, and the flowers of the new earth looking on, like stars pausing in their courses.

And yet all this is but the lowest part and narrowest reach of Angelico's conceptions. Joy and gentleness, patience and power, he could indicate by gesture, but devotion could be told by the countenance only. There seems to have been always a stern limit by which the thoughts of other men were stayed; the religion that was painted even by Perugino, Francia, and Bellini, was finite in its spirit—the religion of earthly beings, checked not indeed by the corruption, but by the veil and the sorrow of clay. But with Fra Angelico the glory of the countenance reaches to actual transfiguration; eyes that see no more darkly, incapable of all tears; foreheads flaming, like Belshazzar's marble wall, with the writing of the Father's name upon them; lips tremulous with love, and crimson with the light of the coals of the altar, and all this loveliness, th[illegible]thusiastic and ineffable, yet sealed with the stability which th[illegible]

countless as sea-sand cannot dim nor weary, and bathed by an ever-flowing river of holy thought, with God for its source, God for its shore, and God for its ocean.

We fear the editor of the *Quarterly*, like Jeffrey with Carlyle in the great rival *Review*, fifteen years earlier, must have thought his contributor "too much in earnest." The paper concludes with a strongly expressed hope for the future of Art:—

Whatever else we may deem of the progress of nations, one character of that progress is determined and discernible. As in the encroaching of the land upon the sea, the strength of the sandy bastions is raised out of the sifted ruin of ancient inland hills—for every tongue of level land that stretches into the deep, the fall of Alps has been heard among the clouds, and as the fields of industry enlarge, the intercourse with heaven is shortened. Let it not be doubted that as this change is inevitable, so it is expedient, though the form of teaching adopted and of duty prescribed be less mythic and contemplative, more active and unassisted: for the light of Transfiguration on the Mountain is substituted the Fire of Coals upon the Shore, and on the charge to hear the Shepherd, follows that to feed the Sheep. Doubtful we may be for a time, and apparently deserted; but if, as we wait, we still look forward with steadfast will and humble heart, so that our Hope for the Future may be fed, not dulled or diverted, by our Love for the Past, we shall not long be left without a Guide—the way will be opened, the Precursor appointed—the Hour will come, and the Man.

The following is from the review of Eastlake's "History of Oil Painting":—

The stranger in Florence, who for the first time passes through the iron gate which opens from the Green Cloister of Santa Maria Novella into the Spezieria, can hardly fail of being surprised, and that perhaps painfully, by the suddenness of the transition from the silence and gloom of the monastic enclosure, its pavement rough with epitaphs, and its walls retaining, still legible, though crumbling and mildewed, their imaged records of Scripture History, to the activity of a traffic not less frivolous than flourishing, concerned almost exclusively with the appliances of bodily adornment or luxury. Yet, perhaps, on a moment's reflection, the rose-leaves scattered on the floor, and the air filled with odour of myrtle and myrrh, aloes and cassia, may arouse associations of a different and more elevated character; the preparation of these precious perfumes may seem not altogether unfitting the hands of a religious brotherhood—or if this should not be conceded, at all events it must be matter of rejoicing to observe the evidence of intelligence and energy interrupting the apathy and languor of the cloister; nor will the institution be regarded with other than respect, as well as gratitude, when it is remembered that, as to the convent library we owe the preservation of ancient literature, to the convent laboratory we owe the duration of mediæval art.

We firmly believe, that of all powers of enjoyment or of judgment, that which is concerned with nobility of colour is least communicable; it is also perhaps the most rare. The achievements of the draughtsman are met by the curiosity of all mankind; the appeals of the dramatist answered by their sympathy; the creatures of imagination acknowledged by their fear; but the voice of the colourist has but the adder's listening, charm he never so wisely. Men vie with each other,

untaught, in pursuit of smoothness and smallness—of Carlo Dolci and Van Huysum; their domestic hearts may range them in faithful armies round the throne of Raphael; meditation and labour may raise them to the level of the great mountain pedestal of Buonarotti—"vestito già de' raggi del pianeta, che mena dritto altrui per ogni calle;" but neither time nor teaching will bestow the sense, when it is not innate, of that wherein consists the power of Titian and the great Venetians. There is proof of this in the various degrees of cost and care devoted to the preservation of their works. The glass, the curtain, and the cabinet guard the preciousness of what is petty, guide curiosity to what is popular, invoke worship to what is mighty;—Raphael has his palace—Michael his dome—respect protects and crowds traverse the sacristy and the saloon; but the frescoes of Titian fade in the solitudes of Padua, and the gesso falls crumbled from the flapping canvas, as the sea-winds shake the Scuola di San Rocco.

But if, on the one hand, mere abstract excellence of colour be thus coldly regarded, it is equally certain that no work ever attains enduring celebrity which is eminently deficient in this great respect. Colour cannot be indifferent; it is either beautiful and auxiliary to the purposes of the picture, or false, froward, and opposite to them. Even in the painting of Nature herself, this law is palpable; chiefly glorious when colour is a predominant element in her working, she is in the next degree most impressive when it is withdrawn altogether; and forms and scenes become sublime in the neutral twilight, which were indifferent in the colours of noon. Much more is this the case in the feebleness of imitation; all colour is bad which is less than beautiful; all is gross and intrusive which is not attractive; it repels where it cannot enthral, and destroys what it cannot assist. It is besides the painter's peculiar craft; he who cannot colour is no painter. It is not painting to grind earths with oil and lay them smoothly on a surface. He only is a painter who can melodise and harmonise *hue*: if he fail in this, he is no member of the brotherhood. Let him etch, or draw, or carve; better the unerring graver than the unfaithful pencil—better the true sling and stone than the brightness of the unproved armour. And let not even those who deal in the deeper magic, and feel in themselves the loftier power, presume upon that power—nor believe in the reality of any success unless that which has been deserved by deliberate, resolute, successive operation.

A year later (1849), in a paper on "Samuel Prout," published anonymously in the *Art Journal*, Mr. Ruskin took the opportunity of sounding a trumpet-note of warning and prophecy, since too fully and sadly realised:—

There is not a landscape of recent times in which the treatment of the architectural features has not been affected, however unconsciously, by principles which were first developed by Prout. Of those principles the most original were his familiarisation of the sentiment, while he elevated the subject, of the picturesque. That character had been sought, before his time, either in solitude or in rusticity; was supposed to belong only to the savageness of the desert or the simplicity of the hamlet; it lurked beneath the brows of rocks and the eaves of cottages; to seek it in a city would have been deemed an extravagance, to raise it to the height of a cathedral, an heresy. Prout did both, and both simulta[illegible] [illegible] found
and proved in the busy shadows and sculptured
sources of picturesque delight as rich an

sought amidst the darkness of thickets and the eminence of rocks; and he contrasted with the familiar circumstances of urban life, the majesty and the aërial elevation of the most noble architecture, expressing its details in more splendid accumulation, and with a more patient love than ever had been reached or manifested before his time by any artist who introduced such subjects as members of a general composition. He thus became the interpreter of a great period of the world's history, of that in which age and neglect had cast the interest of ruin over the noblest ecclesiastical structures of Europe, and in which there had been born at their feet a generation other in its feelings and thoughts than that to which they owed their existence, a generation which understood not their meaning, and regarded not their beauty, and which yet had a character of its own, full of vigour, animation, and originality, which rendered the grotesque association of the circumstances of its ordinary and active life with the solemn memorialism of the elder building one which rather pleased by the strangeness than pained by the violence of its contrast.

That generation is passing away, and another dynasty is putting forth its character and its laws. Care and observance, more mischievous in their misdirection than indifference or scorn, have in many places given the mediæval relics the aspect and associations of a kind of cabinet preservation, instead of that air of majestic independence, or patient and stern endurance, with which they frowned down the insult of the regardless crowd. Nominal restoration has done tenfold worse, and has hopelessly destroyed what time, and storm, and anarchy, and impiety had spared. The picturesque material of a lower kind is fast departing—and for ever. There is not, so far as we know, one city scene in central Europe which has not suffered from some jarring point of modernisation. The railroad and the iron wheel have done their work, and the characters of Venice, Florence, and Rouen are yielding day by day to a lifeless extension of those of Paris and Birmingham. A few lustres more, and the modernisation will be complete: the archæologist may still find work among the wrecks of beauty, and here and there a solitary fragment of the old cities may exist by toleration, or rise strangely before the workmen who dig the new foundations, left like some isolated and tottering rock in the midst of sweeping sea. But the life of the middle ages is dying from their embers, and the warm mingling of the past and present will soon be for ever dissolved. The works of Prout, and of those who have followed in his footsteps, will become memorials the most precious of the things that have been; to their technical value, however great, will be added the far higher interest of faithful and fond records of a strange and unreturning era of history. May he long be spared to us, and enabled to continue the noble series, conscious of a purpose and function worthy of being followed with all the zeal of even his most ardent and affectionate mind. A time will come when that zeal will be understood, and his works will be cherished with a melancholy gratitude when the pillars of Venice shall lie mouldering in the salt shallows of her sea, and the stones of the goodly towers of Rouen have become ballast for the barges of the Seine.

Another anonymous paper, hitherto little known, is that on "Sir Joshua and Holbein," contributed by Mr. Ruskin to the *Cornhill Magazine*, in March 1860, several months before the appearance of "Unto this Last" in the same pages. We have always considered this paper as among the most beautiful and

eloquent of Mr. Ruskin's minor writings, and we cannot refrain from justifying our opinion by the two following quotations :—

. . . . Note this quality of earnestness, as entirely separating Holbein from Sir Joshua—raising him into another sphere of intellect. . . . . . . Holbein is *complete* in intellect : what he sees, he sees with his whole soul : what he paints, he paints with his whole might. Sir Joshua sees partially, slightly, tenderly—catches the flying lights of things, the momentary glooms ; paints also partially, tenderly, never with half his strength ; content with uncertain visions, insecure delights ; the truth not precious nor significant to him, only pleasing ; falsehood also pleasurable, even useful on occasion—must, however, be discreetly touched, just enough to make all men noble, all women lovely. "We do not need this flattery often, most of those we know being such ; and it is a pleasant world, and with diligence—for nothing can be done without diligence—every day till four" (says Sir Joshua), "a painter's is a happy life."

Yes : and the Isis, with her swans, and shadows of Windsor Forest, is a sweet stream, touching her shores softly. The Rhine at Basle is of another temper, stern and deep, as strong, however bright its face : winding far through the solemn plain, beneath the slopes of Jura, tufted and steep : sweeping away into its regardless calm of current the waves of that little brook of St. Jakob, that bathe the Swiss Thermopylæ ; the low village nestling beneath a little bank of sloping fields—its spire seen white against the deep blue shadows of the Jura pines.

Gazing on that scene day by day, Holbein went his own way, with the earnestness and silent swell of the strong river—not unconscious of the awe, nor of the sanctities of his life. The snows of the eternal Alps giving forth their strength to it ; the blood of the St. Jakob brook poured into it as it passes by—not in vain. He also could feel his strength coming from white snows far off in heaven. He also bore upon him the purple stain of the earth sorrow. A grave man, knowing what steps of men keep truest time to the chanting of Death.

And this closing passage respecting two of Holbein's pictures, the St. Barbara and St. Elizabeth (in the Pinacothek of Munich) :—

I do not know among the pictures of the great sacred schools any at once so powerful, so simple, so pathetically expressive of the need of the heart that conceived them. Not ascetic, nor quaint, nor feverishly or fondly passionate, nor wrapt in withdrawn solemnities of thought. Only entirely true—entirely pure. No depth of glowing heaven beyond them—but the clear sharp sweetness of the northern air : no splendour of rich colour, striving to adorn them with better brightness than of the day : a grey glory, as of moonlight without mist, dwelling on face and fold of dress ;—all faultless-fair. Creatures they are, humble by nature, not by self-condemnation ; merciful by habit, not by tearful impulse ; lofty without consciousness ; gentle without weakness ; wholly in this present world, doing its work calmly ; beautiful with all that holiest life can reach—yet already freed from all that holiest death can cast away.

Not the least interesting section of these volumes is the evidence given by Mr. Ruskin before three different committees— Gallery Site Commission, 1857, the Select [illegible] Institutions, 1860, and the Royal Ac[illegible]

These utterances are highly important and significant—not less characteristic of Mr. Ruskin than any of his published writings; and the editor, who groups them in an appendix, under the general heading of "Picture Galleries: their Functions and Formation, *a.* Parliamentary Evidence," has done real service in bringing them together.

The National Gallery Site Commission consisted of Lord Broughton (Sir John Cam Hobhouse), chairman, Dean Milman, Prof. Faraday, Mr. Cockerell, R.A., and Mr. Ruskin's old friend, Mr. George Richmond. All these were present on Monday, April 6, 1857, when Mr. Ruskin was examined.

"Totally new results," he said, in answer to Mr. Richmond, "might be obtained from a large gallery in which the chronological arrangement was perfect, and whose curators prepared for that chronological arrangement by leaving gaps to be filled by future acquisition; taking the greatest pains in the selection of the examples that they should be thoroughly characteristic; giving a greater price for a picture which was thoroughly characteristic and expressive of the habits of a nation; because it appears to me that one of the main uses of Art at present is not so much as Art, but as teaching us the feelings of nations. History only tells us what they did; Art tells us their feelings, and why they did it: whether they were energetic and fiery, or whether they were, as in the case of the Dutch, imitating minor things, quiet and cold. All those expressions of feeling cannot come out of history. Even the cotemporary historian does not feel them, he does not feel what his nation is; but get the works of the same master together, the works of the same nation together, and the works of the same century together, and see how the thing will force itself upon every one's observation."

Mr. Ruskin replied, in answer to a further question, that he would not by any means "exclude the genuine work of inferior masters."

> But I think you can hardly call an inferior master one who does in the best possible way the thing he undertakes to do; and I would not take any master who did not in some way excel. For instance, I would not take a mere imitator of Cuyp among the Dutch; but *Cuyp himself has done insuperable things in certain expressions of sunlight and repose.*

In his answers to Sir Robert Peel and others, before the Select Committee on Public Institutions, Tuesday, March 26, 1860, Mr. Ruskin gave utterance to some assertions and opinions w[illegible] have rather startled the ordinary red-tape official mind. [illegible]eautiful genius, who will not consent to be brow-beaten, b[illegible]

speaking the thought that is in him, is on such an occasion a rather singular and interesting spectacle. In the course of the bitter and emphatic answers denouncing competition, we come upon the following :—

Every nation has the power of producing a certain number of objects of art, or of manufacturing productions which are peculiar to it, and which it can produce thoroughly well ; and, when that is rightly understood, every nation will strive to do its own work as well as it can be done, and will desire to be supplied, by other nations, with that which they can produce : for example, if we tried here in England to produce silk, we might possibly grow unhealthy mulberry trees and bring up unhealthy silkworms, but not produce good silk. It may be a question how far we should compete with foreigners in matters of taste. I think it doubtful, even in that view, that we should ever compete with them thoroughly. I find evidence in past Art that the French have always had a gift of colour, which the English never had.

Mr. Ruskin dwelt with much insistence in his answers, not allowing himself to be driven from his point, on the better, happier, and more dignified condition of the working-classes abroad, and especially in France, and upon their neater, prettier, and more characteristic dress :—

I like their dress better in France ; it is the ordinary dress belonging to their position, and it expresses momentarily what they are ; it is the blue blouse which hangs freely over their frames, keeping them sufficiently protected from cold and dust ; but here it is a shirt open at the collar, very dirty, very much torn, with ragged hair, and a ragged coat, and altogether a dress of misery. . . . . . . I like especially their habit of wearing a national costume. I believe the national costume of work in Switzerland to be at the root of what prosperity Switzerland is yet retaining. I think for instance, *although it may sound rather singular to say so*, that the pride which the women take in their clean chemise sleeves is one of the healthiest things in Switzerland, and that it is operative in every way on the health of the mind and the body, their keeping their costume pure, fresh, and beautiful.

The following is from one of Mr. Ruskin's answers in reply to a question by Earl Stanhope, the chairman of the Royal Academy Commission, before which Mr. Ruskin was examined on Monday, June 8, 1863 :—

You teach a young man to manage his chalk and his brush—not always that ; but, having done that, you suppose you have made a painter of him ; whereas to educate a painter is the same thing as to educate a clergyman or a physician : you must give him a liberal education primarily, and that must be connected with the kind of learning peculiarly fit for his profession. That error is partly owing to the over excessively vulgar and excessively shallow English idea that the artist's profession is not, and cannot be, a liberal one. We respect a ph[illegible]
him a gentleman, because he can give us a purge and cl[illegible]
we do not call an artist a gentleman, whom we ex[illegible]
Christ. When we have made that primary

tion are trivial in comparison. The very notion of an art academy should be a body of teachers of the youth who are to be the guides of the nation through its senses; and that is a very important means of guiding it. *We have done a good deal through dinners, but we may some day do a good deal more through pictures.*

The first volume of this collection (which, although the pagination is continuous, is bound in two parts, and, therefore, really forms two volumes, each equal in size to the second volume) is devoted entirely to papers connected with Art, subdivided into five sections, viz.: 1. History and Criticism. 2. Pre-Raphaelitism. 3. Architecture. 4. Inaugural Address, Cambridge School of Art. 5. The Cestus of Aglaïa; with three Appendices: 1. Picture Galleries. 2. Minor Writings upon Art. 3. Notes on Natural Science. The second volume (properly speaking the third) is subdivided into four sections, viz.: 1. Literature. 2. Economy. 3. Theology. 4. An Oxford Lecture, 1878. Each of the two volumes is provided with a chronological list of contents, besides the ordinary list, and with a separate and independent index. With the exceptions already noted, for which sufficient reasons are assigned, and with two or three other exceptions, for which the editor could doubtless adduce reasons equally good, every available item chronicled in the fifth and latest edition of the "Bibliography of Ruskin" (1881), and two items of date posterior to its issue, have been made use of. The present writer must naturally rejoice, even more than most others, to see that in seven short years the Bibliography should have done the service, had it done no other, of yielding such fruit as "Arrows of the Chace" and "On the Old Road." It now only remains for Mr. Ruskin to permit some competent and worthy disciple (and who worthier or more competent than the "Oxford Pupil"?) to reissue at any rate a limited reprint of the privately printed volume of "Poems by J. R., 1850" (containing a collection of his scattered verses in annuals, keepsakes, and miscellanies), which ranks chief among the *desiderata* and *rarissima* coveted by the admirers and collectors of Mr. Ruskin's writings. That volume has lately, on more than one occasion, brought as much as thirty pounds under the hammer: it will certainly not be allowed to perish, and will, with equal certainty, be some day reprinted. Nay, an abortive and clumsy attempt has actually been made of late to reproduce it in America; but the publishers or the editor could not obtain access to the privately printed volume, and the American reprint contains nothing but a garbled and imperfect collection of the contributions to *Friendship's Offering*, &c., and of the Oxford Prize Poem. The American reprint is therefore practically valueless, being incomplete even as a collection of the

pieces published in a fugitive form, while the privately printed volume of 1850 contains some ten pieces printed there for the first time, or which, at any rate, have as yet been traced to no earlier source. Of the other forty pieces which that volume includes all have been traced to their *prima stamina* in *Friendship's Offering*, *The Amaranth*, *The London Monthly Miscellany*, *Heath's Book of Beauty*, and *The Keepsake*, where they appeared, as noted in the fifth edition of the Bibliography, between the years 1835 and 1846. Of the volume of 1850 a very limited impression was printed, we believe, under the auspices of Mr. Ruskin's father. Of that limited impression the larger number were destroyed many years ago, and it is doubtful if twenty copies of the book are now actually in existence. As Mr. Ruskin some time ago consented to the republication, in separate form, of "Salsette and Elephanta," the somewhat abortive, feeble, and wooden poem which won the Oxford prize in 1839, it is probable that due representations and due pressure, from the proper quarter, would find him not inexorable in regard to the remaining contents of the collected volume. We live in hope, sure that it would be a crowning boon to those already bestowed upon us, and meantime we venture to subjoin the following lines, which, not having been previously published in any annual, are probably less known than many of the other pieces :—

CHARITIE.

The beams of morning are renew'd,
  The valley laughs their light to see ;
And earth is bright with gratitude,
  And heaven with Charitie.

Oh, dew of heaven ; oh, light of earth !
  Fain would our hearts be fill'd with thee,
Because nor darkness comes, nor dearth,
  About the home of Charitie.

God guides the stars their wandering way,
  He seems to cast their courses free,
But binds unto himself for aye ;
  And all their chains are Charitie.

When first he stretch'd the signed zone,
  And heap'd the hills, and barr'd the sea,
Then Wisdom sat beside his throne,
  But his own word was Charitie.

And still, through every age and hour,
  Of things that were and things that be,
Are breathed the presence and the power
  Of everlasting Charitie.

By noon and night, by sun and shower,
By dews that fall and winds that flee,
On grove and field, on fold and flower,
Is shed the peace of Charitie.

The violets light the lonely hill,
The fruitful furrows load the lea;
Man's heart alone is sterile still,
For lack of lowly Charitie.

He walks a weary vale within,—
No lamp of love in heart hath he;
His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,
For lack of gentle Charitie.

Daughter of heaven! we dare not lift
The dimness of our eyes to thee;
Oh! pure and God-descended gift!
Oh! spotless, perfect Charitie!

Yet forasmuch thy brow is crost
With blood-drops from the deathful tree,
We take thee for our only trust,
Oh! dying Charitie!

Ah! Hope, Endurance, Faith—ye fail like death,
But Love an everlasting crown receiveth;
For she is Hope, and Fortitude, and Faith,
Who all things hopeth, beareth and believeth.

"No man is perfectly true to his own ideal, but when we look along the records of Ruskin's life, we can affirm that it has, on the whole, been pervaded with the spirit, the sentiment, the principles of these noble verses," says an old personal friend of his, who is also one of his subtlest and most sympathetic critics.[1]

But we are wandering all this time from "The Old Road," and must retrace our steps, in order to give the reader some account of the second volume, which deals, as we have seen, with subjects of literature, economy, theology, &c. Unlike the first volume, it contains nothing scarce or inaccessible (even the sole apparent exception, the "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," having already been republished in a separate form by Mr. George Allen in 1875), but it unites together for the first time, in fitting shape and sequence, a series of important and valuable contributions to the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The Nature and Authority of Miracle," on "Home and its Economies," on "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," on "Usury" (an old *bête noire* of Mr. Ruskin's), and last, but not least, the "Oxford Lecture," which

[1] Dr. Peter Bayne: *Lessons from my Masters, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin.*

preceded Mr. Ruskin's dangerous and almost fatal illness in 1878, and the five consecutive papers on "Fiction—Fair and Foul." From the last-named we take the following estimate of Wordsworth :—

> Wordsworth is simply a Westmoreland peasant, with considerably less shrewdness than most border Englishmen or Scotchmen inherit, and no sense of humour, but gifted with vivid sense of natural beauty, and a pretty turn for reflections—not always acute, but, as far as they reach, medicinal to the fever of the restless and corrupted life around him. . . . With an honest and kindly heart, a stimulating egoism, a wholesome contentment in modest circumstances, and such sufficient ease, in that accepted state, as permitted the passing of a good deal of time in wishing that daisies could see the beauty of their own shadows, and other such profitable mental exercises, Wordsworth has left us a series of studies of the graceful and happy shepherd life of our Lake country which to me, personally, for one, are entirely sweet and precious; but they are only so as the mirror of an existent reality in many ways more beautiful than its picture.

It would have been just as well, Mr. Ruskin appears to think—

> if Wordsworth had been content to tell us what he knew of his own villages and people, not as the leader of a new and only correct school of poetry, but simply as a country gentleman of sense and feeling, fond of primroses, kind to the parish children, and reverent of the spade with which Wilkinson had tilled his lands : and I am by no means sure that his influence on the stronger minds of his time was anywise hastened or extended by the spirit of tunefulness under whose guidance he discovered that "heaven" rhymed to "seven," and "Foy" to "boy."

Wordsworth is, indeed, most unmercifully ridiculed throughout these papers; while all Mr. Ruskin's praise and enthusiasm are reserved for Scott and Byron, the writings and character of the latter being warmly defended. Of more modern and recent fiction, even at its best, Mr. Ruskin entertains a very low and poor opinion, and he thus speaks of the authoress of "Adam Bede" and of "Daniel Deronda," more especially with reference to her second great work, "The Mill on the Floss" :—

> There is not a single person in the book of the smallest importance to anybody in the world but themselves, or whose qualities deserved so much as a line of printer's type in their description. There is no girl alive, fairly clever, half-educated, and unluckily related, whose life has not at least as much in it as Maggie's to be described and to be pitied. Tom is a clumsy and cruel lout, with the making of better things in him ; while the rest of the characters are simply the sweepings out of a Pentonville omnibus. . . . In the English Cockney school, which consummates itself in George Eliot, the personages are picked up from behind the counter and out of the gutter ; and the landscape, by excursion train to Gravesend, with return ticket for the City Road.

We quote these two last literary judgments, not by any means as indorsing them (far otherwise); but in the survey of a remarkable

and many-sided intellect, the weak and vulnerable points must be taken account of, as well as the stronger and saner ones, if we would form a correct and complete estimate of it.

In the second volume also reappears the delightful preface which Mr. Ruskin wrote at the request of the late Mr. John Camden Hotten to accompany an edition of Grimm's "German Popular Stories," with reproductions of Cruikshank's designs.[1] In this are to be found two or three pearls of great price, such as the following:—

> Children should laugh, but not mock; and when they laugh it should not be at the weaknesses and the faults of others. They should be taught, as far as they are permitted to concern themselves with the characters of those around them, to seek faithfully for good, not to lie in wait maliciously to make themselves merry with evil; they should be too painfully sensitive to wrong to smile at it, and too modest to constitute themselves its judges. As the simplicity of the sense of beauty has been lost in recent tales for children, so also the simplicity of their conception of love. That word, in the heart of a child, ought to be the sign of the most solemn thoughts that inform its awakening soul and, in one wide mystery of pure sunrise, should flood the zenith of its heaven, and gleam on the dew at its feet;—should be consecrated on its lips, together with the Name which it may not take in vain, and whose meaning should soften and animate every emotion through which the inferior things and the feeble creatures, set beneath it in its narrow world, are revealed to its curiosity or companionship. A child should not need to choose between right and wrong. It should not be capable of wrong; it should not conceive of wrong. Obedient, as bark to helm, not by sudden strain or effort, but in the freedom of its bright course of constant life; true, with an undistinguished, praiseless, unboastful truth, in a crystalline household world of truth; gentle, through daily entreatings of gentleness and honourable trusts, and pretty prides of child-fellowship in offices of good; strong, not in bitter and doubtful contest with temptation, but in peace of heart, and armour of habitual right, from which temptation falls like thawing hail; self-commanding, not in sick restraint of mean appetites and covetous thoughts, but in vital joy of unluxurious life and contentment in narrow possession, wisely esteemed.

We cannot close our little paper with nobler or more beautiful words; for none such could be found among all the choicest and wisest utterances contained in the volumes before us, which we heartily commend to all Mr. Ruskin's readers and our own, and which we again thank the editor for placing within our reach.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

[1] Originally published by Mr. Hotten in 1868, and now issued by the publishers of this Magazine.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE CAPITAL FOR THE MANCHESTER CANAL.

BOTH Fleet Street and St. Stephen's have been revelling in scientific technicality lately, referring profoundly to the "doctrines of political economy," and the imaginary violation thereof, by the projectors of the Manchester Ship Canal, who propose to pay interest out of capital while the construction of the canal is proceeding.

There are no doctrines—properly so called—in any branch of science, no doctrines in the science of astronomy, no doctrines in the science of chemistry, and equally no doctrines in the science of economics. There are *laws* in all, these laws being simply the general expression of a large number of facts. There is no *doctrine* of gravitation, but a *law* or general fact which, when properly expressed, is of such vast magnitude that it embraces in its past the length and breadth and depths of the universe, so far as the human mind can comprehend it.

One of the primary laws of economics is that the interest on capital is an element in the cost of production. We are living, not on the produce of present investment and labour, but upon that of the past.

About twelve months are demanded for the production of a loaf of bread, or a leg of mutton, or a coat, or a shirt, &c. During all those twelve months somebody's capital has been advanced for the payment of wages, purchase of seed, implements, &c., and the final cost of a loaf of bread or a yard of cloth includes the interest on this capital.

In like manner, if eight years are required for the making of the Ship Canal, the final cost of that canal will include the interest on the capital advanced during the different portions of that time, and this, as a matter of fact—not of doctrine—must be added to the sum total of the cost of the canal. If no interest were paid out of capital during these eight years, the man who may h[illegible]
towards the first year's work will have

he who, seven years later, advances £1,000 towards the last year's work, the difference being a premium equal to seven years' compound interest. It is merely a question of practical convenience whether this difference be added as premium on the share, or be paid currently as interest. The *doctrines* of common honesty demand that the payment should be made in one way or the other, the science of economics establishes the *law* that the capital demanded for industrial enterprise will only flow in those directions which afford a prospect of such recompense, and that civilisation is impossible without a free and abundant flow of capital.

This "payment of interest out of capital," so widely regarded as a sort of financial crime when made by a board of directors, is regularly perpetrated by every private capitalist who commences any sort of agricultural, commercial, or manufacturing enterprise; must be made, of necessity, under the operation of the general law above stated, viz. that we do not immediately reap the fruits of our industry and investments.

A man takes a farm, for example. In order to succeed he must command sufficient capital, not only to stock his farm, pay wages, purchase implements, &c., but also to support himself and family while his first season's crops are growing. He does not, and cannot, live on his profits during that period, but must subsist on his capital. A man who builds houses does the like; he anticipates the rentals. If he builds a factory the same again. If he sinks a coal-pit two or three years must elapse before he sells a single truckload. During all this time these capitalists are paying interest out of capital. We do not formally call it "interest" unless he borrows the capital, but it is interest nevertheless, whether taken by himself out of his own capital for subsistence, or paid out to somebody else from a borrowed supply of capital.

A sound financialist, in estimating the return obtained upon such investments, adds the amount of this necessary anticipation to the sum total of his invested capital. I am aware that many lose sight of it, and thereby go wrong in their balance-sheet.

Those legislators who tried to force the Manchester Ship Canal Company to *pretend* that they were not doing the inevitable, not paying interest out of capital during the unproductive preliminary process of their work, were practically seeking to compel the directors to cook their accounts according to Act of Parliament.

The payment of dividends out of the capital of a complete and fully working concern, under the pretence that these are current *earnings*, is of course a falsehood, and a fraud for which "somebody

should be hanged." The converse of this, that of secretly adding earnings to capital, is another form of fraud more frequently perpetrated than many swindled shareholders imagine; the object being to bear down the price of shares in order that the directing swindlers may buy them when thus depreciated.

Mussel Culture.

NOW that oysters are so dear, and so little progress is made in their culture, we should look around for some molluscous substitute. We need not look far, as every rocky shore around our island is the habitat of millions of mussels. Those who have been properly introduced to these humble creatures know them to be superior to oysters when cooked and for such purposes as making sauce, though they may be inferior when eaten raw; this inferiority depending on the higher flavour which supplies their greater merit as cooked food.

But there is one serious objection to them. Now and then, once or twice in a lifetime, the mussel-eater is "musseled," *i.e.* poisoned more or less dangerously by some peculiarity of the sample he has consumed.

There is much mystery surrounding the source of this. From what I have been able to learn by reading, practical observation, and experience, the origin of mussel poison is the feeding of the mollusc on putrescent animal matter or sewage. Their ability to consume sewage may be proved by observing their luxurious growth at seaside places where the sewage of the town runs down on the open shore.

Consul Sadler tells us (see *Journal of Society of Arts*, January 8, page 138) that "the culture of mussels is a characteristic, and in its extent an almost peculiar, industry in the neighbourhood of La Rochelle, that mussels abound all along the coast in their natural state, but as such are ill-conditioned and often poisonous, whereas those brought up from the beds are plump, delicate in flavour, and healthy as food." The industry has existed for 800 years, but has been greatly developed recently. The produce of the beds in the Bay of Aiguillon amounts annually to between 330,000 and 350,000 bushels, having a value of £50,000 to £55,000. The method of cultivation in palisades, and of gathering the crop, are described in detail in the paper above quoted.

Now that we are so m[illegible]
employed labourers [illegible]

should receive serious and practical attention. Let a joint-stock company be immediately formed, and a concession of rights of culture over a suitable area be obtained, like that of the proprietors or renters of periwinkle beds at Southend. This secured, a few acres might be experimentally cultivated at very small preliminary outlay, and upon the results thus obtained future extensions might easily be made; or if the experimental results proved unsatisfactory, the enterprise might be abandoned with very small loss.

I have made many experiments with mussels in aquaria, where they are useful in clearing the water, which they filter through their tactive syphons and deposit the accumulated solid matter in little heaps below their resting-places; but I have found that although they thrive in the midst of sewage and other filth on the sea-shore, they die after two or three weeks' confinement in an ordinary aquarium.

By further experiment I have learned the chief reason for this. By coaxing them to cast their anchor cables on bits of rock near the surface or on the sides of the aquarium, and then imitating the tide by taking away sufficient water to leave them high and dry for a few hours daily, I have succeeded in keeping them alive and flourishing.

Chinese and American Oyster Culture.

SINCE writing the above, I learn from Miss Gordon Cumming's "Wanderings in China" that John Chinaman has practically solved a problem with which our naturalists have struggled in vain, or at best with only equivocal results. Her description of the mode of cultivation is as follows: "Holes are bored in old oyster shells, and these are stuck into and on to pieces of split bamboo, about two feet in length, which are then planted quite close together, on mud flats between high and low water mark, but subject to strong tidal currents. This is supposed to bring the oyster spat, which adheres to the old shells, and shortly develops into tiny oysters. Then the bamboos are transplanted and set some inches apart, until within six months of the first planting they are found to be covered with well-grown oysters, which are then collected for the market."

From the context it appears that the species are the same as ours, though possibly another variety. In any case, no time should be lost in trying this method. At Shoreham, where some feeble attempts have already been made in transplanting oysters, there is an admirable ground for the purpose. A bank of sand extends along

the shore, forming a dam which separates the sea from a marine lagoon of nearly two miles in length and running parallel with the coast line. This lagoon, like the Dead Sea, receives a river at each end; the Adur, which flows through Bramber, and an insignificant brook that comes from the direction of Hove. As there is an opening to the sea at about the middle of the sandbank, and this is far wider than the rivulets, the lagoon is freely supplied with sea water, and with tidal currents corresponding to those named by Miss Cumming.

"Mud flats between high and low water" abound on our coast, especially about the coast of Essex, near the mouth of the Thames. There is an admirable one for experiment on the west side of Ramsgate, at Pegwell Bay, already famous for its shrimps.

I remember when the mouth of the Medway was the richest oyster field then known. When in quarantine on board H.M. lazaretto hulk, the *Bacchante*, in Stangate Creek, I bought oysters from the dredgers over the side, at the rate of less than one penny per dozen. Something has altered all this, probably the London sewage. Oysters have no objection to a muddy bed, but they require tolerably clear water. The delicate fringes of their extensive gills (the "beards") become fouled if the water is too thick.

This Chinese method accords with the most recent American experience. Mr. W. Armstrong, of Hampton, Virginia, has adopted a system of planting seed oysters on floating cars, and obtains far better results thereby than by allowing the seed to be deposited in the usual way at the bottom. This is explained by the fact that the young oyster in its microscopic stage is smothered by even a very thin deposit of sediment upon it, but escapes this if raised above the bottom. Following up this principle, Mr. W. K. Brooks constructed a collector of spat by connecting two old ship's masts together, which carried between them a coarse galvanised iron netting with sufficient buoyancy to support a large number of shells which acted as collectors, like those of the Chinese.

He thus immediately secured a good "set," and the young oysters grew with remarkable rapidity.

Whoever may attempt a similar enterprise (which I believe to be commercially very promising and demanding but little risk of capital) should note that a dense colony of oysters demands a large supply of food, more than is available in ordinary open sea, but which is brought down to the mouths of rivers that deposit rich mud. Also that sea water diluted moderately with ri[illegible] [illegible]s.

The practical desideratum i[illegible]

breathing organs and feeding organs of these creatures are intimately connected, the cilia of the gills draw into themselves and the digestive organs currents of water and its dissolved oxygen for breathing. The same currents carry the food, which consists of the organic particles of slightly turbid water. A *moderate* supply of sewage is probably desirable.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

REFERRING to my note on this subject in last month's number, Mr. Harold S. Crow, of Trinity College, Dublin, asks whether I propose to introduce into mathematical notation a distinct kind of spatial unit corresponding to each different variety of curve, and adds, "Would not this tend to a complication or confusion in the process of practical mensuration?"

I quite agree with him that it would. In writing the note I had no idea of suggesting the practical adoption of any additional unit, but merely endeavoured to explain in the simplest manner the true source of the impossibility of solving the problem with absolute accuracy.

For all practical purposes the well-known rule "multiply the square of the diameter by 0·7854" is sufficient, seeing that the error in the result thus obtained amounts to an excess of less than $\frac{1}{10,000}$; by increasing the places of decimals to, say, nine, and multiplying by 0·785398163, the error is not quite $\frac{1}{4,000,000,000}$. Every additional decimal place divides this fraction still further in like manner, and as the number of such decimal places has been worked out to 607, the smallness of the error, though expressible in figures, is utterly inconceivable, still such error exists. Suppose the distance between two points to be 10 feet (or any other distance), and we divide that distance by ten, then that $\frac{1}{10}$ of a foot by ten again, then that $\frac{1}{100}$ by ten again, and so on 607 times, the magnitude of this final quotient will correspond to that of the error above-named. It is obvious that we may go on thus dividing any number of times without annihilating the final tenth absolutely.

THE GENESIS OF WORLDS.

WE all crave for knowledge of the beginnings of things, and most of the religions that have been so plentifully revealed to mankind at different periods describe the origin of the universe, or rather what was supposed to constitute the universe. Philosophy,

aided by the revelations of physical science, teaches us pretty plainly that any definite knowledge of such beginning is utterly beyond the reach of our faculties. We may speculate, we may dream, but we cannot know. Our primary and necessary ideas of time and space are that they can have neither beginning nor ending, that they must be infinite, but such infinity is incomprehensible.

Are we, therefore, never to indulge our craving for this knowledge? Is it the forbidden fruit of the Eden of science, growing conspicuously and temptingly in its very midst? Can a scientist eat thereof without expulsion from his special paradise?

If absolute beginning is understood, the reply to these questions is definite enough. The man who seriously devotes himself to this subject ceases to be a student of science, and becomes a promising candidate for the lunatic asylum; but if we limit our definition of beginning to the mere beginning of the existing state of things, the case is different. We then have a series of steps which may be rationally followed, though each one brings us nearer and nearer to the boundaries of legitimate science, and towards the regions of poetry.

Thus we may speculate upon the origin of man, or the beginning of animal and vegetable life on this earth, without overstepping the scientific limits, because our speculations on this subject admit of verification or refutation by palæontological and physiological research. Nothing belongs to established science which cannot be submitted to the touchstone of physical fact.

When, however, we attempt to grapple with the genesis of this earth and of worlds in general, we reach the outer boundary of the clear regions of science, and step into the luminous fogland of poetry.

Is there any sin, any evil to fear in doing this? I think not, *provided always we know where we are.* The poetic faculties, the imagination, as truly belong to our mental construction as our observing faculties, and their use is equally legitimate; mischief only arises when we dogmatically discuss the dimensions and doings of our hypothetical creations as though they were physically demonstrated physical facts.

I apologise for the length of this preamble to a boundary speculation suggested by the meteoric showers of November last. The nebular hypothesis, but recently assumed so positively by many eminent teachers, is gradually slipping aside. The more critically it is examined the worse it appears. I [illegible]
mathematical weak or stro[illegible]

problems, but of its physical demerits I have long since been assured, though I must not halt to discuss them now.

The November meteors, and cosmic meteors generally, suggest another theory of the generation of suns and worlds. If space is laden with masses of various sizes, and these are travelling in all possible paths, as we find they are, the larger must be continually swallowing the smaller, as our solar system in its journey through space is visibly doing.

By stepping, or rather bounding, clearly over the scientific boundary into the outer luminous fog, we may imagine a primal period when space was dotted throughout with rudimentary particles of solid matter, endowed with only the vitality of gravitation. This gravitation would create motion, not towards any one universal centre of gravity, because infinity, having no boundary, can have no centre, but towards various contending preponderants. We may further picture (to the imagination) consequent collisions, deflections, orbits, and systems continually aggregating, and by their collisions originating heat and other modes of motion, until little worlds, then bigger worlds, then suns, planets, satellites, and meteoric remnants of original chaos grouped themselves into systems about gravitating centres such as we now behold.

This goes quite as far back as the nebular hypothesis, is quite as amusing to the imagination, assumes rather less, and affords a boundless and harmless recreation ground for unemployed mathematicians.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

ABBEVILLE.

WITH a pertinacity I do not care to deny, and which appears to me to stand in little need of explanation, the name of Mr. Ruskin appears in these pages. Each successive chapter of his Autobiography supplies me, however, with new matter for reflection and comment. In his own great line Mr. Ruskin remains indeed unrivalled. Take from the chapter latest published the description of Abbeville, and see if any English writer has ever done anything in its way equal. Here is what he says :—

> For here (he now says) I saw that art (of its local kind), religion, and present human life were yet in perfect harmony. There were no dead six days and dismal seventh in those sculptured churches; there was no beadle to lock me out of them, or pew-shutter to shut me in. I might haunt them, fancy myself a ghost; peep round their pillars, like Rob Roy; kneel in them, and scandalise nobody; draw in them, and disturb none. Outside, the faithful old town gathered itself, and nestled under their buttresses like a brood beneath the mother's wing; the quiet, uninjurious aristocracy of the newer town opened into silent streets, between self-possessed and hidden dignities of dwelling, each with its courtyard and richly trellised garden. The commercial square, with the main street of traverse, consisted of uncompetitive shops, such as were needful, of the native wares; cloth and hosiery, spun, woven, and knitted within the walls; fruit of their own gardens; bread from the fields above the green coteaux ; meat of their herds, untainted by American tin ; smith's work of sufficient scythe and ploughshare, hammered on the open anvil; groceries dainty, the coffee generally roasting odoriferously in the street, before the door; for the modistes—well, perhaps, a bonnet or two from Paris, the rest, wholesome dress for peasant and dame of Ponthieu. Above the prosperous, serenely busy and beneficent shop, the old dwelling-house of its ancestral masters; pleasantly carved, proudly roofed, keeping its place, and order, and recognised function, unfailing, unenlarging, for centuries. Round all, the breezy ramparts with their long waving avenues; through all, in variously circuiting cleanness and sweetness of navigable river and active mill-stream, the green chalk water of the Somme.

Was ever the secret of life in a French country town more satisfactorily mastered? I myself have passed Abbeville a score of times, content with the distant view of its spire, or but half chiding myself for yielding to that desire to reach one's destination wh
present generation. Few readers of Mr.
future leave unvisited the town that ha
characteristic homage.

THE HOWIETOUN FISHERY.

IF nothing comes from drawing public attention to its proceedings, the little Scotch burgh of Falkirk is likely to win an unenviable notoriety by destroying one of the most interesting and productive means of food supply which human industry and intellect have provided. Being in want of water, which, in the case of a town situated in immediate proximity to the hills, is easily obtainable from many sources, the authorities of this borough of 14,000 inhabitants have introduced a bill empowering them to take the water they require from a small lake near Stirling called Loch Coulter. Against this proceeding I should have nothing to say were it not that its result will be to stop the piscicultural establishment known as the Howietoun Fishery. Here alone have the difficulties attending the hatching and exportation of fish ova been combated with thoroughly satisfactory results. Upwards of ten millions of trout ova are now annually incubated at Howietoun. The principal lakes of Great Britain and of dependencies are now stocked from this source—the importance of the supply being difficult of calculation. In the rearing of fish from which to breed the establishment stands apart from all others, some hundreds of the Loch Leven trout now in use for breeding purposes having been hatched in the ponds so long ago as 1876. To the lives of these and to the success of the scheme a continuous and perfectly even flow of water is indispensable, and this, if the Falkirk scheme is carried out, can no longer be obtained. Further into the question I cannot at present go. I am content to be the first to draw attention to a project which can only be carried out at the cost of a national sacrifice, and I challenge those interested in our food supply to investigate circumstances which have only to be generally known to provoke general outcry.

HAMLET IN PARIS.

THE chance of seeing in a Shakespearean character the greatest actress of modern days lured me across the Channel in the coldest and most tempestuous March within easy recollection. The result, I am sorry to say, was disappointment. A performance of Hamlet less satisfactory than that given at the Porte Saint-Martin by the company of Madame Sarah Bernhardt is not easily imagined. Of the character of Hamlet, as conceived by English and German actors and commentators, M. Garnier has no conception. Noways complex or difficult is with him the character of the young prince upon whom responsibilities terrestrial or ghostly sit lightly, who becomes brutal in his rage, and is at other times a fairly polished easy-going gentle-

man. M. Léon Noël presents us with a Polonius utterly unlike anything that has been seen on the English stage, but none the less acceptable. The overweening sense of dignity of the old courtier is entirely missing, and for it is substituted a species of fatuous conceit in his own wisdom and a thorough enjoyment of his own wit. Polonius is indeed a dapper, cheery, rather cock-a-hoop old gentleman. Of the representatives of the King, Horatio, Laertes, and the Queen, there is nothing to be said except that they were inoffensive. The play has been much hacked about to fit it to French requirements, and the humour and poetry of the dialogue are both lost in the substitution for blank verse or prose of that terrible metre the rhymed Alexandrines. The fencing in the last act would have done discredit to a fourth-rate provincial company. From whatever stand-point the performance is regarded, literary, dramatic, histrionic, the English play-goer has nothing to learn.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's Ophelia.

THE Ophelia of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, meanwhile, can scarcely escape classification in the same category. It is, of course, impossible for Madame Bernhardt to do anything in which there is not much to admire. An intelligent conception of the character to be played is, however, the indispensable preliminary to a satisfactory rendering of it, and this, unfortunately, Madame Bernhardt fails to supply. An added signification may, indeed, at the expense of what can scarcely be regarded as a quibble, be conferred on the speech of Hamlet to Polonius. "Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive." The Ophelia of Madame Bernhardt is a loving, tender, impassioned woman, who, with no reserve, has given herself heart and soul to Hamlet, and has no desire except to be his. Her surrender is as complete as that of Doña Sol in Hernani, or of Juliet; her reason gives way under the shock of his desertion, followed by her father's death at his hands, and in her madness she chaunts a plaintive lament over her own sufferings, making a "swan-like end." If Hamlet were an idyl of love this rendering might pass. As it is, however, it is unsatisfactory, even in the hands of the supreme artist to whom it is due. The scenes of madness are played with singular judgment and knowledge, the movements are happy, and the yearning curiosity with which Ophelia turns to strangers in the hope of seeing her love is very tender and pathetic. Granting Madame Bernhardt's premis[illegible] her performance is worthy of her reputation. This, howe[illegible] precisely what no student of Shakespeare and no lover of [illegible] drama can do.

The French Stage.

WHILE in Paris I looked in at the Maison de Molière, and had the pleasure of a few words with M. Jules Claretie, the recently appointed director of that august establishment, for such from without it seems. M. Claretie was, of course, discreet, and said nothing that justifies me in claiming the possession of special information. It was satisfactory, however, to learn that the danger of a break-up of an establishment which has now lasted two centuries is averted. The refusal of the Minister of Fine Arts, M. Goblet, to sanction the reduction of Mlle. Dudley from the rank of sociétaire to that of pensionnaire, a proceeding which has been fully discussed and is generally approved by the French press, led to the resignation of the committee of management, which includes, of course, the most distinguished members of the company. The formal retirement at the same moment of actors like M. Got, M. Coquelin, M. Delaunay, and their associates, meant necessarily the disruption of the company, and this, though no very high opinion of the personality of the members of the Comédie Française is possible, meant a serious loss to art. Wiser councils have, however, prevailed, and the irritation has been subdued. M. Delaunay, who this month reaches his sixtieth year, and whose *emploi* up to this time has consisted of juvenile heroes, in which he has yet no equal, will retire. Time for reflection is furnished M. Coquelin, who cannot retire for a year, and whose chief object in desiring to quit the company is to get the freedom and profits of a trip to America; and M. Got and the other malcontents have elected to remain. On the part of M. Got, who, as the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, occupies a position of almost unrivalled distinction in art, the decision is wise, and it is even wiser in his more juvenile associates. Among the forthcoming revivals at the Théâtre Français is "Hamlet," with M. Mounet-Sully as the Prince, and Mlle. Reichemberg as Ophelia.

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PERCHANCE TO DREAM.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I.

MRS. MARTIN, who was known to her lively young friends in New York as the Duchess of Washington Square, had a handsome place on the Hudson, just above West Point. It was called the Eyrie—although, as Dear Jones naturally remarked, that road did not take you there. Every fall, when the banks of the river reddened to their ripest glory and when the maple had donned its coat of many colours, the Duchess was wont to fill the Eyrie with her young friends. From the Eyrie was heard the report of many an engagement which had hung fire at Newport and at Lenox. The Duchess was fond of having pretty girls about her, and she always invited clever young men to amuse them. She was an admirable hostess, and no one ever regretted that he had accepted her invitation. Mr. Martin, who was, of course, relegated to his proper position as merely the husband of the Duchess, was, in fact, a charming old gentleman, as the clever young men soon discovered when they came to know him. Indeed, although Mrs. Martin was the dominant partner, Mr. Martin was quite as popular as she.

On the afternoon of the last Saturday in October, just as the sudden twilight was closing in on the river, the ferry-boat came to its place in the dock of the West Shore Station in Jersey City, and two young men in the thick of the throng which pressed forward to the train were thrust sharply against each other.

"Hello, Charley!" said one of them, recognising his involuntary assailant: "Are you devoting yourself to the [illegible] suburban amusement known as 'catching your [illegible]

"Hello, yourself! I'm not a [illegible]

merrily. "I'm catching a train to-night because I'm going up to the Eyrie to spend Sunday."

"So am I," answered his friend, Mr. Robert White, who was one of the editors of the *Gotham Gazette*, and who wrote admirably about all aquatic sports under the alluring pen-name of "Poor Bob White."

"My wife is up there now," continued Sutton.

"So is mine," responded White; "and Dear Jones and his wife promised to go up on this train."

By this time the young men were alongside the train: they boarded the Pullman car, and in one of the forward compartments they found Mr. and Mrs. Delancey Jones and also Mrs. Martin.

The Duchess greeted them very cordially: "Come and sit down by me, both of you," she said, with her pleasant imperiousness: "I want somebody to talk to me. Dear Jones is getting perfectly horrid. He is so taken up with his wife and the baby now that he isn't half as entertaining as he used to be."

"Why, Mrs. Martin, how can you say so?" interjected Mrs. Delancey Jones. "I don't monopolise him at all. I scarcely see anything of him now, he is so busy."

"You ought not to have introduced us to each other if you didn't want us to fall in love and get married," said Dear Jones.

"I decline all responsibility on that score," the Duchess declared. "People call me a match-maker. Now, I'm nothing of the sort. I never interfere with Providence; and you know marriages are made in heaven."

"You believe, then, that all weddings are ordained by Fate?" asked Charley Sutton.

"Indeed I do," Mrs. Martin answered.

"Well, it is a rather comforting doctrine for us happily-married men to believe that our good luck was predestination and not free-will," said White.

"I wish this predestination was accompanied by a gift of second-sight," Dear Jones remarked, "that we might see into the future and know our elective affinity and not be downcast when she rejects us the first time of asking."

"Oh, you men would be too conceited to live if we didn't take you down now and then!" said his wife, airily.

"Of course *I* knew you didn't mean it," he went on.

"The idea!" she cried, indignantly. "I did mean it—why, I couldn't bear you then!"

"Still," White suggested, "a power to see into the future would

simplify courtship, and men would not draw as many blanks in the lottery of matrimony."

"Second-sight would be a very handy thing to have in the house, anyhow," Charley Sutton declared. "A man who had the gift could make a pocketful of rocks in Wall Street."

"Oh, Delancey," cried Mrs. Jones, "wouldn't it be delightful it you could only interpret dreams! You would make your fortune in a month."

"I'd be sure to predict that the world was coming to an end every time I ate mince-pie," replied Dear Jones. "Nobody has had rich visions on prison-fare since Joseph explained his dream to Pharaoh's chief steward."

"I wonder how the esoteric Buddhists and the psychic-research sharps would explain away that little act of Joseph's," Charley Sutton remarked, with a fuller admixture than usual of the Californian idiom which he had brought from the home of his boyhood.

"They would call it telepathy, or thought-transference, or mind-reading, or some other of the slang phrases of the adept," White answered.

"I don't know how much there may be in this spiritualism," said the Duchess, in her most impressive manner; "but, somehow, I do not feel any right to doubt it altogether. They do very strange things at times, I must say."

Dear Jones caught Charley Sutton's eye, and they both winked in silent glee at this declaration of principles.

"This play that we have been to see this afternoon," the Duchess continued—"there is something uncanny about it."

"The last act is simply thrilling," added Mrs. Jones: "I felt as if I must scream out."

"Where did you go?" asked White.

"Mrs. Martin and I came in this morning," Mrs. Jones answered, "to do some shopping, of course——"

"Of course," interjected her husband, sarcastically.

"And to go to the matinée at the Manhattan Theatre, to see that English company in the 'Bells,'" she continued.

"It is rather an eerie play," said Sutton. "The vision in the last act, where Mathias dreams that he has been mesmerised and must answer the accusing questions in spite of himself, is a very strong bit of acting."

"I can't say I enjoyed it," Mrs. Martin declar[illegible]
vivid. And I couldn't help thinking how a
man was able to read our thoughts an[illegible]

"If any man had such a power," said Dear Jones, with imperturbable gravity, "going out into society would be inconveniently risky."

"It would, indeed!" the Duchess declared. Whereupon Dear Jones and Charley Sutton exchanged a wicked wink.

"I'm not given to the interpretation of signs and wonders," said Dear Jones, "and I have not paid any special attention to the inexplicable phenomena of occult philosophy——"

"Very good!" interrupted White. "'Inexplicable phenomena of occult philosophy' is very good."

"Really, I don't think you ought to jest on such a serious subject," said the Duchess, authoritatively.

"I assure you I meant to be very serious indeed," Mr. Delancey Jones explained. "I was going on to inform you that once I was told a dream which actually came to pass."

"You mean the man on the *Barataria*?" asked his wife, eagerly, and with a feminine disregard of strictly grammatical construction.

"Yes."

"Why! that is just what I was going to ask you to tell Mrs. Martin. I think it is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. Oh, you must tell! It was only a month or so ago, you know, when we were coming back from London. You tell them the rest, Lance: I get too excited when I think about it."

"Spin us the yarn, as Bob White would say," remarked Charley Sutton.

"If you can a tale unfold," White added, "just freeze the marrow of our bones!"

"It isn't anything to laugh at, I assure you," cried Mrs. Jones, pathetically. "You think that because Lance is funny sometimes he can't be serious; but he can. Just wait, and you shall see!"

"Is this a joke?" asked the Duchess, who was always a little uneasy in the presence of a merry jest.

"It is quite serious, Mrs. Martin, I assure you. There are no mystic influences in it, nor any mesmeric nonsense. It is only the story of an extraordinary case of foresight into the future, to which I can bear witness in person, although I have absolutely no explanation to propose."

"It is a mystery, then?" asked White.

"Precisely," answered Jones; "and, with all your detective skill, Bob, I doubt if you can spy out the heart of it."

The voice of the conductor was heard crying "All aboard!" a bell rang, a whistle shrieked, and the train glided smoothly out of the station. The little company in the compartment of the Pullman car

settled back comfortably to listen to the story Dear Jones was going to tell.

II.

"You know," Mr. Delancey Jones began, "that I had to go to Paris this summer to get some decorative panels for the parlour of a man whose house I am building. Now, I'm not one of those who think that Paris is short for Paradise, and I wanted to run over and give my order and hurry back. But my wife said she had business in Paris, too——"

"And so I had," his wife asserted. "I hadn't a dress fit to be seen in."

"Consequently," he continued, disregarding this interruption, "she went with me; and she wouldn't go without the baby——"

"I'm not an inhuman wretch, I hope," declared Mrs. Jones, sharply. "As if I could leave the child at home! Besides, she needed clothes as much as I did. But there! I won't say another word. When he looks at me like that, I know I've just *got* to hold my tongue for the rest of the day."

With unruffled placidity Dear Jones continued, "The man who makes *robes* didn't come to time, the lady who sells *modes* was late, and the conduct of the *lingère* was unconscionable. I trust," he asked, turning to his wife, "that I have applied these technical terms with precision?"

"Oh yes!" she answered; "and you know more about them than most men do."

"The result was," Dear Jones went on, "that we had to give up our passage on the *Provençe.* By great good luck I managed to get fair state-rooms on the *Barataria*, which sailed from Liverpool a fortnight or so later. We had two days in London and a night in Liverpool, and then we went on board the *Barataria*, and waked up the next morning in Queenstown, after a night of storm which proved to us that although the ship rolled very little she pitched tremendously. She had a trick of sliding head-first into a wave, and then shivering, and then wagging her tail up and down, in a way which baffles description."

"You need not attempt to describe it," said the Duchess, with dignity, raising her handkerchief to her lips.

Dear Jones was magnanimous. "Well, I won't," he said. "I'll leave it to your imagination. We lay off Queenstown all Sunday morning. Early in the afternoon [illegible] and a few passengers. [illegible]

them come up the gangway. One man I couldn't help looking at: there was something very queer about him, and yet I failed to discover what it was. He seemed commonplace enough in manner and in dress; he was of medium size; and at first sight he had no tangible eccentricity. And yet there was an oddity about him, a certain something which seemed to set him apart from the average man. Even now I cannot say exactly wherein his personal peculiarity lay, yet I studied him all the way over, and I found that others had also remarked it. The one thing in which he definitely differed from others was his paleness: he was as white as a ghost with the dyspepsia. He was a man of perhaps fifty; he was clean shaven; he had very dark hair, so absurdly glossy that I wondered if it were not a wig; he had sharp black eyes, which were either abnormally restless or else fixed in a preoccupied stare.

"The *Barataria* was crowded, and the ship's company was as mixed as a Broadway car on a Saturday afternoon: there was the regular medley of pilgrims and strangers, republicans and sinners. There was an English official, Sir Kensington Gower, K.C.B., and there was a German antiquary, Herr Julius Feuerwasser, the discoverer of the celebrated Von der Schwindel manuscript. There was a funny little fellow we called the Egyptian, because he was born in Constantinople, of Dutch parents, and had been brought up in China: he had worked in the South Africa diamond-fields, and he was then a salaried interpreter at a Cuban court. In short, we had on board all sorts and conditions of men, as per passenger-list. We steamed out of Queenstown in the teeth of a stiff gale; and I shall willingly draw a veil over our feelings for the first two days out. We managed to get on deck and to get into our steamer-chairs and to lie there inert until nightfall; and that was the utmost we could do. But Wednesday was bright: the wind had died away to a fair breeze, just brisk enough to keep our furnaces at their best; the waves had gone down; and so our spirits rose. I went to breakfast late and to lunch early. I found that the odd-looking man I had noted when he came aboard at Queenstown was placed opposite to me, between Herr Julius Feuerwasser and Sir Kensington Gower. They had already become acquainted one with another. During lunch the pale stranger had a fierce discussion with the learned German about the Eleusinian mysteries, and he pushed the Teuton hard, abounding in facts and quotations, and revealing himself as a keen master of close logic. Herr Julius lost his temper once as his wary adversary broke through his guard and pinned him with an unfortunate admission; and at dinner we found that the archæologist had applied to

the chief steward to change his seat at table. As he was an overbearing person, I didn't regret his departure."

"I have seen a German grand duke eat peas with his knife!" said the Duchess, as one who produces a fact of the highest sociological importance.

"Apparently the victor in the debate did not remark the absence of his vanquished foe," Dear Jones continued, "for he and the K.C.B. soon got into a most interesting discussion of the Rosicrucians. Obviously enough, Sir Kensington Gower was a learned man, of deep reading and a wide experience of life, and he had given special attention to the subject; but the pale man spoke as one having authority—as though he were the sole surviving repository of the Rosicrucian secret. The talk between him and Sir Kensington was amicable and courteous, and it did not degenerate into a mere duel of words like that in which he had worsted the German. Their conversation was extremely interesting, and I listened intently, having had a chance to slip in a professional allusion when they happened to refer to the connection between architecture and masonry. I heard Sir Kensington Gower call the stranger by name—Mr. Blackstone. There seemed to me to be a curious fitness between this name and its wearer: fancifully enough, I saw in the man a certain dignity and a certain prim decision which made the name singularly appropriate. Before dinner was over, the talk turned to lighter topics. As Sir Kensington went below to see after his wife——"

"I remember that *you* didn't come to see after *me*!" interrupted Mrs. Jones, laughing. "I was left on deck to the tender mercies of the steward. But no matter: I forgive you!"

Her husband went on with his story, regardless of this feminine personality:

"Mr. Blackstone and I left the table together to get our coffee in the smoking saloon. Our later conversation had been so easy that I ventured to say to him that a name like his could belong by rights only to a lawyer or to a coal-dealer. The remark was perhaps impertinent, but it was innocent enough; yet a sudden flush flitted across his white face, and he gave me a piercing flash from his unfathomable eyes before he answered, shortly, 'Yes, I am a lawyer; and my father owns and works a coal-mine near Newcastle.' I did not risk another familiarity. His manner towards me did not change; he was as polite and as affable as before. I studied him in vain to see what might be the peculiarity I was cautio[illegible] unable to define. We had our coffee, and, en[illegible]
I was emboldened to take the cigar Mr.[illegible]

have rarely smoked a better. We sat side by side for a few minutes almost in silence, watching the smoke of our cigars as it wreathed upward, forming quaint interrogation marks in the air and then fading away into nothing. Then the man we called the Egyptian—I knew him, as he had crossed with us in the *City of Constantinople* last year—came over and asked us to take a hand in a little game of poker."

"He knew the secret wish of your heart, didn't he?" asked Robert White. "I suggest this as an appropriate epitaph for Dear Jones's tombstone: 'He played the game.'"

"I think I can give you a simpler one," said the young Californian—"just this: 'Jones' Bones.'"

"I wonder what there is so fascinating to you men in a game like poker," the Duchess remarked. "You all love it. Mr. Martin says that it is the only game a business man can afford to play."

"Mr. Martin is a man of excellent judgment, as we can see," said Robert White, bowing politely.

"Mr. Martin is a man of better manners than to interrupt me when I am telling a story of the most recondite psychological interest," remarked Dear Jones.

"Don't mind them, Lance," his wife urged: "just hurry up to the surprising part of the story, and they will be glad enough to listen then."

Thus encouraged, Dear Jones proceeded:

"As I said, the Egyptian came over and asked us to join in getting up a game. Mr. Blackstone had been playing with them every afternoon and evening. We crossed over to an empty table in the corner where the other players were awaiting us. There was a change in Blackstone's manner as he sat down before the cards. I thought I saw a hotter fire in his eyes. As soon as he took his seat he reached out his hand and grasped the pack which was lying on the table. For the first time I noticed how thin and slender and sinewy his hand was. He gripped the cards like a steel-trap, holding them for a second or two face downward on the table. Then he cut hastily and looked at the bottom card. Again the quick flush fled across his face. He cut again and looked at the card, and then again. I noted that he had cut a black court-card three times running. After the last cut he gripped the pack again, as though he wished to try a fourth time, but he seemed to change his mind, for he threw the cards down on the table and said, 'I think I had better not play to-night.' 'Why not?' asked the Egyptian. Blackstone smiled very queerly, and hesitated again, and then he said, 'Because I should win your

money.' The Egyptian laughed. 'I take my chance of that,' he answered; 'you play; you win—if you can; I win—if I can.' Blackstone smiled again. 'You had better not urge me,' he replied: 'sometimes I can look a little way into the future; I can tell when I am going to be lucky. If I play to-night I shall win from all of you.' The Egyptian laughed again, and then began dealing the cards. 'I bet you two shillings,' he said to Blackstone, 'I get a pot before you.' The other players pressed Blackstone to play. Finally he yielded, repeating his warning, 'If I play to-night I shall win everything.' Then we began the game."

"And did he win?" asked Charley Sutton, by his interest confessing his initiation into the freemasonry of poker.

"Well! he did," Jones answered. "He emptied my pockets in fifteen minutes. He won on good hands and he won on bad hands. He came in on an ace and got four of a kind. He could fill anything. He could draw a tanyard to a shoestring—as they say in Kentucky. He had a draught like a chimney on fire. There never was such luck. At last, when he drew a king of spades to make a royal straight flush, the Egyptian surrendered: 'I run,' he cried; 'I run like a leetle rabbit!' and he dropped his hands on each side of his head like the falling ears of a frightened rabbit."

"Was it a square game?" the young Californian asked, eagerly.

"I do not doubt it," answered Jones: "I watched very closely, and I have no reason to think there was any unfair play. We changed the pack half a dozen times, and it made no matter who dealt, Blackstone held the highest hand."

"Mr. Blackstone seems to have had a sort of second-sight for his money," suggested Robert White.

"Did his luck continue?" asked Charley Sutton.

"Generally," Robert White remarked, judicially, "luck is like milk: no matter how good it is, if you keep it long enough it is sure to turn."

"I didn't go into the smoking-saloon the next day," Dear Jones explained. "I——"

"I wouldn't let him!" interrupted Mrs. Jones. "I thought he had lost enough for one trip; so I tried to console him by talking over the lovely things I could have bought in Paris with that money."

"But on Friday," her husband continued, "as we left the lunch-table together, Blackstone said to me, 'You did not play yester
I told him I had lost all I could afford. 'Yesterday th
dull,' he said; 'it was anybody's game, But to-day

your revenge.' I told him I had had enough for one voyage. 'But I insist on your playing this afternoon,' he persisted; 'I am going to lose, and I want you to win your money back; I do not want those other men to win from me what you have lost: it is enough if they get back what I have gained from them.' 'But how do you know that you will lose and that I shall win?' I asked. He smiled a strange, worn smile, and answered, 'I have my moods, and I can read them. To-day I shall lose. To-day is Friday, you know—hangman's day. Friday is always my unlucky day. I get all my bad news on Friday. A week ago this morning, for example, I had no expectation of being where I am to-day.' After saying this he gave me another of his transfixing looks, as though to mark what effect upon me this confession might have. Then he urged me again to take a hand in the game, and at last I suffered myself to be persuaded. He had prophesied aright, for we all had good luck and he had bad luck. He played well—brilliantly, even; he was not disheartened by his losses; he held good cards; he drew to advantage; but he was beaten unceasingly. If he had a good hand someone else held a better. If he risked a bluff, he was called with absolute certainty. In less than an hour I had won my money back, and I began to feel ashamed of winning any more. So I was very glad when my wife sent for me to go on deck. But just before dinner I looked into the smoking-saloon for a minute. The five other players sat around the little table in the corner, exactly as I had left them three hours before. When the Egyptian saw me he cried gleefully, 'You made mistake to go away. We all win, all the time. We clean him out soon.' I looked at Blackstone. His face was whiter even than before; his eye caught mine, and I saw in it an expression I could not define, but it haunted me all night. As I turned to go, he rose and said, 'I have had enough for to-day. It is no use to struggle with what is written. Perhaps I may have a more fortunate mood to-morrow.' At dinner he sat opposite to me as usual, but there was no change in his manner. He had lost heavily, far more heavily than he could afford, I fancy; but there was no trace of chagrin about him. He talked as easily and as lightly as before; and by the time dinner was half over, he and Sir Kensington Gower were deep in a discussion of the tenets of the Theosophists. Sir Kensington was a scoffer, and he mocked at their marvels; but Blackstone maintained that, however absurd their pretensions were, they had gained at least a glimpse of the truth. He said that there were those alive now who could work wonders more mysterious than any wrought by the Witch of Endor. I remember that he told Sir Kensington that the secret archives of

Paris recorded certain sharp doings of Cagliostro which passed all explanation."

"If he knew so much," asked Charley Sutton, "why didn't he know enough to buck against his bad luck?"

"I can understand that," Robert White remarked, "he was like many another man—he did not *believe* what he *knew*."

"Tell them about the dream, Lance," said Mrs. Jones.

"I'm coming to that now," answered her husband. "I have not yet told you that, in spite of our bad weather the first two days out, we had made a splendid run—almost the best on record. By Friday evening it was evident that, unless there were an accident of some sort, we should get inside of Sandy Hook some time on Saturday night, probably a little before midnight. So on Saturday morning we all got up with a sense of relief at our early delivery from our floating jail. You have heard of the saying that going to sea is as bad as going to prison, with the added chance of drowning?"

"I have heard the saying," answered Bob White, indignantly—for he was always quick to praise a seafaring life—"and I think that the man who said it was not born to be drowned."

"I believe you are web-footed," returned Dear Jones, "most of us are not; and we were delighted to get within hail of the coast. It was a lovely day, and the sea was as smooth as I ever saw it. We had made a run of four hundred and sixty-eight miles at noon; we took our pilot one hour later; we sent up our rocket and burned our Roman candles off Fire Island about nine that evening; and we ran inside Sandy Hook a little after eleven. Shortly before we had crossed the bar, and as the lights of the coast were beginning to get more and more distinct, Mr. Blackstone joined me, while I was standing near the captain's room. The light from the electric lamps on the stairs fell on his head, and I marked the same uncanny smile which had played about his face when he rose from the card-table after losing his money the day before. We walked the length of the ship two or three times, exchanging commonplaces about America. I found that he had never been out of England before, but he had improved his time on the boat, for he had already mastered the topography of Manhattan Island and of New York Bay. He asked me how close we should come to the shore when we entered the Hook, and whether we should anchor at Quarantine in midstream or alongside a dock. When I had answered his questions as best I could, he was silent for a little space. Then, suddenly, as we came to the end of the ship, he stopped, and asked me if I were superstitious. I laughed, and answered that I was like the man who

did not believe in ghosts but was afraid of them. 'I thought so,' he returned. 'I thought you were not one of the narrow and self-satisfied souls who believe only what they can prove, and who cannot imagine circumstances under which two and two may not make four. Now, I am superstitious—if a belief in omens, dreams, and other manifestations of the unseen can fairly be called a superstition. I cannot help lending credence to these things, for every event of my life has taught me to rely on the warnings and the promises I receive from the unknown. I do not always understand the message; but if I disobey it when I do comprehend, I am sorely punished. I had a dream last night which I cannot interpret. Perhaps you may help me.' I confess that I was impressed by his earnestness; and, not without a share of curiosity, I told him I should be glad to listen. He transfixed me with another rapid glance, and then he said, 'This was my dream. I dreamed that it was to-morrow morning—Sunday morning—and that I was in New York. I was reading a newspaper: there is a paper in New York called the *Gotham Gazette*?' I told him there was such a journal. 'Is it published on Sunday?' he asked. I explained that it sold more copies on Sunday than on any other day of the week."

"One hundred and thirty-seven thousand last Sunday," interrupted Robert White, smiling, "according to the sworn statement of the foreman of the press-room. Advertisers will do well, etcetera, etcetera."

"For particulars, see small bills," added Charley Sutton.

Dear Jones paid no attention to these unnecessary remarks.

"Blackstone repeated," he continued, "that he dreamt he was in New York on Sunday morning, reading the *Gotham Gazette*; and he told me he had been trying all day to remember exactly what it was he had read in it, but his recollections were vague, and he could recall with precision only four passages from the paper. 'You know,' he said to me, 'how old and solid the house of Blough Brothers & Company is?' I answered that I knew they were as safe a bank as could be found in Lombard Street. 'The first thing I read in the *Gotham Gazette* of to-morrow,' he said, 'was a message from London announcing that Blough Brothers & Company had failed the day before—that is, to-day, Saturday.' I laughed easily, and told him that he ought not to give a second thought to a dream as wild as his, for I supposed that Blough Brothers & Company were as safe as the Bank of England. He shot another sharp glance through me, and answered, after a second's hesitation, that stranger things had happened than the failure of Blough Brothers & Company.

Then he went on to tell me the second of the things he was able to recall from his vague memory of the *Gotham Gazette* of Sunday morning. You remember the great steam-yacht race—the international match between Joshua Hoffmann's *Rhadamanthus* and the English boat the *Skyrocket?* Well, that race was to come off that very Saturday: it had been decided probably only five or six hours before our talk. Blackstone told me that he had read a full account of it in the *Gotham Gazette* of the next day, and that it had been an even race, but that from the start the American yacht had led a little, and that the English boat had been beaten by less than ten minutes. The third thing he had read in the paper was a review of a book. 'I think I have heard you refer to Mr. Rudolph Vernon, the poet, as a friend of yours?' he asked. I said I knew Vernon, and that I expected to read his new poem as soon as it was published. 'It is called "An Epic of Ghosts," and there was a long criticism of it in the *Gotham Gazette*,' said Blackstone—'a criticism which began by calling it one of the most peculiar of poems and by declaring that its effect on the reader was ghastly rather than ghostly.'"

"And he told you this the night before you arrived?" asked Robert White, very much interested. "Why——"

"Let me tell my tale," answered Dear Jones; "you can cross-question me afterwards. I shall not be long now."

"And what was the fourth item he remembered?" the Duchess inquired.

"The fourth item," Dear Jones responded, "was a paragraph announcing the arrival in New York of the steamship *Barataria*—the boat in the stern of which we were then standing—and noting that one of the passengers was mysteriously missing, having apparently committed suicide by jumping overboard the night before. With involuntary haste I asked him the name of the passenger. 'It was not given in the newspaper,' he answered, 'or, if it was, I cannot recall it.' We stood for a moment silently side by side, gazing at the phosphorescent wake of the ship. The second officer, Mr. Macdonough, came aft just then; and I walked back with him to return a book I had borrowed. I found my wife had gone to bed; and in a few minutes I was asleep, having given little heed to Blackstone's dream, vividly as he had recited its unusual circumstances. The next morning we were busied with the wearying preliminaries of disembarking, and I did not notice the absence of Blackstone from the breakfast table. When we had been warped into dock and h[illegible] signed our papers before the custom-house officials, we left t[illegible] and went down on the wharf to wait for our trunks, se[illegible]

were at the very bottom of the hold. A newsboy offered me the Sunday papers, and I bought the *Gotham Gazette*. The first words that met my eye were the head-lines of a cable-message: 'Heavy Failure in London—Sudden Stoppage of Blough Brothers & Company.' The next thing I saw was an account of the great steam-yacht race. As you know, the *Rhadamanthus* had beaten the *Skyrocket* by eight minutes. I could not but recall Blackstone's dream, and I instantly tore the newspaper open, that I might see if there were a review of Rudolph Vernon's 'Epic of Ghosts'; and there it was. The criticism began by calling it the most peculiar of poems and by saying that its effect was ghastly rather than ghostly. Then I searched for the fourth item of the dream. But I could not find it. That one alone of the four things he had told me was not in the paper. There was nothing about the *Barataria* but the formal announcement of our arrival in the column of shipping news. Although the fourth item was not to be found, the presence of the other three was startling enough, it seemed to me, and I thought that Blackstone would be interested to see the real *Gotham Gazette* of Sunday morning, that he might compare it with the *Gotham Gazette* he had read in his dream. I looked about on the dock, but he was not visible. I went back to the boat, but I could not lay eyes on him. I asked our table-steward and others, but no one had seen him. At last I went to Mr. Macdonough, the second officer, to inquire his whereabouts. Before I had more than mentioned Blackstone's name, Mr. Macdonough became very serious. 'I cannot tell you where Mr. Blackstone is, for I do not know,' he said; 'in fact, nobody knows. He is missing. It is quite a mystery what has become of him. He has not been seen since we left him last night—you and I. So far as I can judge, we were the last to speak to him or to see him. All trace of him is lost since we walked forward last night, leaving him standing in the stern of the ship. He did not sleep in his state-room, so the steward says. We do not wish to think that he has jumped overboard, but I must confess it looks like it. Did he ever say anything to you which makes you think he might commit suicide?' I answered that I could recall nothing pointing towards self-destruction. 'He was a queer man,' said Mr. Macdonough, 'a very queer man, and I fear we shall never see him again.' And, so far as I know, nobody has ever seen him again."

As Dear Jones came to the end of his story, the rattling train plunged into a long tunnel.

III.

When the train at last shook itself out of the tunnel, Robert White was the first to break silence.

"To sum up," he said to Dear Jones, "this man who calls himself Blackstone told you on Saturday evening four things which he had dreamt were in the *Gotham Gazette* of Sunday morning. Three of those things were in the *Gotham Gazette*, and, while the fourth item was absent from the newspaper, the suicide it recorded had apparently taken place?"

"Yes," answered Dear Jones.

"How do you account for this extraordinary manifestation of the power of second-sight operating during sleep?" White asked.

Dear Jones replied, shortly: "Oh! I do not account for it."

"What have you to suggest?" White inquired.

"I haven't anything to suggest," Dear Jones answered. "I have given you the facts as I know them. Every man is free to interpret them to please himself. I tell the tale only; I have not hinted at any explanation, either natural or supernatural."

"Perhaps Mr. White can unravel the mystery?" said Mrs. Jones, with just a tinge of acerbity in her manner.

"No!" White returned, thus attacked in the flank. "No, I have no explanation to offer—at least, not until I have fuller information."

"I have emptied myself of the facts of the case," retorted Dear Jones; "and a cider-press couldn't get any more details out of me."

With an amiable desire to pour oil on waters which might be troubled, the Duchess remarked, pleasantly, "I think Dear Jones has told us a most interesting story, and I'm sure we ought to be obliged to him."

Dear Jones arose and bowed his thanks. Just then the train went sharply around a curve, and Dear Jones resumed his seat in the car with awkward promptness. As he sat down, Robert White looked up at him musingly. At length he spoke:

"You say the man called himself Blackstone?"

"Yes."

"He was a peculiar-looking man, you say," Robert White continued, "and yet you could not declare wherein his oddity lay. He was of medium size, a little under the average height, and inclined to be stout. He was about fifty years old [illegible] black wig. He had a very white face. His dark [illegible] when they were not fixed in a vague stare—

"Why," cried Dear Jones, "how did you know that?"

"He had a long, full beard," Robert White went on; when Dear Jones broke in again:

"Oh no!—he was clean shaven."

"Ah!" said Robert, "perhaps he had removed his beard to change his appearance. Did he have the blue chin one sees in a man whose face is naturally hairy?"

"He had," answered Dear Jones; "and the deadly pallor of his cheeks made this azure of his jaw more obvious."

"I am inclined to think," Robert White said, slowly, "I am inclined to think that the man who told you his alleged dream, and who called himself Blackstone, was John Coke, chief clerk and confidential manager of Blough Brothers & Company——"

"The firm that failed?" the Duchess asked.

"Precisely," was the answer. "And he was the cause of the failure—he and Braxton Blough, a younger son of the senior partner. They both absconded on the Saturday before the failure—the Saturday you sailed; Coke could easily have left London with the mail and joined you at Queenstown. I took a great interest in the case, for my father-in-law lost a lot of money he had sent over to be used in operating in the London Stock Exchange."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were right in your supposition, Bob," said Charley Sutton; "and of course if the man had cleaned out Blough Brothers & Company, he could make a pretty close guess when they were likely to suspend. Besides, Blackstone is just the sort of slantindicular name a man called Coke would take."

"Coke?" repeated the Duchess. "Coke? Isn't that the name of the Englishman Mr. Hitchcock used to talk to us about in London?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Jones: "I think I have heard Mr. Hitchcock speak of a Mr. Coke."

White looked up quickly, with a smile. "Do you mean Mat Hitchcock?"

"Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock is the gentleman I mean," replied Mrs. Martin.

"Ah!" said White, significantly.

"I saw a good deal of him last summer in London, and I heard him speak of a Mr. Coke several times. I think he said he was the manager or director or something of Blough Brothers & Company. I know he told me that Mr. Coke was the best judge of sherry and of poetry in all England. I own I thought the conjunction rather odd."

"Mrs. Martin," said Robert White, "you have given us the ex-

planation of another of the predictions in the alleged Mr. Blackstone's alleged dream. I happen to know that, owing to a set of curious circumstances, little Mat Hitchcock wrote the review of the 'Epic of Ghosts' which appeared in the *Gotham Gazette.*"

"And you think he showed what he had written to Coke before he sent it off to the paper?" asked Dear Jones.

"Isn't it just like him?" White returned.

Dear Jones smiled, and answered that Mat Hitchcock was both leaky and conceited, and that he probably did show his review to everybody within range.

"But how did this Mr. Blackstone know that the review would appear on that particular Sunday morning?" asked Mrs. Jones, with slightly aggressive scepticism.

"He didn't *know* it," answered White; "he just guessed it; and it was not so very remarkable a guess, either, if he knew when the review was posted in London, as the *Gotham Gazette* prints book-notices only on Sundays."

"Still, it was a most extraordinary dream," said the Duchess, with dignity, not altogether approving of any attempt to explain away anything purporting to be supernatural.

"The failing of Blough Brothers & Company was remarkable, if you like," Robert White continued. "The house was more than a century old; it held the highest position in Lombard Street; it was supposed to be conservative and safe; and yet for the past five years it had been little better than an empty shell. This man Coke was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased; and he and Braxton Blough, the younger son of old Sir Barwood Blough, the head of the house, were as thick as thieves—I use the phrase advisedly."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Jones, with a chilly smile.

"They speculated in stocks," Robert White pursued; "they loaded themselves up with cats and dogs; they took little fliers in such inflammable material as Turkish and Egyptian bonds; and they went on the turf together. They owned race-horses together as 'Mr. Littleton'; and that's another bit of evidence that your Mr. Blackstone was really this man Coke. You see? Coke—Littleton—Blackstone?"

"I see," answered Dear Jones.

"When the game was up, there was a warrant out for Coke, but he had been gone for a week. It was supposed he had
Paris; but that must have been a mere blind of
over here on the *Barataria* with you."

"He came over with me," said Dear Jones, quietly, "but he did not land with me."

"Poor Braxton Blough had been led astray by Coke, who tempted him and got him in his power and kept him under his thumb. When the bubble burst he disappeared too, and it is supposed that he took the queen's shilling and is now a private at the Cape of Good Hope. He wasn't in England when poor old Sir Barwood Blough died of a broken heart. Braxton had always been his favourite son, and he had spared the rod and spoiled the child."

"Braxton Blough?" repeated the Duchess. "Surely I have met a man of that name; and I think it was at the dinner Lord Shandygaff gave us at Greenwich."

"I remember him now," broke in Dear Jones—"a dark, gipsy-looking fellow. I know I remarked on the difference between him and Lord Shandygaff, who was the very type of an Irish sportsman, with all that the word implies."

Robert White whistled.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he cried, hastily, as Mrs. Martin looked at him with surprise. "You will forgive me when I explain. Now we have stumbled on something really extraordinary. You know those odd little Japanese puzzles—just a lot of curiously-shaped bits which you can fit together into a perfect square?"

"I have known them from my youth up," answered Dear Jones, dryly; "and I see nothing extraordinary in them."

"I refer to them only as an illustration," Robert White returned. "You tell us a tale of a dream and its fulfilment; you set forth a puzzle, but there are several little bits wanting; the square is not perfect; there is a hole in the centre. Now, as it happens, we here who have heard the tale can complete the square. We can fill the hole in the centre, for we chance to have concealed about our persons the little bits which were missing. And Mrs. Martin has just produced one of them. You met Mr. Braxton Blough at a dinner given by Lord Shandygaff; and it was natural that you should, for the two men had many tastes in common, and I have heard that they were very intimate. Indeed, next to Coke, Lord Shandygaff was Braxton Blough's closest friend. And this provides us with a possible explanation of another of the alleged predictions in the alleged dream of the alleged Blackstone."

"How so?" asked Charley Sutton.

"I confess I don't see it," said Dear Jones.

"That's because you do not know the secret history of the steam-yacht race," Robert White answered. "Lord Shandygaff is the owner

of the *Skyrocket*; he is a betting man; he was in New York for a fortnight before the race came off; and yet he did not back his boat as though he believed she would win. Now, I have been told, and I believe, that when the match had been made and the money put up, a rumour of the speed made by the *Rhadamanthus* in a private trial over a measured mile, after Joshua Hoffmann had put in those new boilers, reached the ears of the owner of the *Skyrocket*. It is said that Lord Shandygaff then had a private trial of his yacht over a measured mile under similar conditions of wind and weather as that of the *Rhadamanthus*, and he discovered, to his disappointment and disgust, that his boat was going to be beaten. I have understood that he came to the conclusion, then and there, that he was going to lose the race and his twenty-five thousand dollars—unless there should be a stiff gale of wind when the match came off, in which case he thought he might have a fair chance of winning."

"Well?" asked Charley Sutton, as Robert White paused.

"Well," said White, "if what I have stated on information and belief is true, if Lord Shandygaff believed that his boat would be beaten, his intimate friend Braxton Blough would not be kept in the dark; and whatever light Braxton Blough might have he would share with his intimate friend Coke. Therefore your friend the alleged Blackstone, when he told you this alleged dream on Saturday, the day of the race, knew that there was smooth water and a light breeze only, and that there the *Rhadamanthus* had probably beaten the *Skyrocket* from start to finish."

"I see," said Charley Sutton, meditatively.

Mrs. Jones looked at Mr. White with not a little dissatisfaction, saying:

"You have tried very hard to explain away this Mr. Blackstone's dream as far as the failure of Blough Brothers & Company is concerned, and the review of Mr. Vernon's book, and the race between the *Rhadamanthus* and the *Skyrocket*; but how do you account for the suicide?"

"How do you know there was any suicide?" asked Robert White, with a slight smile.

"It was in the *Gotham Gazette*—your own paper," she said, with ill-concealed triumph.

"It was in the *Gotham Gazette* which Coke said he had seen in a vision," White returned; "but I do not think it was ever in any *Gotham Gazette* sent out from our office in Park Row."

"But I thought——" began Mrs. Jones, when her husbar
rupted:

"I am afraid it is no use arguing with White," he said: "he seems to have all the facts at his fingers' end."

"Thank you," White rejoined. "I wish I had my fingers' ends on Coke's collar."

"That's just what I wanted to ask you," said Dear Jones. "Where is he?"

"How do I know?" returned White.

"What do you think?" Dear Jones asked.

"I don't know what to think," answered Robert White: "the facts fail me. Probably the *Barataria* was not very far from shore when she anchored off Quarantine that night, soon after you and Mr. Macdonough left him in the stern of the ship."

"We were within pistol-shot of the health officer's dock, I suppose," replied Dear Jones.

"Then," said Robert White, "perhaps Coke jumped overboard and swam ashore, and so killed the trail by taking water. We have an extradition treaty with Great Britain, and he may have told you his dream so that you could bear witness in case he was tracked by the detectives. On the other hand, he was a queer man, hysteric, and a mystic, and it may be that he did commit suicide. Perhaps, even, he told you the truth when he told you his dream."

"I shall always believe that," Mrs. Jones remarked.

"So shall I," said Mrs. Martin. "It is very unpleasant to destroy one's faith in anything. It is so much better to believe all one can: at least, that is my opinion."

This opinion was handed down by the Duchess with an air which implied that no appeal could be taken.

Robert White wisely held his peace.

Then the train slackened before stopping at the station where Mrs. Martin's carriage was awaiting them.

THE ELM IN LONDON.

WE are told that the days of the elm as a London tree are numbered—that it has proved itself unfit for the work of beautifying the parks and surroundings of this great city in their altered condition. We certainly cannot agree with the proposition. The elm still has a footing among us sufficient, from the æsthetic point of view, to allow of our appealing to the tree itself as the best witness to bring forward on its own behalf. We see it to-day standing in noble lines and groups, holding a position numerically strong, the first of green things to greet the spring in our park; while individual elms may be pointed out as among the most perfect of the many tree specimens we possess. But notwithstanding all this, we are persistently informed its doom is fixed, its gradual extinction in London is inevitable.

Before this consummation arrives, we should like to offer a few general remarks, and to notify a few of the singular claims of the elm to be carefully cherished as an indispensable belonging of the London arboretum. Our special desire is to attract the interest of others, to draw attention to the tree, and thereby, if possible, to avert the doom pronounced against it. We spare no expense to keep up the prettily-planned sub-tropical bit of garden at Hyde Park Corner, and the still finer sub-tropical garden in Battersea Park, and the many-coloured floricultural display along Park Lane, and the so-called French garden in Regent's Park, &c. Quite right that we should carefully cultivate those pleasing beauty-patches on our parks; but while doing so we ought not to forget the more important duty of keeping up the vitality of our park trees. Some of these are now perishing of actual starvation, and are only too likely to be let perish from sheer lack of any active public interest in the subject. Some of the trees are past saving already. If we would save the remnant, it is time we set about providing them with a sufficiency of proper food. This may sound startling, but it only means that in certain portions of our parks the soil has become sodden and completely exhausted, and needs renovation. To renew it would troublesome, and, of course, cost money. Be it observed, t

exhausted condition of the soil in its most aggravated form is at present confined to certain patches only. In other parts of the parks we have healthy trees, although among them some are to be seen suffering from the inevitable infirmities of old age, and others sinking into decay through attacks of more or less preventible diseases. Our present purpose, however, is not to deal with the woes of all the trees, but simply to start the question, Is the elm worth preserving?

Perhaps because of its very abundance among us, few trees receive less consideration than the elm. Without possessing the same amount of weird mystic romance that ancient mythology has twined around some trees, it is such a thoroughly domestic, homelike belonging of England, that few Englishmen ever think of questioning the fact of its being a veritable indigenous Britisher. Yet go to technical handbooks, and you find vague hints thrown out as to whether the tree *Ulmus campestris* has any legitimate right to the prefix *English* always applied to it. The doubt has been cast upon it, but, so far as we know, no attempt has ever been seriously made that has definitely determined whether it is an introduced or an autochthonous species. No tree needs less of what is commonly called cultivation: it springs up and thrives among us in all directions, one hardly knows how. Are we to consider "the Warwickshire weed" as a foreigner? This title has been locally conferred upon the English elm, because the Warwickshire folk are particularly proud of the tree. There, in the very heart of England, an elm two hundred years old is known to have attained a height of 150 feet; and although beside the eucalyptus of Australia or the sequoia of California such a Warwickshire weed as that might appear but a pigmy, we doubt whether any tree in England, native or foreign, has ever reached a greater altitude. We see English elms forming the most majestic avenues to our royal palaces, lordly castles, and stately mansions; and we see them grandly grouped around our ancient cathedrals and the oldest of our country churchyards, few of which are without the venerable shade of elms that may count their years by centuries. We see the English elm rising singly here and there along the hedgerows in our agricultural districts, presenting their fine forms and sturdy strength against the rude and cutting winds, thus affording valuable shelter to the growing crop below; or we see them clustering comfortably by the side of hoary farmsteads, to which they add an indescribable dignity and grace of peaceful repose; or we encounter them in military file of some four or five to a dozen trees, cut and trim, standing in rank, pollarded it may be, or tall and

straight, like so many sentries on duty, before the village inn; or we find the tree more or less solitary, and sometimes spreading out far-reaching arms like its sister species, the *Ulmus montana*, or Scotch elm, a circular seat arranged around the huge trunk, for the tree shadows the favourite spot on the village green, where it has shadowed it, it may be, for two centuries or more, while the aged, the young and vigorous, and the babe of a few weeks—the passing, the present, and the rising generations—discuss together, as their forefathers have done before them, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of the hamlet. No doubt other trees, all having their own individual characteristics, will often be met in many like situations, separately or in company with the elm. But, not even excepting the oak, does any other tree, in so many various ways, enter so closely and so continuously as the elm does into English rural home life, from the palace to the peasant's hut? And what a useful tree we find it when cut down and turned into timber! Does it not supply us with the best keels that can be had for our ships and boats, and the best wheels for our carriages and carts, with the innumerable fittings and implements used by our farmers and gardeners? Has it not from time immemorial given us the most durable of wooden water-pipes, piles, and pumps? Does it not furnish us now with the very strongest of the heavy gun-carriages employed with our armies; while for gentler purposes, are not those excrescences, some of which may be seen on the trunks and boughs of elms in the Kensington Gardens, highly prized by cabinet-makers as among the choicest of ornamental woods, to be cut into thin slices with careful economy and utilised for veneering purposes? And yet again, "life's fitful fever ended," is it not within a kindly covering of the wood of elm that the vast majority of our forefathers, as well as our contemporaries, have at last been laid to rest in their peaceful narrow homes? In fine, this, the loftiest grower, the easiest grown, the commonest, most homelike and familiar, the most universally useful, and among the loveliest of our British trees—a tree oftentimes to the front in that ancient record of national landmarks, Domesday Book—some of our learned authorities have, as we have said, attempted to rob of its birthright, and question whether we should accept it as an English tree at all; while among the unlearned its name is more often taken in vain by being falsely applied than any tree that grows, and now year by year we are witnessing its gradual but steady removal from London, where once undoubtedly it was chief among the trees. Surely it is time for some one to speak in defence of the elm.

Those *savants* who vaguely assert that because the elm seeds

sparingly in England it should not be considered as an English tree, ought to be able to tell us when it was introduced into this country, or at what period it was unknown in England. They should furthermore be able to tell us why it is they never hesitate to accept the beautiful white convolvulus of our hedgerows, for instance, as an English plant; yet it very rarely indeed seeds anywhere in England. Several of the uncommon varieties of the English elm we possess have been raised in England from English seed. The fact, however, remains—the white convolvulus, as well as the English elm, propagate their species chiefly by suckers, and, as is usual with many sucker-producing plants, are sparse seeders. There is no question of the elm being a native Italian tree; yet Pliny has remarked how rarely it seeds in Italy. Before Pliny's time Horace named the elm with special warmth as one of the native trees he deplored to see fast disappearing out of the country, because of the craze for making foreign plantations that possessed the wealthy Romans of his day. To this we shall again have to allude.

The amount of looseness and confusion existing in the popular mind respecting trees and tree names is amazing. Among educated men and women who will talk enthusiastically about the beauties of forest scenery, and even learnedly descant upon the hygienic uses of trees, few are able to indicate and give the names individually of the trees which collectively they so highly extol. So far as our experience goes, no tree name is so frequently wrongfully used as the elm. A day or two ago, on turning over a late volume of the *Gardeners' Magazine*, we came upon a long article devoted to the laudation of trees, in which the celebrated plane tree of Cheapside is specially eulogised as a "magnificent elm"! Mr. Hilderic Friend, in his charming book on "Flower Lore," recently published, feelingly tells of a lady seated under a maple, who, when she was asked the name of the tree, at once said "a kind of elm." We might give a number of like instances, but the following will suffice. In the spring, when passing through one of the eastern counties by train, we failed utterly to convince a travelling-companion that a picturesque clump of trees we pointed out, growing on a knoll behind a farmhouse and giving protection to a flourishing rookery, was composed of a number of remarkably fine ashes. With a cutting touch of sarcasm in his tone our friend denied our statement, on the ground that "rooks never build in any tree but the elm!" No mean sportsman after all sorts of game, this gentleman had gone rook-shooting scores of times, and, from the localities he named, must have shot his rooks under at least four distinctly different sorts of trees. We were

familiar with the districts, and assured him this was the case; but he refused to be convinced, and stuck to his position—nothing would drive him from it: every tree that held a rook's nest was an "elm" tree to him. In London one constantly hears the rueful complaint, "What a pity the elms in the Kensington Gardens are dying." As if the "elm" was a sufficiently distinctive synonym for all the trees that grow there, or as if elms were the only trees suffering at Kensington! the fact being painfully patent to any one who takes an intelligent interest in our London trees that chestnuts, and horse-chestnuts, and oaks, beeches, and limes, as well as elms, are to be seen displaying the dead blackened sticks at top that prove that the roots below have failed to obtain the proper amount of wholesome nutriment for keeping the sap supplied and well pumped up in regular healthy flow to the topmost branches. This looseness in the use of its name is fair neither to the elm nor to the other trees so treated.

It is a pity so few of us pause to consider the amount of distinctive individuality, historical as well as natural, exhibited by every separate species of tree. The subject is too commonly handed over as belonging only to the specialist; yet it is full of interest for every-one, and possesses at present instructive hints for Londoners who, perhaps with some justice, have in the last few years been accused of showing an undue preference for planting one particular sort of foreign tree, to the almost complete exclusion of every other variety, whether indigenous or of foreign origin. Bear with us. Much as we dislike to measure one beautiful tree against another, we must of necessity devote a portion of this paper against the excessive intrusion of this foreigner upon us.

We yield to no one in our admiration of the plane, which well deserves to be recognised as one of the chief arboreal adornments of London. We have recently pointed out (*Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1885) how it has won for itself a place among us in the city that none of us can fail to appreciate. Nevertheless, we confess ourselves in sympathy with Horace when the poet, thorough tree-lover as he was, bewailed the undue attention bestowed by the Romans of his period upon the planting of planes to an extent, as he declares, that was changing the natural aspect of the whole country, native Italian trees being entirely neglected or rooted up in every direction to give place to the fashionable foreign favourite. Before the opening of the Christian era, the introduction and planting of the Oriental plane as a matter of fashion [illegible] by wealthy Romans with an amount of pass[illegible] understand. The roots of th[illegible]

with wine in place of water. Even the great orator, the rich, luxurious Hortensius, could, for the sake of his planes, forget his rivalry, and beg of Cicero to take his place in Court when Hortensius deemed it necessary for the welfare of his precious trees that he should remain at his villa to await the proper moment when, with his own hands, he was to administer wine to their roots. The owners of sumptuous villas, while they spared no expense in importing and cultivating the honoured tree in all parts of their own land, jealously excluded it from other countries under their rule by imposing penalties or license duties upon those who presumed to grow it.

Our position in London is altogether different. With us the danger of overplanting this one particular kind of tree arises from apathy rather than from enthusiasm. We like to have greenery in our streets, for we are told trees are wholesome, and they look decidedly pretty. But so that we have the greenery we care very little what sort of trees supply it. How many Londoners, for example, are aware of the loss they will sustain through the change that will be wrought, more especially in the exquisite early spring season, if the plane is allowed to dominate over all our other trees, as is now threatened by the increasingly inordinate planting of it? How many of us are conscious of the fact that not until our parks have been for two or three weeks literally flooded over with the fairy-like, soft, bright green of the elm, does the plane begin reluctantly to put out an olive-yellow down-covered leaflet here and there, as if cautiously testing whether our cold winds and night frosts have become sufficiently tempered to allow this native of a warmer climate to set seriously about the business of spreading forth its broad, clear-cut, highly-polished green leaves? Nine persons out of ten, if you point to a plane tree and ask what it is, will confess they know nothing at all about it, not even its name; a few, who do not care to put in the plea of ignorance, will promptly pronounce the tree a "sycamore" or a "maple." We have tried the experiment many times, and believe it would be correct to say ninety-nine out of a hundred Londoners do not know the plane by name when they see it, and have not the remotest idea that of late years it has been steadily gaining a predominance over all other trees in London squares, parks, and suburbs, as well as in the city.

The London arboretum should not be allowed to lose the charm of variety it still possesses, and this at no very distant period it must lose if we persist in our present system of tree-planting. Much, therefore, as the plane is to be admired for itself and for its fulness of classical associations, we cannot be content to see it

in all directions steadily supplanting our own trees, which are possessed of many striking beauties and natural characteristics unknown to the plane, and are surrounded by national associations dear to Englishmen.

No one will cavil against the propriety of selecting planes for the Thames Embankment: there they are the right trees in the right place—probably no others would thrive as well in that position—and there they disturb no old association. We are glad to welcome planes around the stony waste of Trafalgar Square. They undoubtedly are an improvement upon the wretched tubbed evergreens with which a few years ago we tried to tone down and soften the cold forbidding harshness of "the finest site in Europe," where in ponderous bronze and granite we honour the memory of our great heroes. Standing by the Nelson Monument, we can look with pleasure upon the vigorous ranks of young plane trees that already add grace and afford relief to the exceeding height of the buildings on the noble Northumberland Avenue. But *toujours perdrix.* As we pass a little farther west our admiration receives a check. Our sense of beauty as well as our national instincts tell us at once that the planting of planes is growing out of all proportion.

Look at it how we may, we must protest against the filling up of the vacancies on the Mall in St. James's Park with planes. The foreigners have no business here. The place, by old associations, belongs to the elm and the lime, and the beauty of the historical elm-avenues, which for centuries have shaded past generations of Londoners, is being ruthlessly destroyed by the intrusion, whenever opportunity occurs, of a tree so entirely different in character as to leave no other conjecture possible than that along the Mall the steady obliteration of the elm has been determined upon. There is no sufficient reason for this. The prevalent apathy, however, excepts the plane as supposed to be the least troublesome to grow, and permits it to be plumped down wherever any other tree dies from disease or old age or is carried off by such gales as we experienced, say, in 1882, when many hundreds of trees, old and young, of all species, in London, and many thousands throughout the country, were blown down. The beauty, the grandeur we may say, of the stately English elms with their strongly marked individuality and poetry of form, the broken-up masses of dark green summer leafage catching the sunlight in a way no other tree can catch it, as we look at them in undisturbed securi[illegible] rising over the walls from the grounds of Marlborough Ho[illegible]

represented by the remaining large elms on the Mall, and the aged elms in the park close by, only adds to our sense of injury now being done to this place. Go to St. James's Park and see for yourself. Whether you study the elms just named in their early tender spring dress of lightest green, or in their rich dark green summer covering, or when the golden tint of autumn lends them a new glory of colour, or even in the leafless display of winter, when the characteristic articulation of the twigs and branches supported by the rough brown trunk has a beauty peculiarly its own, you cannot fail to mark the loss, even in the matter of tree contrasts, that must take place if the elms here are to be exterminated, and the six or seven splendid planes in the railed-off enclosure between St. James's Park and Spring Gardens are to form a buttress, so to speak, from whence is to spring line after line of late-leafing trees, of identically the same forms, which will meet that other line of planes now possessing the entire eastern and northern borders of the Green Park, and extending along the entire eastern carriageway of Hyde Park, and pushing by degrees along the northern border of that park and along the northern limits of Kensington Gardens, having advanced in the latter as far as Lancaster Gate. In the face of this extensive spread of planes, it is not, surely, too much to ask that a little foresight, a little trouble, and a little money should be expended to preserve our native English trees, as the most beautiful, the most historical, and fittest adornments for the Mall by St. James's Park. The glowing description given in the numberless textbooks written on English botany and arboriculture, even those of late dates calling attention to the Mall as one of the finest examples of elm avenues to be found in England, read with saddest irony when compared with the miserable patchwork condition of the spot. This, although one of the worst, is only one out of the many instances of the same prevalent tendency that appears satisfied to treat all trees alike, as so much growing greenery and nothing else. It would be well if possible to excite a better taste, and, before it is too late, save our London parks, gardens, and streets from gradually lapsing into a dull monotony of green leaves utterly devoid of old English associations, for which coming generations would hardly thank us.

The elm, as an ancient tree of native growth, has been united with the history of London from earliest times down to the present day. The nomenclature of several districts, streets, and roads constantly reminds us of this. Even the memory of certain Druidical trees has been preserved for us in places where there can be little

doubt the mystic "Nine Elms" once formed a grove, reverenced with awe and religious fervour. "The Elms," that gave the name and marked the place of execution at Smithfield, where the Scottish patriot Sir William Wallace suffered in 1305, and the proud, self-seeking Roger Mortimer was hung in 1330, and where numberless other political offenders and criminals paid the penalty of their deeds, and where martyrs—Protestant and Romanist, according to the powers that ruled—were burnt at the stake for their faith, have long since perished to make way for buildings; as have also perished the rows of tall elm trees that once grew along both branches of the twin stream of Tyburn Brook. These elms remained long after the stream had vanished, and gave the name to Elm Lane in Bayswater, quite lately demolished. The "Seven Sisters," represented by seven elm trees, are no longer to be seen; but those who live out by Finsbury Park, Hornsey, or Muswell Hill, are familiar with the Seven Sisters Road, that once led to the famous trees. We do not know the spot in Hampstead where in the 17th century stood the great hollow elm tree—an elm so huge that at an elevation of forty-two feet from the ground, where it had suddenly broken across, a chamber was formed in the hollow of its gigantic trunk capable of holding twenty human beings. The room was boarded over, and seats for six persons were provided. Those who visited the chamber entered at the ground by a door, and ascended a ladder placed in the interior of the trunk. Meanwhile, the vitality of the tree was such, that although the entire central structure was gone, great boughs still flourished from the outer rind, and were during spring and summer covered with a profusion of green leaves. About 1653 this elm seems to have reached the zenith of its fame, and was a source of income to numbers of persons. Sightseers flocked out to visit the vegetable wonder, and in the summer a fair was kept up in its vicinity, while poets sang its praises and painters took its likeness, and the celebrated Hollar made an engraving of it. Copies of this and old prints of "Tyburn Tree," and numberless other noted long-ago London scenes are still extant; all bearing the same testimony, that one of the most characteristic features of old London was the abundance of fine elm trees that met the view on all sides. The elm is not immortal, and of course the oldest trees are all gone now. The elm planted by Queen Elizabeth at Chelsea, having attained 110 feet in height, and grown to inconvenient bulk on the roadway, was cut down more than a hundred years ago. Sir Francis Bacon's in Gray's Inn Walks, planted in 1600, have passed a- tree, formerly standing near the entrance to

Charles I., as he walked, surrounded by his guards, on his way to the scaffold, touchingly pointed out to one of his attendants as having been planted by the Duke of Gloucester, is no longer to be seen. These and many other specially-noted London trees are gone. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the devastation wrought in the parks by the two severe storms of late years, we have many venerable and beautiful examples of the London elm, which may still be studied in our parks with satisfaction, and ought to be preserved with jealous care.

Very briefly we must allude to these. Gladly would we take you as far north as Hampstead to point out in private gardens and public pathways, and on and around the Heath, some noble specimens of this noble tree, and then go south to Chelsea Hospital grounds to notice certain interesting points in connection with the veteran elms there. We should gladly wander awhile in Regent's Park, stopping at a few of the uncommon varieties raised from English seed to be seen in that direction. Or, better still, would we wish to call passing attention to the real wild English elms growing in the private grounds of Holland House, but open to the enjoyment of everyone who cares to turn in for a stroll through that pleasantest of London pathways, Lord Holland's Lane in Kensington. Inside the railings the fine old elms stand in nature's own typical condition, with their progeny of suckers clustering round them and forming a delicious wilderness of brushwood, while in the topmost branches of those venerable storm-beaten elms the caw of the rook and the cheery operations of nest-building proceed at the present date (October 20) with such a show of animation that we anticipate the occasional production of November broods is in contemplation this year. We must, however, confine ourselves to narrower limits than such a circuit would imply, and even in those narrow limits can only touch one or two points, to lead Londoners to examine for themselves whether the planting and care of elm trees ought to be so greatly neglected among us as it is at the present day.

Crossing Hyde Park from the Albert to the Victoria Gate you meet with several fine old English elms. No suckers here, of course. The cultivated park trees are all probably grafted on *Ulmus montana* stocks; these do not throw up suckers, which would be highly inconvenient in the prim proprieties of park decoration. But the trees before us are typical English elms. Some are growing singly, others in groups of two or three to six individuals, towering above their neighbours in all the venerable dignity of old age, all of them scarred more or less visibly by the rough winds. Standing erect with that

tall and stately grandeur of their own, each returning season throws over their brown branches a fresh profusion of the ever-beautiful small rough leaves which have the power of giving to the English elm that combination of exquisite softness overlying the sturdy build and rugged outline of the tree, presenting one of nature's most charming contrasts, always delightful to the beholder. If, when about half way across, in place of proceeding to Victoria Gate, you turn to the left and pass between the barracks and the buildings in the centre of the park, taking the path to the magazine, note a great hollow elm-trunk close by the walls of the barracks. It has been smitten by old age probably, and then at some ten or twelve feet from the ground snapped across by the wind. In country hedgerows as well as in London parks you meet numbers of trees in a like condition, some of them snapped across at a greater height than others, and some of them afflicted with those diseases to which elms are subject. The trees, whether they succumbed simply from old age or from disease, have been, if we may so speak, pollarded by nature's own hand. The example named is merely cited as one out of many all around us to illustrate how beautiful the elm may be even in this condition, shorn of its lofty height, and gradually falling into a natural state of decay. The old bole, when relieved of the support of the topmost boughs, hollow though it be, takes a new lease of life and shoots out from the thin remaining crust of wood and bark a fresh set of vigorous young branches. These are added to every year, and in the spring are among the earliest of the early elms, covered thickly with the most luxuriant leafage, the leaves seeming to retain an amount of vitality that often keeps them upon those pollard trees a full week or more in the autumn after their stately contemporaries have shed the last gold-tinted shower. Pass on a hundred yards or so from the rejuvenescent old trunk, stop at the first seat you come to, and, looking north over some small oak saplings now glowing in the vivid reds and crimsons of autumn, you have in the near distance several fine tree pictures. Among them all a single tree absorbs your attention. It is one of those tall elms we spoke of. Were it any other tree than an elm, that great protruding western branch below would spoil the picture and give an awkward lopsided appearance to the whole; but somehow what at once strikes you with admiration is the dignity and rugged graces of this veteran, a contemporary, no doubt, of the old trunk still in view. Admirably those two bear out what we have just said regarding leafage. The tall standing elm, with its one huge arm stretching to the west, the tree itself towering erect and straight, its usual accompaniments of rugged outline bathed in a fast-

disappearing golden glory—we can see plainly that another week and every leaf will be off. They are falling one by one as we watch them on this calm October day, while from the thickly-clustering green leaves, just beginning to be tinged with faintest yellow, that cover the branches of the old trunk not a single leaf as yet can be missed. We would indicate one more out of the innumerable studies of the elm that may be made in Hyde Park. In the ornamental gardens at Hyde Park Corner between Rotten Row and the Ring Road is a pretty bit lying south of the old stone. The embankment that terminates the Serpentine has been cleverly arranged by the landscape gardener to assume the position of a sloping grassy dell, at the foot of which the outflow of water has been utilised to represent a fern-fringed stream. On the top of the grassy slope are several attractive elms. These are not venerable with age. We cannot, however, call them young: unhappily, as we have seen, young elms are the rarest of all trees to be found anywhere in London now. Those before us are worth noting, as they very charmingly exhibit another graceful stage of growth, and show how the elm, before reaching the rugged stateliness of maturity, can greatly beautify the spot already pretty under the careful tendence of the landscape gardener. A feature not to be missed is the pair of handsome planes growing nearly in the centre of the grassy slope, which gives us an opportunity of marking the excellences and diversities of the two species of trees in a position of fitting and harmonious contrast. Any one who desires to understand something of the æsthetic characteristics belonging to different species of trees might begin his studies here, and observe season by season how the elm and the plane respectively display themselves in following out the cycle of the year.

The elms in Kensington Gardens offer so many points of interest that one hardly knows how to approach them. Who that has ever spent a May morning along the Broad Walk near Kensington Palace can forget the busy delights of bird life he has witnessed among those beautiful trees? Forty-eight starlings' nests we counted in them one morning in a small south-western division of the gardens, only crediting as a nest where the young birds actually showed, or where the parent unmistakably carried in a visibly full beak and returned empty-beaked, to set off on a fresh foraging expedition in that keen, restless business-like manner of his. And not to speak of all the other birds that build or play among the branches, what pleasure, after long watching, only rarely rewarded, to catch a glimpse of the little nuthatch or the shy small woodpecker, and how grateful one feels to those birds for the good work one knows they are performing towards the sorely needed reduction of the multitudes of the scolytus beetle that, so far

as men's efforts go, are permitted pretty much as they please to prey upon the declining vitality of our London elms. Right across the gardens a still busier, at any rate a noisier, spring scene delights us in the group of decapitated elms west of the fountains. Those old trees have become a very city of birds. Every hollow trunk shelters a mixed colony of starlings and sparrows, the latter greatly predominating, and keeping up such a chatter over their domestic affairs that cautious stillness is little needed by the watcher who wants to know something about their ways, and who, if he does patiently watch, may perchance find some unexpected birds among the householders of this leafy city—robins, for example, as was the case in at least one instance last spring, when a redbreast family was apparently most comfortably housed and a brood reared in one of the tallest of the headless elms indicated.

But we must leave the birds, and stay one moment to look at that first tree standing west of Lancaster Gate, just inside the railings that divide Kensington Gardens from the Bayswater Road. It is an English elm, and offers another fine contrast, standing in opposition, as it were, to the long line of advancing plane trees already alluded to as stopping short at this place. This particular tree, when in leaf, presents a singularly striking appearance. Those many tall columns shooting up from the lines of leafage midway that hide their juncture with the great pillar of trunk below, seem to have a separate character of their own. Looking up into this upper portion, shadowed in "the dim religious light" cast over it by countless thousands of leaves, the upright shaft-like branches appear almost to take an architectural form as they meet one another in pointed arches high up, just under the green canopy overhead. As we look we do not wonder that it should be said the first idea of Gothic architecture was derived from tall-growing upright elms like those. But lower your gaze considerably, and to the left, over the green sward of the gardens, you will find some massive and more homely-looking rugged branches, having scarcely any upright tendency at all. Supported by the same grand trunk, these south-side branches are growing out stiff and strong, almost at right angles from the central stem. Then look at the north side of the tree facing the public road, and you find the branches assuming another and altogether different form. Here they curve over towards the railings, drooping in pendulous boughs, presenting in everything, save in their more delicate smaller leaves, an exact *fac-simile* of the w
Taken as a whole, this triform English elm, so impe
gives us a perfect tree picture of strength and

infinitely rich in its graceful proportions, at the same time exhibiting a curious development well known to arboriculturists. A single tree will occasionally "sport," so to speak, into one or more—in this case, into three—distinct varieties of the species, viz. the upright, the spreading, and the pendulous.

Other elms deserve equal attention for special beauty of form, but we must desist. If asked to instance a perfectly healthy specimen growing in London at the present moment, we could name hundreds; but we could not perhaps point to a finer example than that magnificent tree on the gravel walk by the edge of the Serpentine right below the caretaker's cottage. Seen from the opposite side of the water, from the bridge, or from any point of observation, this is one of the healthiest and most perfectly beautiful trees in London. The situation is sheltered, no doubt, from the wild west wind, but it is fully exposed to the scathing soot-laden influences of the east we hear so much about as being fatal to the elm, but which the good condition of the still more heavily soot-laden elms of Marlborough House and others in that vicinity seem very emphatically to deny. We do not mean to say smoke and soot are desirable atmospheric constituents for the elm; but we believe their ill effects are often largely over-estimated. Soot, smoke, or east wind have certainly done no harm to this tree, which must assuredly have found some delicious fat bit of feeding-ground for its roots to revel in. We have no doubt, if, without injuring the tree, that feeding-ground could be laid bare, it would at once account for the outrageously robust appearance of this particular elm in a neighbourhood where, close by, on three sides of it, its gaunt, dying, famine-stricken comrades are horrible to behold in their black, unlovely misery of starvation.

We are not forgetful of the effects of London drainage. To go further, however, into that part of the question would be impossible on the present occasion. Sufficient to urge that here in Kensington Gardens, as at St. James's Park, although we can hardly hope to arrest the natural decay of old age, and may find it at times difficult to cope successfully with the ravages of the insect and other diseases the elm is liable to suffer from in the country as well as in the city, there is no necessity whatever to banish this time-honoured tree, which is as suitable now as it ever was to adorn our parks, if only we choose to take the trouble and go to the expense of providing its roots with a sufficiency of suitable wholesome food. It is not very wonderful after all that the nutritive qualities of our London park lands, so heavily drawn upon for centuries, should at last show excessive signs of exhaustion.

MARK HERON.

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LADY MARTIN'S FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE.

IN all attempts thoroughly to understand a great dramatic personation, we are, in the last result, thrown back on the autobiography of the actor. While we gaze, the illusion will be more or less complete, in part according to the actor's gift, in part according to stage detail, but reflection will afterwards come into play; and, just in the measure of the experience and thoughtfulness of the critic, comparisons and contrasts will suggest themselves. Then we are in the realm of judgment, rather than of enjoyment, pure and simple: we analyse and dissect, perforce. The final triumph of the actor is then achieved, when judgment only enhances enjoyment. Much *in the theatre*, not due at all to the actor, may combine to please, and to aid illusion; scenery, machinery—even dresses. But of these the great actor should be independent, or at least should *use* them, and prove them subordinate or even unnecessary: in this lies *one* test of originality and greatness. In the degree that the actor is consciously dependent on these his interpretation will be more or less mechanical; he truly succeeds as he renders us indifferent to them, as he takes us "*out of ourselves*," suffusing the most elaborate touches with a sense of spontaneity, due to his own creative and immediate apprehension. This is the link that binds the great actor to the audience, learned and unlearned alike—the touch of nature that, on the stage, makes the whole world kin.

While we look on the stage we are lost in the subject; when we recall in the closet we are curious about the artist. We would fain seize the secret of that subtle power of identifying himself or herself with orders of thought and feeling which may be foreign to any personal experience, or even opposed to it. We would fain know whether there has been aught exceptional in the mental history, or in the atmosphere in which the actor has lived, to stimulate such powers of realising and presenting. It is this tendency that makes details about the lives of great actors and actresses so interesting,

and in the end associates their personalities in some cases so intimately with certain rôles. There is an idle gossip which is contemptible; but there is a natural curiosity also which is inevitable, and without which the highest dramatic criticism is impossible. Notwithstanding, it may be said that the less we can account for the power, the more attracted we become. In one aspect of it, indeed, the actor's genius may be measured by his or her power of passing into "frames and feelings" contrary to the current of natural tendency, and of which no clear critical account can be given. The width of the rubicon that must be crossed to enter this new world measures the amount of power. Miss Farren, in a light burlesque, does not need to take a long voyage. Miss Mary Anderson, when she assays Rosalind, has to take a longer one, and yet a longer when she plays Juliet; but Miss Helen Faucit, when she impersonated Lady Macbeth, had to take a much longer one still. The sleep-walking scene, on this theory, would be the highest testing-point. To enter into those complications of feeling and of motive, those wholly abnormal conditions, implies a subtle though undefined psychology beyond the reach of the systematic psychologist, however much and earnestly he may strive. Ophelia, in this respect, simple as the original lines of her character appear in the main to have been, is one of the most trying characters for the actress; and in the measure that she maintains the unity of type, even through all the mental shocks and disturbances that finally merged into madness itself, we shall discover something of the reach and grasp of her genius. So, too, with Hamlet and Iago; the conventions of the stage, or the best schooled elocution, will do but little to help the actor in their case.

"To present the man thinking aloud is the most difficult achievement of our art," says Mr. Henry Irving. "Here the actor who has no real grip of the character, but simply recites the speeches with a certain grace and intelligence, will be untrue. The more intent he is upon the words, and the less on the ideas that dictated them, the more likely he is to lay himself open to the charge of mechanical interpretation. It is perfectly possible to express to an audience all the involutions of thought, the speculation, doubt, wavering, which reveal the meditative but irresolute mind. As the varying shades of fancy pass and repass the mirror of the face, they may yield more material to the studious playgoer than he is likely to get by a diligent poring over the text, &c. I challenge the acute student to ponder over Hamlet's renunciation of Ophelia—one of the most complex scenes in all the drama—and say that he has learned more from

his meditations than he could be taught by players whose intelligence is equal to his own." [1]

"Dr. Johnson," Mr. Irving adds further on, "was discussing plays and players with Mrs. Siddons, and he said, 'Garrick, madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken "to be or not to be" better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master, both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellences.'"

Each new and earnest effort to present a great and typical dramatic character thus reveals to us a new personality, as well as a new Hamlet or Ophelia, a new Desdemona or a Portia; and the study is therefore a double one—autobiographic as regards the actor, and interpretative as regards the drama. The frank narrative of the experiences of a great actress, the honest record of the difficulties that lay before her, and the means she took to meet and to overcome them, must therefore be of the greatest interest and value. It is for this reason that Lady Martin's book is as much of an autobiography as it is a criticism or an interpretation of Shakespeare. A superficial criticism, indeed, might urge this as an objection to the book, and call it egotistic; but it was a necessity of the case that it should in a certain degree be so; and in this will lie the great attraction to those who are sympathetic rather than formal, and who believe that life's riddles, and therefore also the riddles of the drama, admit of an imaginative and human, rather than of a critical and logical solution. She here enables any one who will take the pains to do pleasantly in the closet what the cultured and critical beholder in former days could only have done with difficulty after many visits to the theatre, and some severe processes of thought; so that if we cannot see the actor, we may still have compensations in the book. She has adopted the epistolary form, and nothing could be better suited for the kind of confessions she has to make. The first three letters were addressed to her friend Miss Jewsbury, who died before the fourth was finished; and the rest are addressed to Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Anna Swanwick, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Ruskin. The studies are seven—of Ophelia, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Imogen, Rosalind, and Beatrice.

These letters will in many ways illustrate what we have said, and we shall now turn to them for corroborative aid and an[illegible]

First of all let us inquire whether the facts [illegible] and training suggest explanations of her su[illegible]

[1] "The Art of Acting." *Engli*[illegible]

her development as an actress, if they do not account for her genius and power. If it be true, as the poet says, that—

> Tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be in days of gloom fulfilled,

it is also true, as Goethe so often said, that genius must be *formed* in solitude if, like talent, it must *attest itself* by contact and commerce with the world. A few facts gleaned from this volume will suggest some explanation of Miss Faucit's remarkable power of what, for want of a better term, we may call vicarious living and feeling. When a child she was left much alone to muse and brood over the world of Shakespeare. She was not influenced by the opinions of others, by the interpretations or the impersonations of others. She lived in a world of her own, and her fancy filled it. She formed her conceptions of Shakespeare's men and women in solitude. She tells us:—

"In my childhood I was much alone—taken early away from school because of delicate health; often sent to spend months at the sea-side in the charge of kind but busy people, who, finding me happy with my books on the beach, left me there long hours by myself. I had begged from home the Shakespeare I had been used to read there—an acting edition by John Kemble. . . . Like all children, I kept, as a rule, my greatest delight to myself. I remember on some occasions, after I returned home to my usual studies, when a doubt arose about some passage which had happened to be in the little storehouse of my memory, being able to repeat whole chapters and scenes of my favourites to the amused ears of those about me. But I never revealed how much my life was wrapped up in them, even to my only sister, dear as she was to me. She was many years older than myself, and too fond of fun to share in my day and night dreams. I knew I should only be laughed at. Then I had lived again and again through the whole childhood and loves of many of Shakespeare's heroines, long before it was my happy privilege to impersonate them, and make them, in my fashion, my own."

The individual experiences of the actor have an indirect but ineffable effect upon the impersonations: thus Macready confessed that when he played Virginius, after burying his beloved daughter, his experience gave a new force to his acting in the most pathetic situations of the play.

Again, here is a very interesting and suggestive autobiographical trait:—

"The manner of Desdemona's death increased her hold upon my imagination. Owing, I suppose, to delicate health and the weak action of my heart, the fear of being smothered haunted me continually. The very thought of being in a crowd, of any pressure near me, would fill me with terror. I would give up any pleasure rather than face it. Thus it was that, owing to this favourite terror of my own, the manner of Desdemona's death had a fearful significance for me. That she should, in the midst of this frightful death-agony, be able not only to forgive her torturer, but to keep her love for him unchanged, was a height of nobleness surpassing that of all the knights and heroes I had ever heard or read of. Hers, too, was 'the pang without the palm.' Juliet, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, sufferers as they were, had no such suffering as this. For hers was the supreme anguish of dying, while the one in whose regard she desired to stand highest believed her tainted and impure! To a loving, noble woman what fate could be more terrible than this?"

The result was that the text of Shakespeare itself became to her but the commentary on a wider sphere. She followed up his hints to the fountain-head, and constructed complete biographies of his heroines. She traced their growth step by step from the earliest stages, noting their peculiarities as they sprang and budded. The silent, almost unnoticed tendencies of temperament that, to the eye of sympathy and love, foretell so much, but are usually lost on the merely practical and common-sense mind, however constantly near, she endeavoured to estimate as formative forces in the character that was to be, and which, in its ripeness, she was to portray. What Ophelia had been as a child was an earnest inquiry with her; and the lack of a mother's keen and loving insight, as well as the presence and teaching of an old pedant-courtier father, were fully realised and allowed for. The wide gap between the dreamy, impressible girl, Desdemona, and the worldly father was imaginatively realised in all its fatal effects. As it was with Ophelia and Desdemona, so it was with Imogen, and Juliet, and Portia, and Rosalind, and Beatrice, and the whole circle of loved creations; and so, likewise, in some measure with the heroes with whom they became related. For in a play, as in life, men and women are mirrors that reflect each other. In this way, while she learned to realise each character as a unit, as a personality, with a past that had greatly determined the present [illegible]
would greatly determine the future, she saw them in [illegible]
others whose influence was powerful, and in whose [illegible]
often they were helplessly entangled. The fol[illegible]

cates at once her system of study, her aim, and its results, no less than it throws light on the beautiful character of Imogen :—

"The opening scenes, in which Imogen appears, are a proof, among many others, how much Shakespeare expected from the personators of his heroines. In them the actress must contrive to produce the impression of a character of which all that is afterwards seen of Imogen is the natural development. In look, in bearing, in tone and accent, we must see the princess, strong in the possession of fine and cultivated intelligence, and equal, through all her womanly tenderness, and by very reason of that tenderness, to any strain which may be put upon her fortitude and endurance—one who, while she draws on all insensibly to admire her by her mere presence, at the same time inspires them with a reverent devotion. Ah! how little those who, in mere ignorance, speak slightingly of the actor's art can know of the mental and moral training which is needed to take home into the being, and then to express in action, however faintly, what must have been in the poet's mind as his vision of Imogen found expression in the language he had put into her mouth!"

And how much does a passage like this aid the reader in an understanding of Ophelia's character and destiny!—

"The baby Ophelia was left, as I fancy, to the kindly but thoroughly unsympathetic tending of country folk, who knew little of 'inland nurture.' Think of her sweet, fond, sensitive, tender-hearted, the offspring of a delicate dead mother, cared for only by roughly mannered and uncultured natures! One can see the lonely child, lonely from choice, with no playmates of her kind, wandering by the streams, plucking flowers, making wreaths and coronals, learning the names of all the wild flowers in glade and dingle, having many favourites, listening with eager ears when amused, or lulled to sleep at night by the country songs, whose words (in true country fashion, not too refined) come back again vividly to her memory, with the fitting melodies, only, as such things strangely but surely do, when her wits are flown. Thus it is that when she has been 'blasted with ecstasy' all the country customs return to her mind: the manner of burying the dead, the strewing the grave with flowers, 'at his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone,' with all the other country ceremonies. I think it important to keep in view this part of her supposed life, because it puts to flight all the coarse suggestions which unimaginative critics have sometimes made to explain how Ophelia came to utter snatches of such ballads as never ought to issue from a young and cultured woman's lips."

Or take this on Juliet, as attesting the determination to reach the secret of character, and hold it as a whole :—

"Poor Juliet ! with a father who loves her in a wilful, passionate way, with the understanding that when he has set his mind upon a thing her will shall always bend to his ; with a mother who, if she loves her daughter, entirely fails to understand her nature, or to feel for her like a mother where even hard mothers are tender, and having for her only other friend her foster-mother—a coarse-minded, weakly indulgent, silly woman, over whom, since her infancy, she has ruled and tyrannised by turns ; not one of them having, as we are brought to see, an idea of marriage beyond the good worldly match thought necessary for the rich heiress of the Capulets ! Amid such surroundings has bloomed into early girlhood this creature, with a rich imagination full of romance, and with a boundless capacity for self-devotion. Her dreams are of a future, with a love in store for her responsive to her own capacity for loving, and they are inspired by an ideal hero, possessing the best attributes of manhood—a love in which her whole being should be merged, and by which her every faculty and feeling should be quickened into noblest life."

A companion glimpse of Desdemona—significant for its clear insight and fine sympathy—may follow :—

"This wide difference of feeling could not have existed had there been any loving sympathy between the father and his child. He would have foreseen the danger of exposing a girl dawning into womanhood, and of sensibilities so deep, to such an unusual fascination, and she would have turned to him when she found herself in danger of being overmastered by a feeling, the indulgence in which must wreck his peace or her own. But the father, who is only the 'Lord of Duty,' has established no claim upon her heart ; and that heart, hitherto untouched, is stolen from her during these long interviews, insensibly, but for ever."

Lady Martin's ideas about the necessity of the actress—more especially the tragic actress—having apprehended the character she impersonates as a unity, is admirably put. But there is more.

The leading actor, as we have seen, ought not only to have mastered the character with which he is immediately concerned, but also all those in the play, by whose presence or influence the development of his subject was aided or accelerated. Much of the character of the byplay must be determined by this. Without compliance with it, indeed, the byplay is certain to be overdone, assertive, an without the subdued reserve from which, in tragedy mos springs its significance. As in comedy the byplay derive

from defects in the character, or from oddities of manner, or from unconscious cross-purposes in intention; so, in tragedy, it springs from serious and fatalistic undercurrents of thought and passion which finally colour all the current of the action. The tragic actor must thus apprehend with the deepest sympathy the character and bias of all the rest. It is not without purpose and meaning that Lady Martin ventures on this caveat :—

"Perhaps you will think that, in the fulness of my sympathy for Ophelia, I feel too little for Hamlet. But this is not really so. One cannot judge Hamlet's actions by ordinary rules. He is involved in the meshes of a ruthless destiny, from which by nature and temperament he is powerless to extricate himself. In the infirmity of character which expends its force in words, and shrinks from resolute action, he unconsciously drags down Ophelia with him. They are the victims of the same inexorable fate. I could find much to say in explanation and in extenuation of the shortcomings of one upon whom a task was laid, which he of all men, by the essential elements of his character, seemed least fitted to accomplish."

It is because of the same law, and in defence of the same principle, that Lady Martin deprecates the commitment of a character like Rosalind to the mere comedy actor :—

"It was surely a strange perversion which assigned Rosalind, as at one time it had assigned Portia, to actresses whose strength lay in comedy. Even the joyous, buoyant side of her nature could hardly have justice done to it in their hands; for that is so inextricably mingled with deep womanly tenderness, with an active intellect, disciplined by fine culture, as well as tempered by a certain native distinction, that a mere comedian could not give the true tone and colouring even to her playfulness and her wit. Those forest scenes between Orlando and herself are not, as comedy actresses would be apt to make them, merely pleasant fooling. At the core of all that Rosalind says and does lies a passionate love, as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one on which only a Shakespeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret, probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom, and so assure herself that the love which possessed her own being was as completely master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design, that the woman thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart, and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us during the time of probation by wit, by

fancy, by her pretty womanly waywardness, playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart, and never in the gayest sallies of her happiest moods losing one grain of our respect."

As illustrating the undercurrent of significance that may attach itself to the byplay in dramatic acting, many weighty passages might be quoted from these letters. But perhaps the most suited to our present purpose, as revealing the author's care and consciousness, is the following, on the writer's way of dealing with the death-scene of Desdemona:—

"My friends used to say, as Mr. Macready did, that in Desdemona I was 'very hard to kill.' How could I be otherwise? I *would not* die dishonoured in Othello's esteem. This was bitterer than five thousand deaths. Then I thought of all his after-suffering when he should come to know how he had mistaken me! The agony for him which filled my heart, as well as the mortal agony of death which I felt in imagination, made my cries and struggles no doubt very vehement and very real. My whole soul was flung into the entreaty but for 'half an hour!' 'but while I say one prayer!' —which prayer would have been for *him*. Then, when she hears for the first time that Cassio is the supposed accomplice in her guilt, it was as though I spoke for myself in uttering the swift rejoinder, 'Send for the man and ask him!'"

A companion instance may be found in the account of the beauty of Portia in the famous casket scene:—

"Throughout the earlier part of the last of the casket scenes what tortures of suspense must Portia have endured, for by this time her heart has made its choice! How she must try to rest her faith in her father's love, and in the hope that the 'good inspiration' which devised this choice of caskets may prove itself in the choice of the one 'who shall rightly love'! Hard it is for her to know the right casket and yet to give no hint; and not only not be herself 'forsworn,' but by ordering her suite 'to stand aloof,' far apart from the caskets, to ensure that no accident shall unintentionally on the part of a bystander direct Bassanio's choice! With what a heart-leap she finds him choose the right casket! with what excess of happiness!

> O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
> In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess:
> I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
> For fear I surfeit.

Then, when Bassanio comes to claim her according to the 'gentle scroll,' how frankly and nobly she gives him not only all he asks—

herself—but her very all, with the desire that she could be 'trebled *twenty times* herself'—'in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, exceed amount'!"

With regard to the unselfish and purely artistic purpose that inspired Lady Martin in her dramatic work there can be no doubt. Art, with her, was in a very high degree its own end and its own reward, and not a mere means to any end—such as wealth, social position, or enjoyment. Speaking at page 373 (note) of her desire to buy her "doll-self"—"Miss Ellen Faucit as the Lady Margaret in *Separation*," which, to her pleasurable surprise, she saw on a bazaar stall—she says, "My funds at that time might not have permitted such extravagance, and I felt too shy to ask the price. It was a grandly got-up lady; and although my salary was the largest ever given in those days, I was, as a minor, only allowed by my friends a slight increase to the pocket-money which had been mine before my *début*. Happily for me, both then and since, money has ever been a matter of slight importance in my regard. Success in my art, and the preservation of the freshness and freedom of spirit which are essential to true distinction in it, have always been my first thought."

We wish it to be noted that we do not here enter into any criticism of Lady Martin's interpretation of Shakespeare's characters in detail; were we to do that we should have to make no end of references to the writings of such authorities as Professor Dowden, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Furnivall, and others, and to institute comparisons with them; we are concerned to illustrate Lady Martin's methods by citations from her letters, and thus to create an interest in the great subjects to which she so effectively draws attention.

We have spoken of the degree to which a true tragic artist may be independent of the accessories of scenery, stage machinery, &c. On this point Lady Martin's words have no uncertain sound, and they may be read with an added meaning in view of the bold and studious efforts being made to-day to subordinate the actor to these things in mere sensational effect:—

"For myself I can truly say I would rather the *mise en scène* should fall short of being sufficient than that it should be overloaded. However great the strain—I have too often felt it—of so engaging the minds of my audience as to make them forget the poverty of the scenic illustrations, I would rather at all times have encountered it than have had to contend against the influences which withdraw the spectator's mind from the essentials of a great drama to dwell upon its mere adjuncts. When Juliet is on the balcony, it is on her the eye should be riveted. It should not be wandering away to the moonlight or to the pome-

granate trees of Capulet's garden, however skilfully simulated by the scene-painter's and the machinist's skill. The actress who is worthy to interpret that scene requires the undivided attention of her audience. I cite this merely as one of a host of illustrations that have occurred to my mind in seeing the lavish waste of merely material accessories upon the stage in recent years."

And with regard to the evil effects produced in the case of high dramatic work by the calls before the curtain in the middle of the play, Lady Martin has some words so serious, so pregnant of warning, that intelligent playgoers should draw an incitement from them to set their faces very firmly against such a practice. She writes:—

"For myself I can truly say that I never cared, after having been orced, to yield to a call during the progress of the play. On the occasions when the long-continued and not-to-be-silenced clamour of the audience left me no choice, and I had gone before them (I fear very ungraciously), I have never been the same afterwards; never able to lose myself in full measure in the illusion of the story; never again for that night the same Pauline, Rosalind, or whatever else I was acting, that I was before this interruption. It was ever my desire to forget my audience. Little did they, who only meant kindness, know how much they took from my power of working out my conceptions when they forced me in this way out of my dream-world."

Mr. Irving has been careful to warn us[1] against regarding that which looks spontaneous on the stage as being necessarily the result of some kind of inspiration of the moment. A practised actor addressing young aspirants (as Mr. Irving to a great extent was in speaking to the students of Harvard College) could not err in dwelling rather upon the labours of the profession, and the results gained by conscientious attention to every detail, than on creative genius and inspiration.

"It is often supposed," he urged, "that great actors trust to the inspiration of the moment. Nothing could be more erroneous. There will, of course, be such moments, when an actor at a white heat illumines some passage with a flash of imagination (and this mental condition, by the way, is impossible to the student sitting in his arm-chair); but the great actor's surprises are generally well weighed, studied, and balanced. We know that Edmund Kean constantly practised before a mirror effects which startled his audience by their apparent spontaneity. And it is the accumulation of such effi which enables an actor, after many years, to present man characters with remarkable completeness."

[1] "The Art of Acting." *English Illustrated Ma*

Nothing great without labour; yet the faculty of reproducing touches well practised as though they were spontaneous, and due to the inspiration of the moment, is itself a rare kind of genius, really as little to be cultivated as those white heats which at certain moments illumine some passage with a flash of imagination. The moral is that, genius or no genius, labour is essential: it polishes the gem and brightens all its lustre—its subtle interchanging shades of colour and of tint: it makes the common stone to shine as if it were a gem, till in some lights the gem and the stone are hardly distinguishable. Lady Martin's book is burdened with the same lesson as Mr. Irving enforces. The actor, to be successful, must, like the novelist, as Mr. Trollope tells us, dwell with his characters, must keep their company in fair day and foul, and learn secrets which even on the stage and at the moments of highest illumination he cannot *plainly* communicate. Yet to his inspiration, due in great part to this, they owe point, definiteness, the quality that differentiates and gives distinction. The actor in this case at once possesses his character and is possessed by it; so that it is no formal phrase, but the expression of a fact, to say "Miss Faucit's Juliet," "Mr. Irving's Hamlet," "Miss Terry's Olivia," and so on. And wherever this height of dramatic inspiration is reached, the actor must live in an ideal world, none the less real that it has but a limited footing in external presentment on the stage. Time and space are alike its servants as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen. When we realise this we can apprehend how it was that Lady Martin had such a dislike to calls before the curtain in *the middle of the play*. For our part, at the moment of deepest tragic impression we have often felt the drawback of such calls even at the end of it; and would much have preferred not to see Hamlet come to life again, and Romeo and Juliet, full of life, re-emerge from their cerements. It is different with plays such as "As you Like it," and characters like Rosalind, where Shakespeare has anticipated any doubt on that score by definite direction.

Lady Martin's book cannot fail to accomplish much of what she intended. The more widely it is known, and the more thoughtfully and earnestly it is read, the greater, we venture to think, will be the boon to all true women and to all Shakespearian students.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

IN THE STATES, 1885.

AT NEW YORK.

I RECEIVED my first honours immediately on landing. I was prepared for some brusqueness from the custom-house officers, but I was at once hailed most respectfully as "the Doctor." When it came to opening my boxes I was already "Professor," and before leaving the docks I was dubbed "Librarian." For the first time in my life I felt arise within me on this republican soil a craving for titles and degrees. If I could only have been called the "Hon.," or "General," or even "Captain," how happy I should have been! How I envied "Canon" Farrar, "Archdeacon" Farrar, who was just then lecturing through the States! But I had one consolation: they couldn't change his titles, and they changed mine every few minutes. The idea of wasting away on plain "Mr.," or, at most, "Rev.," when I returned to London, oppressed me for a moment, but fortunately I had little time for such morbid thoughts. I "expressed" my luggage and jumped into a car. That, I had been told, was quite the correct thing to do.

There had been a reporter in disguise on board—my business in the States was already known, and all the evening papers announced that I had come over to preach the Cornell University Sermons and lecture before the Lowell Institute at Boston.

But I flattered myself that no reporter knew where I had gone in the cars. I had scarcely got my breath and unpacked when my friend and host, the Rev. Dr. Guilbert, announced to me that a reporter was below. "Show him up," said I. He entered. I received him with the blandest smile. I was dead tired. He asked me what I thought of America (I had been in America about twenty minutes). I told him. What I thought of the people, the country, its institutions, its manners and customs, General Washington, republicanism, democracy, polygamy, the Indians. Of course I told him. As I began to enter at some length upon the Civil War, threatening to throw in little sketches of President Lincoln, Stonewall Jack General Grant, and other people of whom I presumed h never have heard, I saw his jaw fall. My innocent little

had succeeded. He rose, put up his note-book. "Pray don't hurry," said I; "but if you must go, allow me to ask you one question in my turn. How did you find out where I was?" "Tracked you by your luggage at the docks," said he; "you might have escaped me for about six hours, not longer." He was already making towards the door. "Is there any other question you would like to ask?" I called after him cheerfully. "No, not one!" he answered, with rather a scared look. I opened the door politely for him. He suddenly clapped on his hat, fled down the staircase, and I saw him no more.[1]

The next evening we had a "reception" at Dr. Guilbert's, which consisted of a general mustering of any friends who wanted to see us. Almost every one who arrives has these receptions given him in America, which vary from a few friends in a private house to hundreds in a public hall. In the first case the visitors are informally presented at any time during the evening to the lionised guest, as on this occasion; in the larger receptions, such as were lately given to Canon Farrar at Boston and New York, or to me at Montreal and Boston, the visitors are brought up on the arm of the presiding host. On these occasions the guests averaged about a thousand. In either case the inevitable reporter will be found in the passage, bent upon giving some account of the entertainment—correct if you will give him the materials, but anyhow an account.

ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

I was glad to hurry up the Hudson River whilst the weather continued fine, to West Point, where I spent a few delightful days with the Hon. Mr. Bigelow, late United States Minister at Paris and Berlin, and now assistant State Treasurer. In the delightful society of Mrs. Bigelow and her charming family I gained my first vivid impressions of the "Fall" in America. The bronze, chrome, yellow and crimson of the autumnal tints make the wooded slopes of the Hudson River about West Point aglow with many-coloured fires. I saw another aspect of the American Fall a few days later when staying at Ringwood with Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, foremost of American citizens, whose beautiful mansion stands in the midst of 20,000 acres of richly timbered land. The population employed on his extensive iron works was largely coloured, and seemed scattered about the woods, their trim log shanties embedded in trees, and

[1] In my article (*Weekly Times*, Feb. 6, 1886) I have done full justice to the admirable ability and kindliness of American reporters as I found them. I trust shall therefore be pardoned the playful exaggeration of the above passage, which n hardly be taken very seriously, but which I print as it stands in my diary.

giving the place that strange wild look of a new country and a virgin soil never to be found in England. In front of the big house down the slope of a lawn stood a shed. It is the blacksmith's forge, where, in the old colonial days, Washington's soldiers were wont to stop and get their horses shod. The Americans are forced to manufacture antiquity out of such relics. An old colonial wooden house, like Longfellow's, once the abode of Washington himself, an old timber-built church, like that which stands on the common at Cambridge, Mass., in which the General used to attend service, the tree fast decaying which stands opposite the church under which the General first took command of the rebels against his wooden-headed majesty George III.—these are, in fact, the coronation chairs, Scone stones, and Westminster Abbeys of the new Republic. History is being made under our eyes, only the perspective is all wrong. With the Americans three centuries do duty for at least a thousand years, and they are so in love with ruins that a pleasure-ground but two years old is hardly complete without something shattered with age, though it be nothing but a pump.

AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

My holiday was at an end. I felt this as the train coasted along the lovely lake of Cayuga, towards Ithaca. The name is not so inappropriate as it sounds. The clear bright air of October, the transparent water, the blue sky and pale lilac mountains reminded me strongly of the Mediterranean. But above the heights of Ithaca rose the magnificent and palatial buildings of Cornell University. Mr. Cornell's old wooden house is still standing. He rose, like so many other Americans, from nothing. Trusted in the telegraph when no one else did, and reaped his reward in those millions of almighty dollars which enabled him to raise and endow this wealthy university for the good of the people. Here, for fifteen years, the experiment of educating the sexes together has been tried with apparent success. The young men and women dine together, attend the same classes, pace the same corridors, and use the same sitting-rooms. There is the utmost freedom and even gaiety, but without disorder. They come and go, they walk and talk together, they sing and make music in the drawing-rooms. Many of the girls have their sleeping apartments in college. The young men lodge mostly in Ithaca. But the sword of Damocles is over them all, and they know it. The slightest breach of rules or indecorum is met by instant dismissal. The College is not dependent on their payments, which are low. There is nothing but moral control, but it is enough.

As I sat in my room on Sunday morning, high above the town and overlooking the lake of Cayuga, I could hear the young girls singing up and down the passages as they went to and fro, and presently a sweet hymn of mingled men's and girls' voices rose from the drawing-room—where the grand piano stood always open. It did not disturb me. In about an hour my own work was to begin. That day I had to preach the two University sermons, morning and afternoon. The local papers announced a third address in the evening; but this I respectfully declined. I pushed open the window —a few stragglers were sauntering towards the chapel doors. After twenty years of public speaking, I never enter upon a new sphere without anxiety, if not trepidation. When I arrived at the "Sage" Chapel it was already full. As I ascended the pulpit reading-desk, and looked around upon the crowd of students of both sexes, university professors, and a few townspeople, I remembered that I had never been in such a position before. I stood in an absolutely emancipated pulpit for the first time. I could wear what I chose—say what prayers I chose—and preach what I chose. The Cornell University invites Unitarians, Episcopal clergy, Baptists, Presbyterians, and even Roman Catholics to ascend its tribune on Sunday, and each one is left entirely free to pray and preach in his own way. Infected with the spirit of the place, I laid aside Bible, Prayer-book, and notes —gave out a hymn—then repeated by rote half a chapter, followed by a few Church collects, then another hymn—and then gave my first sermon, on "The Unity and Solidarity of the Religious Consciousness." I spoke with great ease and freedom for little over an hour on the Being of a God, conceived of as Mind, governing Matter—Mind kindling into sympathy with sentient and responsive creatures, and I used up my series of "Religions of the World," lately printed in *Good Words*, to show how all the various conceptions of God merely rang the changes on a few spiritual ideas which seemed to belong to the generic consciousness of Humanity, and found their adequate expression at last in "The Person and Doctrines of Jesus." I was encouraged throughout by the closest attention. A *résumé* of the sermon was telegraphed that night to New York, Chicago, and Boston, and appeared in Monday's papers. A verbatim report was printed in the *Christian Union*, one of the most liberal and respectable religious newspapers in the States. I had some breathing time—not much—between the services. At 3.30, having finished my meditations for the afternoon sermon, on "Prayer," I looked out of my window again and saw the road leading up to the University from Ithaca black with pedestrians, vans, and carriages. The chapel had been filled in the morning, but

it was evident that it would not contain the crowd in the afternoon. I had some difficulty in reaching the pulpit through a mass of people —chiefly men—blocking all the doors and gangways. I believe my nerve did not fail me. I tried to reach the standers outside. I was myself greatly moved by this sudden increase of interest, and every word that fell from me seemed to fall weighted with the need, or winged with the aspirations, of the people before me. After the sermon I was much amused at a visit from a professional elocutionist. He was anxious to know where I had learned elocution, and what books I had studied for dramatic action. He seemed to think, if he could only get hold of those manuals, he would be able to score heavily. I was fain to disclaim, like Canon Farrar, all knowledge of the elocutionist's art—but I could not convince him; he was incredulous, and left me murmuring to himself, "Ars est celare artem." The reporters at Cornell were lenient and polite. Two sermons seemed to satisfy them, and, although they wished me God speed, they did not ask me what I thought of America; which was considerate and unusual.

AT AURORA.

Next day I ran down the lake to Aurora College at the invitation of the Lady Principal, Miss Smith. After dinner the young ladies were gathered in a spacious drawing-room, and I gave them a discourse on music in general, which was understood to be of a strictly private character, as I had undertaken to give no public lectures in America previous to the delivery of my Boston course. Professor Corson followed me with a reading from Chaucer, and we afterwards chatted with the pupils; all of them belonged to the best American families, though coming from different States—many of them, from blonde to almost creole tint, were very pretty, and all had that engaging freedom and frankness of manner peculiar to well-bred American girls, which saves so much time and trouble: for the American girl will always tell you what she thinks, ask what she wants to know, and put you at your ease, without the trouble of beating about the bush. Thus, in the course of an hour, I learned much of their tastes, answered many of their questions, and was greatly charmed with their pretty, unaffected manners, and their warm enthusiasms. My wife's "Chaucer for Schools," we pleased to find, was used here, at Ogontz, and at oth colleges, as a class-book, and I found a well-thumbe and Morals" in the library.

SNAKES IN POETRY.

PART II.

TRADITIONS, whether ancient or modern, all conspire to make the serpent-folk inhabitants of a squalid dankness, the slimy terrors of desolate places, and tenants of the slums of nature—black-creviced rocks and rotting vegetation, blistering sands and festering swamps. They are the outlaws of animal society, found only in unwholesome corners, the convict-settlements of the wild world. Erebus and lower Orcus and Tartarus below Hades know them: they are familiar on the gloomy shades of Styx, the caverned banks of Acheron and Cocytus, the Cimmerian darkness beside Avernus. And wherever we find them, they are the rejected of creation, and for ever grovelling upon their bellies sulkily, and tracing upon the dust the hieroglyphic record of the original curse. Yet how differently the lives of these splendid and powerful beings are really passed! What creatures revel in more exquisite vegetation of leaf and blossom than the boas, anacondas, and pythons? and do not snakes share with fish their abodes in sea and river and lake? Indeed, there is no family of wild life that traverses so completely every experience of delightful habitation.

Nor does tradition sufficiently set forth the great snake-parable, with its awful significances of latent mischief, ambushed in such beauty. "Not even the plumage of the Birds of Paradise can excel the purples, blues, and gold of a python that has just cast its slough, while an infinite and terrible interest underlies those iridescent charms from the fact that the coils, soft as rose leaves, and shot with colours like a dove's breast, can crush the life out of a tiger in all its rage, and slowly squeeze it into pulp. Watch its breathing; it is as gentle as a child's. Let danger threaten, however, and lightning is hardly quicker than the dart of those vengeful convolutions. The gleaming length rustles proudly into menace, and instead of the voluptuous lazy thing of a moment ago, the python, with all its terrors complete, erects itself defiantly, thrilling, so it seems, with eager passion in every scale, and tracing on the air with threatening

head the circle within which is death." No wonder that the world has always held the serpent in awe, and that nations should have worshipped, and still worship, this emblem of destruction. It is fate itself, inevitable as destiny, deliberate as reason, incomprehensible as Providence. Yet they figure invariably as the instruments of divine wrath, the objects of popular detestation, the most hateful metamorphoses of humanity, the incarnations of sin. Their graces are deceits, their powers malign. From their very criminality they command reverence as being potential, but even the legends of their beneficence do them no good. They are wise, but only as the bad, as witches, as the devils, are wise. Humanity begrudges them even the credit for their lapses into benignity, and hardly forgives them honourable memories.

"Gods and heroes alike held victory over the snake as the supreme criterion of valour. They graduated to divinity by slaying serpents. Indra and Vishnu conquer snakes, Hercules has his hydra, St. George his dragon, and Apollo his python. It is over the body of Ladon, terrible progeny of a terrible parentage—Typhon the father and Echidna the dam—that the hero steps to gather the golden apples; and across the dread chameleonising coils of Fafnir that Sigurd reaches out his hand to the treasures of Brunhild on the glistening heath. What more fearful in Oriental myth than Vritna, the endless thing which the gods overcome; or Kalinak, the black death; or Ahi, the throttler? Jason and Perseus, Feridun and Odin, claim triumph over the snake as the chiefest of their glories, and it would be tedious to recapitulate the multitude ot myths through which 'the dire worm' has come down to our own time dignified and made awful by the honours and fears of the past."

Foremost of all the reptiles of tradition is that "spirited sly snake," "the enemy of mankind," that ruined Eden.

> Say first what cause
> Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
> Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
> From their Creator, and transgress His will
> For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
> Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
> *Th' infernal Serpent.*

In "Paradise Lost," the Satanic vehicle is always of great digni[illegible] and however seriously it may be denounced is treated with [illegible] respect. In some other poets it is scarcely so important a[illegible] Cowper, indeed, makes it ridiculous. Marvel has this q[illegible]

> When our first parents Paradise did grace,
> The serpent was the prelate of the place;
> Fond Eve did, for this subtle tempter's sake,
> From the forbidden tree the pippin take;
> His God and Lord this preacher did betray,
> To have the weaker vessel made his prey.

And Southey this:

> Oh Solitude! first state of human kind,
> Which blessed remained till man did find
> Eve his own helper's company;
> As soon as two, alas! together joined,
> The serpent made up three.

But with Milton my only fault is that he sat down to write of the Temptation unfairly prejudiced against the snake. He is fanatically, Puritanically, inflexible: refuses to give it, as he does King Charles, the benefit of a generous doubt. Neither the one nor the other was without compulsion in error—but what of that? Like the stout Roundhead that he was, he looked only at the ultimate offence, and would not take extenuating circumstances into consideration—

> The serpent sly
> Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
> His braided train, and of his fatal guile
> Gave proof unheeded.

This passage is from Milton's description of the Garden of Eden, and is his first reference to the creature which he afterwards, when its body had been invaded by Satan, loads with such infamy. It is, for my purpose, a notable passage as showing how the great poet allowed his knowledge of the sequel to prejudice him preliminarily against the snake when it was then, as he himself later on proves, a harmless beast, a favourite of Eve's, and as yet perfectly innocent. Sin had not as yet entered Paradise.

> Frisking played
> All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
> In wood or wilderness, forest or den:
> Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
> Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
> Gambol'd before them.

Only the snake is described as created in original sin and being naturally vicious, of "fatal guile." Milton no doubt thought he had inspired authority for separating this one animal from all the others by such a terrific chasm, for in Genesis we read, "Now, the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field." But I understand the authorities upon the Scriptures would read this in an esoteric sense,

just as in the New Testament they do not take categorically our Lord's advice, "Be wise as serpents." It was never intended by the Inspirer of Genesis that the snake should be held up to calumny. At any rate, it seems to me incontestable that no poet had the privilege to "mar creation's plan" by supposing that in the sinless garden there was placed one sinful beast. The idea of this solitary iniquity in Paradise is intolerable.

Later on, Satan determines to pervert the snake, take possession of its body, and bedevil its innocent animal intelligence with something worse than human wickedness. He makes up his mind to find

> The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
> To hide him, and the dark intent he brought;

and descends in the form of a black mist to look for the devoted creature:

> Him fast-sleeping soon he found,
> In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
> His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles;
> Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
> Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
> Fearless, unfeared, he slept. In at his mouth
> The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,
> In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired
> With act intelligential; but his sleep
> Disturbed not.

Hitherto, therefore, the serpent is the passive victim of a most atrocious trespass. Henceforth it is not its own self but "possessed," and no more to blame than the bewitched swine of Gadara. It has been made the instrument of a designing villain, which was its misfortune, not its fault; and in its second state, it was not, to my thinking, a bit more culpable than in its first. For it was not responsible for itself, being under the direct control of the Fiend "incarnate and imbruted" in its form. That the Creator subsequently judged otherwise, and took away the serpent's legs as a punishment for the part it had played in the great tragedy, only shows the infirmity of human judgment, and must be accepted in the same humility of mind as the visiting of a man's sins upon the fourth generation of his posterity, and quite apart from mortal theories of justice. Milton, however, would remove the apparent hardship of the serpent's lot—first misused by the D and then punished by God—by making it a conscious ac Satan. He commences with saying that when everyth was innocuous and amiable, it alone was fi Then when the Tempter finds it asleep, th

as "well stored with subtle wiles;" and subsequently, when Eve hears it begin to talk, she addresses it in amazement thus:

> Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
> I knew, but not with human voice endued.

So that not only is the snake originally wicked, but Eve, that miracle of heavenly innocence, actually knows it. Surely this idea, that *suspicion* was present in Paradise, spoils the whole picture!

That the poet himself seems to recognise his difficulty is, I think, evident; for besides his iteration of the original, native, badness of the serpent (itself significant), he makes Satan, when informing the chiefs of hell of his triumph over man and the subsequent curse, deride this:

> Me also hath He judged, *or rather*
> *Me not, but the brute serpent,* in whose shape
> Man I deceived.

Throughout the latter part of his speech Satan tries, and successfully, to make the Fall ridiculous, for his audience laugh when they hear about the apple; and then he goes on to deride what seems to him the eccentric justice of the Creator.

However, to continue the poet's splendidly original description of the snake, we find Satan, a "mere serpent in appearance," searching all the favourite haunts of our first parents, and at last, "beyond his hope," he spies Eve all alone tending the flowers. The sight of her beauty strikes him at first "stupidly good," as the poet puts it, but immediately thereafter inflames him with fiercer envy of Adam's happy lot, and he moves on, soliloquising as he goes upon the ruin he is about to work:

> So spake th' enemy of mankind, inclosed
> In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
> Addressed his way, not with indented wave,
> Prone to the ground, as since, but on his rear,
> Circular base of rising folds, that towered
> Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
> Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
> With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
> Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
> Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
> And lovely; never since of serpent kind
> Lovelier.

But he does not approach Eve directly, but "with tract oblique, as one who sought access, but feared to interrupt, sidelong he worked his way," and when in her sight displays himself to catch her attention:

> Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
> To lure her eye.

She hears him rustling, but does not look up, being so accustomed to the beasts disporting themselves about her and vieing with each other for her regard. So the snake comes right in front of her "as in gaze admiring."

> Oft he bow'd
> His turret crest and sleek enamel'd neck,
> Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
> His gentle dumb expression turned at length
> The eye of Eve to mark his play.

Her attention thus won, the tragedy commences. She asks him in astonishment how he came to have human speech. He replies (" the spirited, sly snake ") by eating of a certain fruit. She asks where the tree stands ;

> To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad :
> Empress, the way is ready, and not long ;
> . . . . . . if thou accept
> My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

" Lead, then," says Eve ; and the serpent willingly starts off.

> He leading swiftly rolled
> In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
> To mischief swift.

His crest flashes with hope, and like an *ignis fatuus* "glistered the dire snake" as he led Eve,

> Our credulous mother, to the tree
> Of prohibition, root of all our woes.

She sees, is tempted, and falls.

> Earth felt the wound ; and Nature from her seat
> Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost ! Back to the thicket slunk
> The guilty serpent,

and thereafter disappears from Eden. The curse is pronounced, and Satan, reaching his own dominions, seats himself upon his throne, and addressing the assembly of fallen angels, "Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers," boasts of what he has done, and then pauses for "their universal shout and high applause to fill his ear." Instead of that—

> he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss ;

and then Satan begins to feel himself turning into a
arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining eacl
his throne " a monstrous serpent, on h
attempts to address his captains, f

issuing from the hall the rout of "complicated monsters" swarm into the open air, where all the fallen host are awaiting their appearance, and, instead of their chiefs, see "a crowd of ugly serpents." At the sight horror seizes them and they begin to change too, "the dire form catched by contagion," until the whole of Satan's followers are turned to hissing snakes. And lo! by Divine miracle a grove of trees resembling the "dread probationary Tree" of Eden, heavy with luscious fruit; and the scaly multitude, "rolling in heaps," scale the boughs, hoping to eat. But the fruit turns to "bitter ashes" in their mouths; yet goaded on by thirst and hunger, they tried to eat again and again; "with hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws, with soot and cinders filled;" then worn out with famine and with "ceaseless hissing," they are temporarily respited and resume their proper shapes; to which Milton adds this legend:

> Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo
> This annual humbling certain numbered days,
> To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduced.

Such is the demoniacal serpent of Milton, and it is assuredly a fine creation—the foremost reptile in poetry.

How pitifully inadequate, after such a dignified flight, is Cowper's "flittermouse wing" attempting the same lofty theme. Here, for instance, is his curse, a travesty upon the original:

> Prone on thy belly, serpent, thou shalt grovel,
> As if to man suggesting,
> Dark as the riddling God, man is of clay;
> And clay shalt thou be, destitute of soul,
> As destitute of soul each other reptile.

It is the "Stygian," the "cruel" serpent, recognised by both Adam and Eve as "empoisoned." Yet she admires it, the monstrous hybrid:

> A human breast it has,
> The rest is serpent all;
> Oh! how the sun, emblazing with its rays
> These gorgeous scales with glowing colours bright,
> O'erwhelms my dazzled eyes.

And Adam specially points it out to her as a solace in occasional solitude:

> If weary amidst the flowers,
> Thou seek'st to close thine eyes,
> Behold! with flattering pinions at thy feet,
> A serpent midst the flowers darts and hisses.

The poet moreover makes Eve call the serpent to its face "snaky":

> Your looks are snaky, and your glance malign;

as for Satan, whom Cowper calls "Beelzebub," he is a perfectly ridiculous personage, the Bumble of devils.

In his poem on the Tree of Knowledge, Cowley supposes the serpent to be Pride, allegorically typified:

> Henceforth, said God, the wretched sons of earth
> Shall sweat for food in vain,
> That will not long sustain ;
> And bring, with labour, forth each fond abortive birth ;
> That serpent, too, their pride,
> Which aims at things deny'd—
> That learn'd and el'quent lust—
> Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust.

In the "Davideis" the snake again appears as the author of mischief. The scene opens in Hell with Lucifer, in the form of a gigantic serpent, seated on high:

> Anon, a thousand devils run roaming in,
> Some, with a dreadful smile, deform'dly grin ;
> Some stamp their cloven paws, some foam and tear
> The gaping snakes from their black knotted hair.

But he is outrageously grotesque. The rising star of David, the promise of the Messiah through his seed, has filled Satan with fury. He cannot conceal his emotion on hearing the news:

> Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl ;

and then, relieved, he pitches into the devils, and asks them why they are not up and doing, instead of stopping at home in Hell "playing with their idle serpents." But his rage chokes further utterance, and he breaks off in a hemistich, short by two feet of the proper line, and

> With that, with his long tail he lashed his breast,
> And, horribly, spoke out in looks the rest.

This outburst frightens the crowd into such silence that

> No hiss of snake, no clank of chain, was known,
> The souls, amidst their tortures, durst not groan.

You might have heard a pin drop. But soon there is a movement in the "dire throng," and Envy crawls forth:

> Her black locks hung long,
> Attired with curling serpents ; her pale skin
> Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within ;
> And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
> Upon her panting heart.

This dreadful personage volunteers her services, and after recounting her previous exploits—very much after the manner of one of Mayne Reed's "braves" going out to scalp a pale-face—offers to inspire Saul with mortal jealousy of David:

> She spoke. All stared at first, and made a pause;
> But straight the general murmur of applause
> Ran through Death's courts.

"Great Beelzebub" starts up "to embrace the fiend," but she dodges him and is off.

> The snakes all hissed, the fiends all murmured.

Arriving at Saul's palace, she assumes the form of "Father Benjamin," and approaching the slumbering prince, upbraids him for allowing David, "a boy and minstrel," to steal away his people's love and his crown, and exhorts him to be "whole Saul," and rid himself of the son of Jesse.

> With that she takes
> One of her worst, her best beloved, snakes;
> "Softly dear worm! soft and unseen," said she,
> "Into his bosom steal, and in it be
> My viceroy!"

How grandly different are Milton's pictures of the Arch-Fiend in his monster-shape! The scene is the Tartarian lake, "as one great furnace flaming," "a fiery deluge, fed with ever-burning sulphur unconsumed." Satan recognises Beelzebub "weltering by his side," and they converse. The Arch-Fiend is thus described:

> With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
> That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
> Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
> Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as large
> As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
> Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
> Briareus or Typhon, whom the sea
> By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast,
> Leviathan, which God, of all His works,
> Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream.

Later when he is in eager flight, this fine image is employed:

> As when a gryphon through the wilderness,
> With winged course, o'er hill or moor or dale,
> Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
> Had from his wakeful custody purloined
> The guarded gold,

And afterwards, when the actual transformation of the rebellious host into serpents is described, we see their chief,

> Still greatest in the midst,
> Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
> Ingender'd in the Pythian vale or slime,
> Huge Python.

There is nobility of fancy throughout.

That serpents specially affected the rose as their ambush is a poetical fancy, natural enough when the desire for strong contrast is needed, but not supported by any traditions. The beautiful, sweet-scented flower, the delight of the fair, is a striking contradiction to the "hideous, foul-smelling" reptile, the terror of the sex; but folk-lore does not encourage the association. Snakes, so the people's traditions say, love lavender and walnut trees and fennel: "more pleased my sense," says Satan to Eve, "than smell of sweetest fennel." It was supposed to assist them in casting their skins, thus restoring youth, and in brightening their eyes dimmed by old age. They hate and flee from hemlock, southernwood, and rue. Indeed, so violent and notorious is the reptile's aversion to the last named that its antagonists take advantage of it to fortify themselves against its assaults. Thus "when the Weesil is to fight with the Serpent, she armeth herselfe by eating Rue against the might of the Serpent;" which is a curious reproduction of the fiction of the mongoose's eating of the "aristolochia," another of the snake's vegetable antipathies.

As to the southernwood, I have my doubts, in spite of Lucan:

> There the large branches of the long-lived hart,
> With southernwood their odours strong impart;
> The monsters of the land, the serpents fell,
> Fly far away and shun the hostile smell.

For during the Afghan campaign I marched through leagues of it, and found snakes as common amongst it as in the sage-brush of Western America. It is worth noting, though, how, in a way analogous to the "doctrine of signatures," the strong-smelling, aromatic snakes are popularly connected with the most odorous herbs—lavender, walnut, fennel, rue, "old man," juniper; nor will snakes, tradition says, come under the juniper or the ash-tree. So Cowley has:

> But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
> Within an ash a serpent built her nest
> And laid her eggs: where erst to come beneath
> The very shadow of the ash were death.

The leaves of this tree, saith the old herbalist, "ar

against serpents that they dare not so much as touch the morning and evening shadowes of the tree, but shun them afar off, as Pliny reports. He also affirmeth that the serpent being hemmed in with boughes laid round about, will sooner run into the fire, if any be there, than come neare the boughes of the ash; and that the ash flowereth befor the serpents appear, and doth not cast its leaves befor they be gon again. We write (saith he) upon experience, that if the serpent be set within a circle of fire and the branches, the serpent will sooner run into the fire than into the boughs. It is a wonderfull courtesie in nature, that the ash should flower befor the serpents appear, and not cast her leaves befor they be gon again."

If they have to be driven away, nothing is more efficacious than the strewing of leaves of star-wort on the ground, or, "which doth astonish them," sprigs of that virtuous herb dittany. Should anyone be bitten by snakes, tradition assures a complete antidote in the adder's-tongue fern :

> For them that are with newts, or snakes, or adders stung,
> He seeketh out a herb that is called adder's tongue ;
> As Nature it ordained its own like hurt to cure,
> And sportive did herself to niceties insure.

Are more wanted? Then take bramble leaves or herb-william, bugloss, horehound, betony, hawk-weed, or a cross made of hazel twigs. Indeed, bugloss and dittany will not only cure the bitten but kill the biter—all of which is very curious and pathetically human, seeing that these weeds are but common wayside wildings, and not from upas or marchineca or dreadful Chilian serpent-tree. That these should chill the fiery, blood-kindling venom of snakes we could almost be content to imagine. Their own juices were too fatal for serpents' rivalry. It is easy, therefore, to see how these reptiles came to possess the reputation of being cunning in herbs, and so, illogically, after the manner of popular beliefs, of being itself medicinal, its flesh not only wholesome and curative, but miraculous in its virtues, endowing with the knowledge of the speech of animals, the hiding-place of buried treasures, and its effigy the acknowledged crest and trade-mark of physicians from Æsculapius to Holloway. Hygeia herself always carries a serpent: and in this connection how delightfully consular, Roman, is the anecdote of Exagonus, the ambassador from Cyprus. He came to Rome and bored them all so dreadfully about the virtues of herbs and snakes that the consuls had him put into a tank full of serpents. The odd thing is, the vipers would not touch the ambassador.

Nor, as a testimonial to the serpent's ability as a herbalist, is the following incident to be neglected: Glaucus, son of Minos, died, and the king, his father, in a high-handed fashion, shut up a certain one in the family vault with the corpse, telling him he should never come out alive unless his son did so too. The unfortunate man sat him down, disconsolately enough we may suppose, by the side of the dead body, when, suddenly, there appeared a snake, which, as he saw it was about to crawl upon the bier, he killed. Soon after, in came a second snake, and it, on perceiving its dead relative, hastily retreated, but, by-and-by, returning with a sprig of herb in its mouth, restored the first snake to life. Acting on the hint, the prisoner took the precious vegetable and, rubbing Glaucus' corpse with it, had shortly the satisfaction of walking out of the mausoleum arm-in-arm with the revivified prince.

No poet refers to a snake of any importance without mentioning its "crest." This is a poetical rule to which there is no exception. It is Biblical, Homeric, heraldic, but none the less preposterous. No snake has a crest. Some have inflations of the neck below the head: a few very small vipers have prickles upon their heads. But there is nothing in all herpetology to warrant the koruthaiolos idea in which poets delight. Classical tradition abounds with it. So Milton adopts it, and all others follow his example.

Foremost, perhaps, are the Furies—

> Revenge! Revenge! Timotheus cries;
> See the furies arise!
> See the snakes that they rear,
> How they hiss in their hair!
> And the sparkles that flash
> From their eyes

—more ancient than the Olympian gods, living in dark Tartarus, but issuing thence to punish the infamous with perpetual unrest and successive miseries. Tisiphone:

> A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
> A hundred serpents guard her horrid head.

"Fierce Alecto," with snaky tresses that listen and watch while she sleeps; and Megæra—

> Tossing her vipers round,
> Which, hissing, pour their poison on the ground.

The Gorgon again, "terrible Medusa," with her

> Long snaky locks of adder-black hair;

surely one of the saddest, unfortunatest of maid

that gods wooed her, afterwards so dreadful that the mere sight of her face terrified men into stone—a notable illustration of "disastrous love" and of the malignity of female revenge. Temples, no doubt, ought to be respected, but whenever I think of Medusa's fate, and her "fearful head," with its "crested" snakes, my opinion of Poseidon is not complimentary to that amphibious divinity.

Next, the assailants of Laocoön, immortalised in noble epic and nobler marble:

> Round sire and sons the scaly monsters rolled
> Ring above ring, in many a tangled fold;
> Close, and more close, their writhing limbs surround,
> And fix with foaming teeth the envenomed wound.

Those "dread snakes," who, "at Juno's vengeful nod, climbed round the cradle of the sleeping god"—but the baby is Herakles, and—

> Waked by the shrilling hiss and rustling sound,
> And shrieks of fair attendants fainting round,
> Their gasping throats with clenching hands he holds,
> And death entwists their convoluted folds.

So, too, the asp of the Egyptian—"Cleopatra regal dressed, With the aspic at her breast"—

> I am the worm the weary prize,
> The Nile's soft asp,
> One that a queen has loved to clasp.

And the snake-gods of India, where, as Sir W. Jones sings,

> Taraka, with snaky legions,
> Envious of supernal powers,
> Menaces old Meru's golden head
> And Indra's beamy regions
> With desolation wild bespread.

Anantas, "the king of serpents, with his thousand heads" diademed with adamant; Shesh the great sea-snake "that never dies," and "whose hiss the round creation awes;" the ophidian ministers of Durga, "snakes of hell;" the fatal harvest of Cadmus; the living bolts of the warring Titans, the Python, "Latona's bane," and "huge Typhon;"

> And many a serpent of fell kind,
> With wings before and stings behind.

To these succeed a second procession of "traditional snakes," the "serpents of romance, sleepless and stern to guard the golden sight;" the great reptiles of knightly story wherein "romance's serpent winds the glittering folds. Of the victories of the chivalrous over these

baleful monsters there is no end, but as characteristic of human anxiety never to leave triumph wholly with the reptile that was "devoted to defeat" in Eden, the following quotations (from Drayton and the "Reliques") showing how innocence can vanquish, even though unarmed, are well worth notice :

Him by strength into a dungeon thrust,
In whose blacke bottom, long two serpents had remain'd
(Bred in the common seure that all the citie drain'd),
Empoysoning with their smell ; which seized him for their prey ;
With whom in struggling long (besmeared with blood and clay)
He rent their squallid chaps, and from the prison scap't.

The following is even more to the point :

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place
The fair one, innocent,
Was cast.

The door being open'd, strait they found
The virgin stretch'd along ;
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist,
Had twin'd his fatal wreath:
The other close her neck embrac'd,
And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,
Their bellies were so fill'd,
That with excess of blood they burst,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

"Philostratus, in his fourth book, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Memippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that, going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, after taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her he would hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him ; but she, being fair and lovely, would die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwi[illegible]
moderate his passions, though [illegible]

to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, among other guests, came Apollonius, who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold described by Homer, no substance, but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant; many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

This tradition, a favourite with the poets, has its finest exposition in Keats' deathless verse. Mercury roaming in the pinewood in search of a nymph whom he loves, hears a mournful voice bewailing itself, and searching among the bushes finds

A palpitating snake,
Bright and cirque-couchant, in a dusky brake;
She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, frèckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seemed at once some penanced lady-elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire,
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar;
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter sweet!
She had a woman's mouth, with all its pearls complete.
And for her eyes—what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came, as through bubbling honey, for love's sake.

He asks the cause of its woe, and the lamia then says that if Hermes will restore her to her human shape she will make his love, who is invisible, appear before him. The compact is faithfully adhered to. The god flies away with his nymph into "the green-recessèd" woods, and the snake is alone.

Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change; her elfin blood in madness ran;
Her mouth foam'd, and the grass, therewith besprent,
Wither'd at dew so sweet and virulent;
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
Hot, glazed, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,

> Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.
> The colours all inflamed throughout her train,
> She writhed about, convulsed with scarlet pain;
> A deep volcanian yellow took the place
> Of all her milder-moonèd body's grace,
> And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
> Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede:
> Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks, and bars,
> Eclipsed her crescents, and lick'd up her stars:
> So that, in moments few, she was undrest
> Of all her sapphires, gems, and amethyst.

Thereafter she vanishes, goes to Corinth, bewitches a youth of that city who marries her. To the wedding feast, unbidden, comes Apollonius the sage, who detects her, fixes his eye, "keen, cruel, penetrant, stinging," upon her. She implores him by gesture to look away; the bridegroom beseeches the sage to spare her. "Fool!" says Apollonius, and then to the bride, "*Serpent!*" Upon this she gives a frightful scream and is gone;

> And Lysius' arms were empty of delight,
> As were his limbs of life, from that same night.

PHIL ROBINSON.

SOME PARIS STREETS.

INSTABILITY of sentiment, and reckless impulsiveness, so noticeable in the French character, are nowhere more conspicuous than in the frequent changes which have taken place in the street nomenclature of Paris. An epitome of the successive phases in the history of France may, indeed, be gathered from the names of the streets of its capital. The savage broils of aristocratic factions in mediæval times, the so-called "glory" of Despotism, the frenzy of the revolutionary spirit, the eager destructiveness and petty jealousy of Republicanism, have all been recorded there in never-failing sequential regularity. A few old names are, nevertheless, permitted to remain unmolested, either from a genuine desire to perpetuate the remembrance of departed worth, or to render at least an appearance of homage to the Past. Especially of late years have the ultra-republican factions ostentatiously displayed a childish mania for re-christening thoroughfares. An instance of such political fanaticism was shown when, in 1879, the Paris Municipality affixed a tablet on the site of the *Salle-du-Manège*, in the Rue de Rivoli, where the terrible Convention met in 1792. A few months later it prevailed upon the Government to grant a decree authorising it to change the names of forty-three streets or avenues which recalled Royal or Imperial memories—Josephine, Dauphin, Napoleon, Bouillé, Marie-Antoinette, were among those destined to make their exit; and Paul-Louis Courier, Rouget de Lisle, Etienne Marcel, among those chosen to replace them. Though it may be admitted that most of the names doomed to be expunged had little claim to the hero-worship implied in this species of immortality, yet surely they were not so vastly inferior to those intended to supplant them as to warrant their obliteration. The extreme pettiness of the spirit which dictated these re-christenings may be inferred from the deliberate decision at which the Municipality arrived, to convert the Rue *Marie*-Antoinette into the Rue Antoinette. Insult, it seems, dogs even the shade of the unfortunate Queen!

But the politics of Parisian street nomenclature degenerated from

mere pettiness into the most flagrant ingratitude when it was seriously contemplated to convert the Boulevard Haussmann into the Boulevard Carnot. It is a mere puerility and inconsequence to allege, as an excuse for this cringing deference to a base exaction of party spirit, that the great Préfet of the Empire was inferior to the great Republican. The political superiority of the latter is unquestionable; yet what more consistent, becoming, and, it is not too much to say, imperative, acknowledgment was due to the man who had made Paris the pride of France, than to inscribe his name upon one of its chief thoroughfares? Insensible, however, to such an obvious claim, the Municipal Council reiterated its determination, and demanded the necessary authorisation of the Government for the proposed change. But France was fortunately spared the infliction of this stigma on her reputation; for even a Republican Ministry, ever notoriously willing to obliterate all Monarchical memories, when called upon to sanction the consummation of such an outrage, recoiled; and the name still retains its fittingly commemorative place.

This perverse proposal of the Municipality becomes singularly discreditable when we compare Paris as she is with Paris at any former epoch in her existence. Did not the grossly foul state in which the city was content to wallow during many centuries invite the plague to infest almost perennially many of its quarters? The first very partial and grudging efforts to pave, in the most elementary fashion, a few privileged streets were not made until the close of the twelfth century; and then they were forced upon the reluctant citizens because, on a certain occasion, the stench from the fetid dust raised by the wind happened to give intolerable offence to the nostrils of Royalty! Thus it came about that the Municipality, or an equivalent authority, was forced, at least for a brief season, to shake off its habitual stolid indifference to the public health. Many centuries, however, elapsed before paving became generally obligatory. The same thoughtless and discreditable disregard to the lighting of the city was equally notorious; a negligence of obvious duty by no means confined to the Middle Ages, for it was not until 1846 that any very effective steps were taken to afford Paris a tolerable supply of gas. Nor was it before the present century that the houses were enforcedly and systematically numbered. Commenting upon the way in which the sanitary affairs of Paris have been conducted, M. Horace Say declares that "it would be difficult to find southern Europe, any town, however small, so behind- respects as Paris was three centuries ago; and at t the present century it was little better—the s

condition of the footways, the accumulation of mud and filth in the gutters and elsewhere, the dimness of the lamps, made the capital of France an unhealthy and inconvenient residence, the more so because it was badly and irregularly constructed."[1] Even in 1840, if Captain Basil Hall may be credited, the streets of Paris had made no very creditable advance towards cleanliness. "The omnibuses, coaches, and cabs floundered along with their horses' bellies at times touching the water, and flinging this sea of mud to the right and left in the most fearful explosions: while the hapless and distracted foot-passengers had enough to do to escape being driven over, if the middle way was followed; or if they adhered to the side, and coasted along the walls, they were sure to be covered with dirt from head to foot. In addition to the misery of being thus splashed upon by the floundering cattle, the poor pedestrians were liable to get drenched to the skin by the countless and unavoidable '*jets d'eau*' from the house-tops if they kept too close."

It is not surprising, then, that what may be termed the cradle of Paris—now called *L'Île de la Cité*, or briefly, *La Cité*—should have been christened by the very appropriate name *Lutèce* (Lutetia), from the Latin *lutum* (mud). "Lutea enim a luti fætore prius dicta fuerat civitas," says the chronicler Rigord. More sensitive historians, however, affirm that its etymology is derived from the Greek, and signifies *white*! As to the origin of the present name of the city, Rigord seems less fortunate in his attempts at derivation; for he declares that it owes its parentage to Paris, the son of Priam: a designation which, from another authority, was said to have been assumed at the time Julian the Apostate took up his quarters in Lutetia. Fantastic as Rigord's opinion appears, it may at all events be conceded that

[1] Scarron, the comic poet—though in a chronic state of bodily prostration by no means conducive to mirth—has left us the following sonnet, describing Paris as it appeared to him in the time of Louis XIII.:—

> Un amas confus de maisons,
> Des crottes dans toutes les rues;
> Ponts, églises, palais, prisons,
> Boutiques bien ou mal pourvues;
>
> Force gens noirs, roux ou grisons;
> Des prudes, des filles perdues;
> Des meurtres et des trahisons;
> Des gens de plume aux mains crochues.
>
> . . . .
>
> Pages, laquais, voleurs de nuit,
> Carosses, chevaux et grand bruit,
> C'est là Paris: que vous en semble?

Paris (the man) illustrates in a striking manner the character of the Parisians. At the time of the Revolution, the Cité may be said to have exhibited an appearance little less offensive than that which it is described to have worn during the Middle Ages. Destitute of embankments or quays—for the walls of the houses bordering the river were built on the very edge of the island—it presented a dark, abrupt mass of buildings in the middle of the Seine, from which it seemed anxious to separate itself by wearing an intervening fringe of dirty water and disgusting weeds. Rags in infinitely different colours, and in every stage of foulness and decay, were suspended from all parts. The interior of the island presented a collection of buildings, high, squalid, and dark, arranged, or rather, it should be said, huddled, in inextricable labyrinths of filthy lanes, interspersed at no wide intervals with churches and blackened ruins. It was not until very recently that changes, which may be regarded as nearly amounting to complete transformation, were effected in the appearance of the Cité. The fifty alleys—for they were no better—and the twenty churches, which were formerly crowded within its narrow precincts, have for the most part been destroyed and replaced by ten or twelve well-built and spacious streets. At one extremity stands the stately Cathedral, Notre Dame, which dates from the twelfth century; at the other the Palais de Justice, formerly the Royal Palace. The chief thoroughfare is called the Rue de la Cité, which traverses the middle of the island in a transverse direction, and then being prolonged, on the south by the Rue and Faubourg Saint-Jacques, and on the north by the Rue and Faubourg Saint-Martin, forms the great central artery of Paris.

The Rue Saint-Jacques passes through what is popularly known as the Quartier Latin. In one of the streets of this quarter—the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie—there still exists the once famous *Café Procope*, which justly claims to take high, if not the highest, rank among the most venerable establishments of the kind in Europe; and, though it may have had predecessors, it is certainly to be regarded as the greatest ancestor of the modern *café*. There it was that the chief wits and the most popular theatrical celebrities of the eighteenth century were wont to congregate. There it was that Alexis Piron, the greatest conversationalist of the age, was accustomed to rivet the attention of an audience probably unsurpassed in intellectual acuteness. But the sudden and violent changes which marked the closing years of the century destroyed or dissipated the fascinating attractions by which the far-famed *Café-bel-Esprit* had won its renown. restoration of its ancient prestige has since been vouchsafed i

now, gleaning consolation from the memory of departed celebrity, it is content to accept the patronage of the neighbouring students, and to watch its youthful customers play at dominoes on the table at which—so tradition says—Voltaire was accustomed to sit. With students of various denominations the quarter is, indeed, chiefly peopled. Amongst the most ancient thoroughfares, the Rue de la Harpe ranks as the most favoured and characteristic; for, in spite of its dirty, crooked, poverty-stricken appearance, it is admiringly regarded as the "Queen of the Pays Latin." Its subject streets are numerous, and emulate their sovereign in a certain display of *hôtels*, *cafés*, *estaminets*, and *chambres garnies*; all of which present more or less dilapidated, faded, worn-out, and yet pretentious, appearances. In striking contrast to this inert decay are the buoyant and noisy young occupants of the quarter: yet it must be admitted that such tarnished though tawdry establishments are perfectly consistent and in keeping with the limited capacity—as far, at least, as the purse is concerned—of their chief inhabitants and frequenters.

From the well-known Quartier Latin, we pass to the no less celebrated Quartier Saint-Germain. Neighbours though they are, these parts of the city differ widely in character, and are rather disposed to look askance at each other. The former, ever restless in its poverty, and transcendental in its views, is carried hither and thither by every gust of political or social extravagance which may happen to hold out promises flattering to its very urgent aspirations. The latter, absorbed in the contemplation of its own dignity, titles, and riches, is conservative and very exclusive. "The last bulwark," said Napoleon, "of the old aristocracy, the refuge *encroûté de vieux prejugés.*" No revolutionary tumults invade its solemn precincts, and any political event which may happen to ruffle its customary impassiveness is discussed within the sedate and inscrutable walls of its stately *hôtels.* With the exception of the Rue du Bac, by which and the Pont Royal it finds its readiest junction with that part of the city situated on the north of the Seine, it presents few signs of trade or commerce. Historians of Paris have generally assigned precise boundaries to the Quartier Saint-Germain; but, like the supposed boundaries of other so-called "Quartiers," they cannot be accepted as very definite landmarks. Though comparatively extensive, its exclusive pretensions are mainly limited to three spacious streets which run parallel to each other and to the Seine—the Rue de l'Université, the Rue Saint-Dominique, and the Rue de Grenelle. The site which it occupies was formerly covered with the squalid dwellings of profligacy and criminality. It was during

the reign of Louis XIV. that the *noblesse* began to build sumptuous edifices on this foul territory, and to force its lawless possessors to seek other haunts. But it was not until the succeeding reign that these vast *hôtels* rapidly multiplied, and even now, in spite of the rival claims of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, the aristocratic pretensions of the *Quartier* have not been very seriously affected.

Reverting to the Rue Saint-Jacques, which in remote times was called *Via Superior*, it may not be uninteresting to note that the way or street which went by the name *Via Inferior*, after affecting various more or less temporary appellations, finally, in the sixteenth century, assumed the eccentric, though presumably equivalent, name, Rue d'Enfer.

Leaving the Rue Saint-Jacques, and traversing the Cité, the Rue Saint-Martin, as already remarked, presents itself. On reaching the spacious boulevard bearing the same name, the attention is arrested by the Porte Saint-Martin, which occupies a commanding site on the opposite border of the boulevard, and was erected in the form of a triumphal arch to commemorate the exploits of Louis XIV.—*Ludovico Magno* (!) being inscribed on its front. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the "exploits" attributed to the pompous despot, there can be no hesitation in awarding high credit to the architect by whom the edifice was designed. Not far from it, in a like position, stands the Porte Saint-Denis, which was built about the same time as its neighbour, and, though presenting a similar appearance, is probably superior to it in some of its features. In the Middle Ages the Rue Saint-Denis was considered to hold a very high position among Parisian thoroughfares ; it was, moreover, "by the Porte Saint-Denis," observes Saint-Foix, "that Royal personages entered Paris." Its superiority has long since departed, and the labyrinth of dirty lanes closely packed between the Rue and Faubourg Saint-Martin and the Rue and Faubourg Saint-Denis, bewildering wayfarers and sorely trying their patience, has, in great part, been swept away and its place occupied by the admirably constructed Boulevards Sébastopol and Strasbourg.

If we retrace our steps we come, at the end of the Boulevard Saint-Martin, to the Rue and Faubourg du Temple. Here, where the arts of peace prevail, and the bustle of the tradesman and the artisan rarely slackens, were formerly stationed and entrenched many distinguished proficients in the art of war, men who had wholly dedicated themselves to the special interests of the Prince of Peace. The monk-warri[illegible] [illegible]spicuous by their military achievements in the H[illegible] [illegible]rritory in question about

the middle of the twelfth century. On it they built an impregnable stronghold in which to store the proceeds of their very secular ravages. The Knights Templars, poor but valiant soldiers of the Cross during a brief period after their incorporation, rapidly degenerated into mere freebooters; and, like the generality of the successful devotees of plunder, losing sight of prudence, invited pillage and destruction from a stronger spoliator. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, Philippe IV. being seized, in spite of disquieting superstitious twinges, with uncontrollable covetous longings, swept precipitously into his coffers the hoarded wealth of the monk-knights, and, to ensure its possession, nearly annihilated those members of the Order whom an unlucky fate had stationed on French soil.

Of the Temple, the tower was the only part that remained at the close of the last century. There the ill-starred Louis XVI. passed the last days of his life. With him was buried the old French Monarchy: and it may even be said that, at the signal of the poor king's departure, the decrepit spirit of Feudality itself, still lingering in a favourite haunt, seemed to awake and become conscious that it too was upon the verge of extinction. Its anticipations were speedily fulfilled, but it was not until 1811 that the gloomy relic of the once vast and formidable Temple was demolished. Even the conventual establishments, which formerly monopolised most of this quarter of Paris, have left few traces behind them. As a striking instance of the rapid transformations which took place during the Empire, it may be noted that a synagogue was built upon the site of a certain convent—between the four walls of the cloisters! But the newly-erected synagogue soon followed the old convent to destruction; and indeed most of the temples dedicated to religious purposes have been elbowed from the Quartier du Temple to make way for the ever-encroaching exigencies of trade.[1]

Leaving the Temple, and proceeding along various Boulevards, we arrive at the Place de la Bastille, and the Rue and Faubourg Saint-Antoine: parts of Paris not less intimately associated with militant and contentious memories than the Quartier which has just been described. Names so long interwoven with scenes of political and

[1] In spite of its former gloomy, and now business, aspect, there was a time when, if we give ear to the following lines, written by the joyous song-writer Désaugiers, the Quarter must have presented at least some enlivening appearances:

> La seule promenade qui a du prix,
> La seule où je m'amuse, où je ris,
> C'est le boulevart du Temple à Paris.

social agitation raise to the mind's eye, without preliminary invocation, the spectres of Violence and Insurrection. It was here that Nemesis, with her accustomed unerring decision, registered for future retaliation—a future which to mortal ken was incredible—a long score of foul iniquity inflicted by the aristocracy on the struggling artisan. The poor handicraftsman, deprived by his liege-lord of all the proceeds of his labour beyond what was barely necessary to sustain life, found a refuge from such gross extortions, and some amount of freedom to exercise his calling, in the Abbaye Saint-Antoine-des-Champs, a privileged establishment founded towards the close of the twelfth century. The descendants of those who, in a remote past, sought this sanctuary, still dwell on the once inviolable spot; and, in comparatively recent times, have visited with retribution, degenerating on some occasions into savage vengeance, the successors of their former tyrants. Strife, in many of its sanguinary forms, has frequently haunted the precincts of the Rue and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. It was there—so a French historian affirms—that the English made their last stand before being driven out of the city: it was there that Henry II. was killed at a tournament: it was there that the *Ligueurs* were finally vanquished by Henry IV.: it was from the Porte Saint-Antoine that came the sound of the cannon which heralded the fall of the Bastille. So it happened that, at the very time when cruel power was beginning to relax its grasp, the artisan became the oppressor of the aristocrat; and the head of the first victim—the Marquis de Launay, sacrificed on the altar of long-pent-up popular vengeance—was paraded at the end of a pike—a ghastly prelude to the Reign of Terror. For many succeeding years mercy was outraged; but justice seems to warrant the opinion that the responsibility for the crimes committed must be allotted in about equal measure to the *Noblesse* and to the *Prolétariat.*

The mental representation of those dread scenes naturally suggested remembrances of successive events and personages ever hurrying onwards in confused and tumultuous masses. Occupied in such thoughts, we leisurely returned to the Port Saint-Denis, and, holding on the same course, soon reached the Rue Laffitte, which springs from the Boulevard des Italiens. There Louis Philippe, King of the Barricades, inevitably presented himself to the imagination. The street was originally (1770) christened Rue d'Artois, in compliment to the youngest brother of Louis XVI. That prince, in a distant future, became Charles X., but was discrowned in 1830, chiefly through the instrumentality of the banker Laffitte. Hence the name the street now bears. But there was an interval during which it bore

another appellation. Under a Republican *régime*, the original name was too glaringly monarchical to be allowed to hold such a conspicuous place; so the Comte d'Artois was supplanted by a dweller in the street, *citoyen* Cérutti, formerly a Jesuit, but who, twisting the course of his Jesuitism in a direction more exciting and profitable, founded a revolutionary journal sufficiently important to include Mirabeau and Talleyrand among its contributors. At the *hôtel* partly occupied by the democratic journalist, the beautiful *intrigante*, Madame Tallien, was wont to gather all the unquiet political spirits of the time. At present the street presents nothing political but its name.

Though glory has departed from the Rue Laffitte, notoriety of a certain description reigns in a contiguous quarter. At the end of the street whose name commemorates the great financier, there stands a modern church (1836), possessing very little architectural attraction, called Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, decorated internally with pictures and statues by no means tending to the spiritual edification of its frequenters. Near the site upon which it is erected there formerly stood a small, modest-looking church bearing the same name. This church was built in the days of Louis XV., and it is rumoured—on evidence which must in fairness be admitted to be very doubtful, if not incredible—that the King himself laid the first stone a few days after the establishment of the Parc-aux-Cerfs! Be this as it may, certain it is that the spirit of the lascivious monarch presides not only over the church but over a widely extended surrounding district. Though artists, and a species of *demi-monde* called *Lorettes*, are prominently represented in the quarter, the Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette may claim the honour of including within its precincts the Square Saint-George, where the distinguished statesman Thiers resided.

In oblique connection with this street runs the Rue Saint-Lazare, which, during the Empire, chose—perhaps in anticipation of the advent of Venus in the immediate vicinity—the God of War as its presiding divinity. The hôtels of the Duc de Raguse, Arnano, Ney, Sébastiani, clustered there. But the martial halo which thus hovered over the street melted rapidly away; and now the harsh but peaceful sound of the locomotive has silenced the last faint echo of the warlike trumpet. The Stations, crowded with ever-varying multitudes, of the Rouen, the Saint-Germain, and the Versailles railways, have long since given a new tone and aspect to the locality; and there can be very little doubt that the striking change is, upon the whole, as commendable as it certainly is profitable.

Whilst regaining the boulevards by the Rue de la Chaussée

d'Antin, which was built in 1720, it may be observed that this street affords an example of the frequent changes made in the names of very many Parisian thoroughfares. Its entrance happened to be opposite the Hôtel d'Antin, subsequently the Hôtel Richelieu, and, although the street had previously adopted many names, it could not resist the temptation to assume the title borne by the Hôtel which seemed to be its natural head and denominator. But during the Revolutionary times it was not permitted to retain this monarchical appellation, being successively metamorphosed into the Rue Mirabeau, in honour of the great tribune, and then, after a few months, when the letters of the memorable name were hardly dry, popular fickleness demanded their erasure, and the street was thenceforth to be called the Rue du Mont-Blanc. This name fell with the Empire, and the monarchical title resumed, and has since been allowed to hold in peace, its old position.

But the aristocratic pretensions formerly assumed by the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin have left few traces in the memory of the present generation, which is by no means disposed to humour aristocratic assumptions of any kind. Recent times, indeed, have radically modified the character of the street, giving it a trading aspect almost identical with that of its neighbours, the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Vivienne, at which, having reached the Boulevard des Italiens, and crossed the grand thoroughfare to the left, we speedily arrive. Though there is a general similarity about the appearance of these streets, they have, nevertheless, a few distinctive and noticeable characteristics. In one striking feature they differ from the street just left, and from very many others; for, with the exception of a brief interval when the Rue Richelieu was called the Rue de la Loi, the names which ushered them into existence have passed to the present time unchallenged. The spirit of the great statesman—the greatest of French statesmen—seems to have awed and cowed even the most persistent advocates of change. There is little or nothing, however, in the Rue Richelieu that tends to arouse any remembrance of the famous Cardinal. But the street will ever be associated with the memory of a man more illustrious even than the Prince of the Church, for in it died the greatest of French dramatists—Molière. A well-executed statue of the poet, and a fountain bearing his name, erected in 1844, adorn the street. In fact, the whole locality is far more obviously connected with the drama than with politics. The Théâtre Français and the Opera, with the minor establishments Feydeau and Favart, are, or were, in its
obtrusive edifice, though serving far

poses, the Bibliothèque Nationale, imparts an imposing air of erudition to the street. Originated by Charles V., who collected about 900 manuscripts, its first abode was in a tower of the Louvre. Under Louis XIII. it changed its dwelling, and became a resident in the Rue de la Harpe, where its size increased to upwards of 11,000 volumes and 6,000 manuscripts. In 1721, the Regent transferred it to the more convenient quarters which it now occupies; and at present the number of its printed volumes exceeds a million, whilst the number of its manuscripts is computed at 80,000.

From the actual or memorial abode of politics, of the drama, and of the highest altar in France dedicated to knowledge, a few steps bring us to a street consecrated from its earliest days to minister to the ever-varying, ever-capricious, exigencies of fashion as embodied in feminine attire. The site on which the Rue Vivienne now stands was owned in the sixteenth century by a person named Vivien, of whom no record is extant. Unpretending and scattered were the houses which first contributed to give substance to the street. But even in those early days it seemed to have an inkling of the unsurpassable distinction awaiting it in the future; for it showed a singularly earnest and single-minded devotion to rags and ribbons. Gradually its buildings became transformed into modest temples of Fashion, and for some time the priestesses who officiated therein, if characteristically exacting in the temporary forms of homage which they prescribed, belonged to a subordinate order of ministrants, and devoted their attention almost exclusively to the less exalted devotees of the goddess. But the reputation, and then the renown, of the Rue Vivienne spread apace. The temples, rapidly multiplying, assumed more imposing forms; and now a priestess of the cult ministering in that quarter repudiates the humble position of a *mercière*, and, with lofty emphasis, designates herself *marchande de modes.* She has become the arbiter of all that women regard as the supreme object of their attention; and at present she wields an arbitrary power not only over France and the rest of Europe, but, with irresistible feminine adroitness, makes her influence felt from China to Peru.

Fully recognising the arbitrary sway exercised through the agency of the Rue Vivienne over the fairest portion of humanity, there is a divinity, wielding a far more formidable power than even the Goddess of Fashion, who has planted a shrine which, though not presuming to come into direct contact with the street, certainly robs it of much of its legitimate space. Dedicated to Almighty Mammon, a deity universally worshipped, and whose rites are studied with assiduous devotion both by rich and poor, the Bourse is, no doubt, as far as

its exterior is concerned, imposing and even dignified. Further notice of this institution on the present occasion would, however, not only be dry and irrelevant, but—a far more important consideration—would demand a closer acquaintance with Mammon than we are fortunate enough to possess.

It should be remarked, as slightly modifying for a time the feminine associations connected with the Rue Vivienne, that where it is terminated by the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, it could boast, in the seventeenth century, of possessing at one corner the Hôtel Colbert, and at the other the Hôtel Mazarin. The Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs—which, by the way, presents not even a suspicion of green fields—overlooks at one end the Place des Victoires, and near its other end is the Place Vendôme. These Places, with the two streets just described, together with the Palais-Royal, the Madeleine, the Rue de la Paix, and other minor streets, comprise a quarter of the city comparatively modern, which yet presumes to give itself airs of supremacy. Its claims to precedence have, no doubt, many specious appearances of validity. It affects to be the most opulent and the most frequented part of Paris: the chief centre of its luxury and of its commerce. Other quarters may dispute the justice of a great deal comprised in these pretensions; but we must leave such family disputes to be settled at home, for we are by no means competent to pass an opinion upon questions involving numberless delicate considerations.

Glancing for a moment at the Place des Victoires, the eye encounters a clumsy equestrian statue of Louis XIV. It is a hardy second attempt of the implacable destroyer of the last shreds of political liberty in France to acclimatise himself, as it were, to the Place, his former effigy having been overthrown, shortly after the tenth of August, to make room for a Pyramidal memorial of certain citizens who had fallen in the attack on the Tuileries. In 1800 the Pyramid was demolished, and in 1806 its place was occupied by a colossal naked statue of Desaix. This "natural" representation so shocked the susceptible feelings of those who dwelt in the Place, that, in deference to the protest of modesty, the statue was promptly supplied with a decorous covering of boards. In 1814 the whole of this impropriety was removed, and on its site was erected, in 1822, the statue which has continued to hold its position through all revolutions to the present day.

Yet a few minutes we are tempted to linger in this neighbourhood in order to cast a glance at a more famous and more frequented place—the Palais-Royal. That from times bordering on the im-

memorial, the site on which it is built has possessed attractions is evidenced by the discovery of certain ancient relics that probably belonged to some Roman villa. On that part which borders upon the Rue Saint-Honoré there stood, in the fourteenth century, the Hôtel d'Armagnac, whose early owner came to a tragic end. Two centuries later it was known as the Hôtel Rambouillet, a name highly distinguished in the annals of French wit and refinement. In 1624, Richelieu became the possessor of this and certain neighbouring property. A few years later arose an irregularly-constructed palace possessing few claims to outward beauty: internally, on the contrary, it presented a profusion of magnificent decorations, whilst all its apartments and galleries were embellished with the choicest productions of art. This was called the Palais-Cardinal. Richelieu bequeathed it to Louis XIII.; but as the king survived the cardinal only a few months, the Palais-Royal—for so thenceforth it was styled—came into the possession of his widow, Anne of Austria, who, with her two sons, Louis Quatorze and Philippe de France, made it her ordinary residence. In 1652 it was abandoned by the king, whom it disagreeably reminded of the *Fronde*, and the widow of Charles I. became its occupant. When the daughter of this princess was married to the Duc d'Orleans it was here that the wedded pair took up their abode; but it was not until 1692 that it passed into the absolute possession of the Duc d'Orleans. From about the middle of the next century, change appeared to have taken up its permanent quarters at the Palais-Royal—destruction and construction, in manifold forms, being the order of the day. Here was erected the chief revolutionary rostrum—the dread pulpit of Chaos. Thence it was that the Duc d'Orleans, *Philippe-Egalité*, departed for arraignment before the Revolutionary Tribunal, by which he was justly—a word very rarely applicable to the decisions of that "court of justice"—condemned to death. Fortunate in its position, the Palais-Royal has, during a long period, presented numberless fascinations to those seeking pleasure in many of its infinitely varied innocent or vicious forms. Of late years, however, there has been a marked decline in the power of its seductive qualities; for the neighbouring boulevards are gradually outvying it in the charms of its shops, and eclipsing it in many other phases of its attractiveness.

Passing to the other end of the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, and onwards by the short Rue Neuve-des-Capucins, we again come upon the boulevards, where, taking a few steps to the left, we stand in front of the Madeleine. This church, which is a modern structure, unlike many other public edifices, is not too closely intruded up-

by the buildings which surround it, and is therefore seen to the fullest advantage. Any panegyric on its exterior would be superfluous, seeing that it is merely an enlarged copy of the Parthenon at Athens. Though deficient in variety, its beauty attracts and charms the eye, which rests upon it with ever-lingering satisfaction. It must be admitted, however, that the Madeleine presents little or nothing, especially to a stranger, which would promptly identify it with aught that betokens Christian worship. Of heathen worship, on the contrary, it recalls—at least to the educated mind—a host of recorded rites and ceremonies; and this association is marvellously strengthened on entering the church. It seems almost incredible that the first glance could fail to offend even those whose devotional feelings are but faintly susceptible of impression. There, in the most conspicuous position, and in the most glaring colours, is represented the apotheosis, not of a godlike hero, not of a great-hearted martyr to patriotism or to the cause of human progress, but of a man who may, with every appearance of justice, be regarded as the most unprincipled, selfish, heartless, and sanguinary scourge that has ever blighted and cursed humanity—Napoleon. Shocked at the gross blasphemy of the scene, and moved with intense loathing for the blood-stained military adventurer thus exalted into a god, we descended the Rue Royal in front of the Madeleine, and entered the Rue Saint-Honoré.

Not only one of the longest, but one of the most commercially rich, and, especially of late years, one of the most fashionable, streets of Paris, the Rue and Faubourg Saint-Honoré may claim exceptional consideration for possessing wide and varied historical interest. The street derives its name from a church—long since destroyed—founded in 1204. It contained nothing more remarkable than the tomb of the able diplomatist and notorious sinner, Cardinal Dubois. Within a few yards of the street, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, occurred an incident which was probably of darker import to the welfare of France than many a political revolution accompanied by all the excitements of wide-spread conflicts and destruction. One day in the spring of the year 1610, Henry IV. was on his way from the Louvre to see his great Minister, Sully, who was ill at the time, when an unavoidable stoppage in the street afforded a desired opportunity to a religious fanatic to cut short the life of one of the greatest and most estimable of French kings. Not far thence, ten years later, was born, in a very humble abode, a celebrated poet, the place of whose death, as mentioned above, was tardily honoured a few years ago. Anoth[illegible] nage who had but slight title to posthumous fam[illegible] more contemporary consideration

than the illustrious poet, her *Salon* being the rendezvous of all the wits, philosophers, and other celebrities of the time, Madame Geoffrin, dwelt in the Rue Saint-Honoré. If we turn from persons to events, we find that the *Frondeurs* of 1648 erected in this quarter the most numerous and important of their *barricades*. It was here also that, in 1720, were enacted most of the insensate *émeutes* consequent upon the unreasoning popular rage against the adventurer, Law, who, by his seductive *Système*, succeeded for a time in egregiously flattering and fooling the fatuous cupidity of both wise and simple, rich and poor. Here took place the chief combating on that memorable day, the Thirteenth *Vendémiaire* (October the 5th, 1795), when, in the words of Carlyle—"the thing we specifically call *French Revolution* becomes a thing that was!" Here, too, as the walls of the houses long visibly testified, occurred many of the chief scenes of violence which contributed to swell the notoriety of the three "glorious" days of July 1830.

In great part a recent construction, the Rue de Rivoli cannot vie with its very near neighbour, the Rue Saint-Honoré, in historic interest. It runs parallel with it, however, and assumes towards it many airs of equality, especially of "respectability," backing such pretensions, it may be said, with many facts, and with much praiseworthy spirit. Like many other Parisian streets, it is, to some extent, the successor of conventual establishments: the Feuillants, the Capucins, and the Assomption, having formerly occupied much of the ground upon which it now stands.[1] Not until very recent times, however, has it achieved any great extension or distinction. It was in 1851 that M. Léon Faucher, then Minister of the Interior, introduced and carried a measure in the National Assembly for the prolongation of the Rue de Rivoli. Since that time it has grown rapidly, and at present more than realises the project of the eminent statesman, Colbert, that it should extend to the Hôtel-de-Ville, and there, uniting with the Rue and Faubourg Saint-Antoine, become a great artery of the capital. It forms, moreover, in association with the continuous Boulevards Sébastopol and Strasbourg, which it traverses at right angles, what is called the "*grande croisée de Paris.*"

Those to whom fortune has allotted dwellings at that end of the Rue de Rivoli which borders the Rue de la Concorde, and the gardens formerly fronting the now demolished Tuileries, may be congratulated

[1] At the Revolution of 1789 a third of the area of Paris was in mortmain. As nearly the whole was confiscated, means were easily found to improve and multiply Parisian thoroughfares.

on possessing a very enviable outlook. Planned and carried out between the years 1763 and 1772, the Place de la Concorde, which for a time bore the name of the King, contains, besides two of the finest fountains in the world, numerous statues and other objects of art, which, grouped in a manner best calculated to please the eye of judicious taste, afford, from every point of view, rarely qualified satisfaction to the beholder; and there can be no doubt that in all respects the Place de la Concorde is well worthy to form the starting-point for the spacious and magnificent Avenue des Champs-Elysées. As an entrance to Paris, this avenue is unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty; and the same admirable taste which laid it out has suitably crowned it with the Arc de Triomphe. Standing at the summit of a long and very gradual incline, the fastuous triumphal Memorial occupies a commanding site. Commenced in 1806, it advanced towards completion by fits and starts; and it was not until 1836 that it reached its final stage. The Avenue over which it seems to preside, and the adjacent Bois de Boulogne, are the chief resorts of fashionable loungers, the headquarters of public *fêtes*, the grand route for triumphal processions, the *promenade de Longchamp*, and indeed the universally favoured places for parading most of the pretentious outdoor vanities of Parisian society.

Here, on the latter of these enchanting suburban spots, we must now bid adieu to Paris. If we were not reminded that we are approaching the limits of our permitted space, there are other parts of the city well entitled to consideration. The restricted view we have given of the streets of Paris seems, moreover, to lack a certain element of life to give it animation and enhance its interest. A very natural curiosity arises to know something of the more prominent characteristics of the Parisians, past and present—of the inhabitants of the streets described—some of the infinitely varied phases pertaining to French human nature. But if this is interdicted, there yet remains a last page whereon to note the chief sources whence may be gathered much interesting and graphic information about many a salient point in the character of the Parisians.

Numerous attempts, more or less successful, have been made at various times to sketch the citizens of Paris. Among them, the "Caractères, ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle," holds a prominent place. La Bruyère notes with much justice, and with remarkable acumen, the effects produced by the peculiar influences of social position, or of professional habits, on the manners and conduct of Parisians. "It is certainly a proof of a master mind" —— [illegible], "that he gave such striking likenesses in such

great work, La Bruyère never fails to display a broad spirit of justice and charity; he rarely exaggerates, and never distorts. Similar eulogy cannot be awarded to a contemporary writer, Tallemant des Réaux. His works are full of gossiping, by no means remarkable for rigid accuracy, and of scandal, the product of little else than invention; whilst the tone which pervades them is cynical and broadly impure. On the other hand, granting that in numberless individual cases they rarely afford glimpses of the truth, they may yet claim, with reservations as to exaggeration, to exhibit the veritable spirit and form of Parisian life. Later on, Mercier, in his "Tableaux de Paris," presents, as Monselet says, "all the eighteenth century, especially the eighteenth century of the streets, including much which is rarely seen, or from which the eyes are averted." The manners, the customs, the contrasts, the extravagancies, the excesses, the abuses, that Paris displayed, were the inexhaustible themes to which Mercier devoted his pen. At about the same time, the same subjects were represented no less vividly, and with more attention to selection, by Saint-Foix, in his "Essais sur Paris." There we are made so well acquainted with the indoor life of Paris under the ancient *régime*, that the imagination may easily people the houses forming the streets of the city with tenants much as they lived and disported themselves during the old age of the Monarchy. We may also point to "Les Contemporaines," by Rétif de la Bretonne, a yet more photographically accurate presentation of social peculiarities and tendencies. No doubt many of its delineations are grossly licentious, even to a degree surpassing anything to be found in the works of Tallemant des Réaux; but this very excess of literality affords the presumption that no veil of hesitation was permitted to hide any of the every-day humours and transactions of French life. We have here the pictures of a social organisation on the eve of dissolution: the final exhibition of many of its distinctive peculiarities. The habits and modes of the succeeding reconstructed society have continued, in all their chief features, unchanged to the present time: and as most of the numerous writers who have sought to delineate the innumerable phases of contemporary Parisian life are well known, any reference to them here would be superfluous. Those delineations are often offensively realistic, seldom unexaggerated, and rarely altogether free from unseemly and even grossly stimulating incidents and details. But they are not on that account to be regarded as deficient in verisimilitude: they simply display in the foreground, and in bold relief, the most unsightly parts of the special subject presented.

C. J. WALLIS.

A CRUISE AFTER HIPPOPOTAMI.

AT daylight, one morning in January 1884, a smart schooner yacht was running down to Zanzibar, and excited much attention among the crew of the *London*, the British guard-ship, and also on board the British India mail steamer, which had just arrived from Aden. On the poop of the latter were two young fellows, Stevens and Richardson, who had come from Aden, where they belonged to the garrison, on purpose to join this very yacht, the *Pearl*, which had called there some time before, when Mr. Badenoch, the owner, had made their acquaintance and fired them with a desire to join him in an attack on the river-horses which abound in the Wami, Kingani, and other streams. They had agreed to meet him at Zanzibar at this time, and had been much disappointed, on their arrival the previous evening, at not hearing any news of her. They had been questioning the officers of the *London* as to where they could find quarters on shore, and found that, besides the ever-hospitable Consulate, or on board the *London*, the only chance they had of obtaining bed and board was under the roof of an eccentric individual known as French Charley, where the accommodation was likely to be queer, and who was only famous in the cookery line for omelettes, which, however good they might be, would be served up on whatever piece of crockery first came to hand, sometimes causing rather a shock to European prejudices.

They had decided, nevertheless, on testing the capabilities of his establishment in preference to trespassing on the hospitality of strangers, and had been busy overnight in getting everything ready to land, and were now expecting a boat from the shore to land them and their traps.

"All right, Richardson; that must be the *Pearl*. Badenoch is punctual to his time, though he has run it rather close. How well he is handling her, but he seems to be carrying on rather long; there he is commencing to shorten sail. I wish that fellow Bucket, or whatever they call him, would b[illegible] [illegible] should like to get on board as [illegible]

out of his mouth when a clumsy shore-boat came alongside, and Bucket, as he was commonly called by the English, came up on deck and told them he was ready to take them ashore. They asked the chief officer to have their baggage put in the boat, and then went down to find the captain and thank him for his kindness and courtesy during the passage from Aden.

Whilst they are below we may make the acquaintance of Bucket (which was a corruption of his real name), who held the high and responsible post of chief pilot to H.H. the Sultan, and also made what money he could by acting as bum-boatman, getting washing done, and in various other ways making himself useful to the men and officers of the ships that visited Zanzibar. He had a great idea of his own importance, and it was a favourite amusement of the midshipmen in the men-of-war to get a rise out of him by chaffing him about a flogging he was reported to have received for playing false when acting as interpreter on board the *Lynx* some years before.

By the time Stevens and Richardson returned on deck, their baggage was down in the boat and the *Pearl* was rounding to preparatory to coming to an anchor. Bucket, on the way to the yacht, wanted very much to know what she was going to do, and, seeing the white ensign flying on board, inquired if she was a man-of-war sent out to assist in the suppression of the slave trade. On learning what Badenoch's real intentions were, he proffered his services as interpreter and pilot, and said no man could show them better places to find viboko (kiboko, plural viboko, is the Suahili for hippopotamus), and that anyone else they might employ would be quite useless in assisting them in their search for sport.

They got alongside just as the *Pearl's* anchor was let go, and were heartily welcomed by Badenoch, and congratulated him on his keeping his appointment so punctually; he laughed, and said it was his way, and that he could have been in before, only, having a little time to spare, he had visited Mombasa and Pemba, and would have been in the evening before if the breeze had not fallen after leaving the latter place.

As they were talking, the guard-boat from the *London* came alongside, and the officer of the guard was a lieutenant called Malcolmson, who was a neighbour of Badenoch's in Scotland. "Why, old man, who would have thought of seeing you here? I thought you were on board the *Glasgow*?"

"So I was until a week ago, but one of the fellows in the *London* wished to exchange, and, as he offered me a good consideration to do so, I agreed, and have now belonged to her ten days; the flag-

sailed a week ago. I am now, as officer of the guard, to offer you all the assistance, &c., you may require, and to ask you to fill up the questions in the boarding book."

"All right, my lad; just give the book to my skipper, and then when you get back on board, get leave to come back and have breakfast with us, and put us in the way of getting a shot or two at the hippos."

"Done! Why, you have that old blackguard Bucket on board! What are you doing here, Bucket?"

Bucket explained what had brought him there, and renewed his offers; and Malcolmson told Badenoch he did not think he could do much better than engage him, but said he would ask some of the older hands on board the *London* if he was the best man to take.

The *Pearl's* sails were soon stowed, and at nine o'clock the four friends were at breakfast together. Malcolmson reported that all were agreed that they could not do better than engage Bucket, and that he was told that Dar es Salaam, a port on the mainland, a short distance to the southward, where the last Sultan had built a palace, and intended to make a trading port, would be as good a place as any to go to, and that some of the *Londons* and the Consul had been there lately in the Sultan's yacht *Star*, and reported having had very good sport. He advised his friends to go on shore, and call at the Consulate, where they would be sure of a warm reception, and where they would get much useful advice, and most likely be introduced to Syud Burghash, who would recommend them to the authorities at any of his ports on the mainland.

This advice was followed, and from the Consul they got many good tips, and he also procured them an interview with the Sultan, who gave them all necessary papers, and placed his palace at Dar es Salaam at their disposal. Malcolmson was also able to get leave from his captain to accompany them; and early the next morning the *Pearl* got away, and, with a fair wind down the lovely Zanzibar channel, was able to be safely moored in Dar es Salaam by four in the afternoon, Bucket having piloted her in through the narrow entrance very successfully.

He now advised them, if they wanted to get a chance that evening, to land and station themselves at the places where the hippos were in the habit of landing in order to feed, and then they might get a chance; and if one was killed, they would have no difficulty in getting the carcase; and that the runs of the anir [illegible] be pointed out by some of the men who wer[illegible] Sultan's palace.

This plan of action was agreed upon, and just before sunset the four sportsmen were landed and took up their posts at different spots where there were tracks which showed that the hippos were in the habit of coming ashore, Bucket having previously gone to the different owners of plantations to arrange with them that they should not use their usual means of frightening the beasts from landing. Each of our sportsmen was accompanied by one of the crew of the yacht to carry a second rifle, and by a couple of natives, and they all agreed about the directions in which they should fire so as to avoid all chance of accidents. Malcolmson, as he said he would have many opportunities during his period of service in the *London*, took up his post on a point near the yacht where there was less chance than those selected for the others of the animals coming, and the other three distributed themselves along the bank at points about four or five hundred yards apart. As Badenoch was the only one of the others who had any success, we will follow his proceedings with most care. On landing he found a regular break in the river bank, where there were evident traces that it had been used the night before, footprints and other traces of the game they were in search of being fresh and numerous. Bucket, who attached himself to him as the *bwana kubwa* (or great master) of the party, pointed out some trees close by and to leeward, where they might conceal themselves so that they should be neither seen nor smelt, and be about twenty yards from the run they were watching. As the sun set and darkness came on, everything became quiet except for the sound of an occasional snort of some old hippo in the centre of the stream, and for over an hour there was no sign of any approaching the shore. When the sounds of their blowing drew closer to the shore, and Bucket, who was watching through Badenoch's glasses, caught sight of the dim outlines of three or four beasts on a mudbank about forty or fifty yards from their station, he told Badenoch to be ready and keep as quiet as possible, as they would be coming immediately. Badenoch, who thought it damp and cold, took a nip of whiskey and then got himself into position with his rifle, ready to be able to fire as soon as one was fairly on dry land, Bucket impressing on him the necessity of perfect quiet and not firing until he was perfectly sure of his aim. The huge beasts could be heard distinctly splashing and slipping as they drew near, and the dim form of one was just drawing clear of the bank when two shots rang out from the stations of Stevens and Richardson, and then the sound of blowing and rushing as the hippos stampeded back into the river. Badenoch jumped to his feet and would have fired at their retreating forms had not Bucket prevented him.

"Only frightened, master; no go far. You fire now, no come back. Wait little bit, come again."

Evidently the shots had had no effect, as the signal agreed upon in case of success was not made by either of his friends. The hippos which had come to his station, though startled, were evidently not seriously frightened, as in a few minutes they returned to the mud-bank where they had been first seen, and, after some apparent consultation, seemed to decide upon landing again. All remained perfectly still, and in half an hour from the time that the shots had been fired Badenoch again saw the creatures landing. Bucket, who remained close by when the first came past, restrained him from firing, and said, "Wait, Bwana; three small, one big, all same elephant come last. Badenoch, with his heart beating and his rifle ready, followed Bucket's advice, and let three pass by. "Now he come, Sahib; you shoot one, two, quick into him, an if he no kill, take other gun and fire more." Sure enough, a huge monster came up the bank and paused two or three times, as if suspecting danger, and snorted and blew; once he seemed as if going to turn back, but Badenoch restrained himself until he was well away from the bank, when he turned so as to pass inside where Badenoch was kneeling, and came broadside on to him. "Fire, master! shoot! *Piga, piga!*" (shoot, shoot!) yelled Bucket, and the double-barrelled ten gave two reports in quick succession. Badenoch, as he recovered from the heavy recoil, saw his shots had taken effect, but the quarry, though he had fallen, was recovering himself. Snatching his second rifle from the holder, he waited for another chance, when the big beast, though evidently hard hit, and grunting and roaring, came charging at them; Badenoch had enough to do to get clear, whilst his native following, including the redoubtable Bucket, skedaddled in double-quick time. "Here, Smith," to the man from the yacht, "load quick, and we will both fire!" "Ay, ay, sir!" and all four barrels were poured into the animal's side just behind the shoulder at a distance of about six yards. This discharge brought him down again, and, though he groaned and struggled for a few minutes, proved enough to settle him. The other three came rushing down to the river, and were heard splashing away into safety, and Bucket and the natives came back to view the big animal, which proved to be an exceptionally large bull, with very fine tusks. A blue light was fired as a signal of success, and a boat from the yacht and all the party, save Malcolmson, were [illegible] ...lcolmson's people said he had heard [illegible]
and that he would wai[illegible]

the boat passed on the way back to the yacht, and they could put in at the point and pick him up.

A fire was lit, and arrangements made for some of the Dar es Salaam people to watch by the body for the night, and to commence to cut it up in the morning, and the sportsmen and Bucket got into the boat to go on board the *Pearl*; going down the stream the tide was running fast, and they, misjudging the distance, had passed where Malcolmson was stationed, when they were recalled by his firing, and then heard him shouting for them to come to him. On arriving where he was, they found him right down on the muddy foreshore, and half laughing at something; on making inquiries, he told them that, hearing the boat coming down, he had come right down into the muddy foreshore, so as not to detain them when they came, and as they passed he fired his rifle to attract their attention; as he fired, what he had supposed to be a mass of mud, and on which he was just going to step, moved, and proved to be a hippopotamus, which had been lying there, and which as it got up nearly knocked him over; indeed, it was so close to him that he actually touched it with his hand. Unluckily, his rifle was a single-barrelled muzzle-loading eight, which the Consul had lent him, and he therefore had no chance to fire at the animal, but, luckily for him, the beast seemed as much startled as he was, and blundered into the water without stopping to consider what had disturbed his rest.

They were soon on board, and after changing their clothes and having their supper, baccy and pipes, with some brandies and sodas, were discussed under the awnings, and plans made for the next day's campaign. Whilst they were talking, Malcolmson remarked that the *Pearl* had two whalers, which seemed heavier than the boats usually carried by a yacht of her size, and Stevens and Richardson said they had not noticed them when the *Pearl* was at Aden. "Why, no," said Badenoch; "I had not got them then, but at the Seychelles, where I was for about a fortnight, I met an American whaler who had put in there to get fruit and vegetables before starting for New Bedford, as she was full up, and I bought these two boats, with their harpoons, lines, and all their fittings, on the chance of having some amusement out of them; and as none of my crew understood harpooning, I engaged one of the men of the whaler, Jabez White, of Massachusetts, to come with me; and since then, though we haven't been whaling, he has on all opportunities been drilling my men in the way to manage them, and he says that they are as good as can be expected for men who have never had experience." "By Jove, that's capital!" said Malcolmson; "we might have capital fun to-morrow

in harpooning a hippo. What do you say? Let's have Bucket and Jabez aft, and see what they think of it. I'm a good hand with a steer oar, having done a lot of surf work."

Stevens and Richardson thought that they would prefer shooting the animals from a boat, as being less risky, but Badenoch welcomed the idea cordially. Jabez and Bucket were sent for; and the former, when the idea was proposed, said, "Waal, I never calculated to put the irons into a four-footed critter; but as these niggers tell me the animals has blubber for all the world like a whale, I should like to try if a good Salem harpoon and manilla line can do for them what they have done for many a fish." Bucket said that the hippos were often speared on shore by the natives, but he had never seen it done from a boat or canoe, and thought it would be very dangerous. It was soon settled that Bucket, with Stevens and Richardson, should take one whaler and try their luck at shooting, whilst Badenoch and Malcolmson, with Jabez as harpooner, should try the new plan in the other.

"Well, early to bed and early to rise," said Badenoch. "We will have *chota hazree* (early breakfast) at six to-morrow morning, and at seven we will start. You gunners, go up as far as you can, whilst we stop down here, where we have more room." Good-nights were exchanged, and all were soon asleep.

At six the next morning, after a plunge overboard, our friends were all ready for their coffee and toast, and Jabez White busily engaged in seeing his harpoon and lances sharp and in good order, and the lines properly coiled in the tubs clear for running and free from kinks. When he saw Badenoch's servant putting two rifles in the stern sheets, he came and said, "Beg your pardon, Captain, but it seems to me kinder unhandsome for you to use lead and steel; the two military gentlemen may like muskets, but to sailors there is nothing like the harpoon and lance; and once we get fast to a bull like yon you shot last night, I can promise you you'll have rare sport, and I sorter guess you may be glad to learn how to use a lance."

When the gunners had started, the others had their boat manned, and a native sent to the masthead to look out for the first sign of a kiboko blowing in the lower part of the stream. Whilst waiting, Jabez White employed the time in teaching Malcolmson how to hold and use a lance, which, as he had been in the habit of using the grains, and once or twice had harpooned a porpoise, came easy to him. Badenoch had already had lessons in the art. After about half an hour, during which time they heard firing from up the river, showing that the soldiers were having a good time, the welcome hail

came from their look-out of "Viboko vyingi, tele, tele!" (Many hippopotami, plenty, plenty!) And sure enough, there was a regular herd coming down stream, blowing often and in rapid motion. "Jump in, Malcolmson! White, get in the bows!" cried Badenoch, who himself took a passenger's berth in the stern sheets. "Now, White, mind; you won't get home with the harpoon if you strike one on the head; get well on his back or flank." "I guess my iron will get home, and I'll strike as sure as ever I struck a right whale. Pull lightly, men, and obey orders smartly."

The boat soon drew near to the hippos, which were coming down stream, evidently in some commotion; right out in the centre was seen occasionally the head of one which promised to be even larger than the bull shot the night before, and for him Malcolmson steered, White in the bows, with his harpoon ready poised, watching him keenly. "Why, the tarnal critter means mischief, and is coming for us right straight! he's like a gallied whale—don't care what he does. Starn all, men! Pull hard round to starboard, Mr. Malcolmson." The men backed, and Malcolmson swung the boat round, and they just avoided a charge which the hippo made straight at them, and were watching for his next rise when they felt themselves lifted nearly out of the water as he bumped up under the boat; luckily he did not capsize them, and the whaler slid down rocking violently into the water without giving White a chance with the harpoon, although Badenoch managed to plant a lance in him which he left sticking up in his stern like an ensign staff. "Never use a lance before you're fast!" shouted White. "Look, men, he's coming at us again!" This time, as he charged, Malcolmson, guided by the staff of the lance, managed to avoid him, and also to pass so close alongside that White got the harpoon well home into his flank. "Guess we're fast! Now water on the line; he's sounding!" The wounded hippo, however, did not go far, but soon turned and charged the boat again, nearly capsizing her and starting a couple of planks, but White and Badenoch each got a lance home. Two hands had to be set to bale as the boat was leaking fast; but the hippopotamus was evidently badly wounded, and in another charge missed the boat altogether, and, rolling as he passed, exposed his side behind the shoulders, when White put in another lance, deeply this time. The hippo sounded at once and for some time remained below water, and when he again came up to blow, was spouting blood. "Spouting blood? he's done! Haul up to him, lads, and I guess we'll settle him now." White and Malcolmson now changed places, and when they came up to the hippo, planted another lance fair down between his shoulders, with

such force that it went half way up the shaft. Some twenty minutes elapsing without his rising, they buoyed the line and went back to the *Pearl*, which was got under way and brought up to the spot, when the line being brought to the windlass, they hove the hippopotamus up to the surface, and found him to be even larger than they had thought. "That's good work," says Badenoch, "two big fellows already; but it's a bother about the boat; she can be patched enough to use to-morrow, but we can't go after viboko again to-day, the other boats are too small and light. Hallo! what's this?" as he saw a canoe paddling down the stream full speed. "Why, here's Bucket coming! I hope nothing has gone wrong with the soldiers."

Bucket, who was wet through, reported that when they had got some distance up the stream, they found plenty of hippopotami, and wounded one, but that he then turned and charged them and nearly capsized the boat. Stevens, who was standing up on a thwart to fire, was thrown overboard and lost his rifle; whilst they were hauling him in, the brute charged again, and ripped a big hole in the bottom of the boat with his tusks. Luckily, when he had done this damage, he left them, and came down stream with a herd following him. Stevens and Richardson, with the boat's crew, had managed to get ashore, but a boat was wanted to bring them back, and also to tow the whaler down. "Get the gig away, skipper, at once!" was Badenoch's order, whilst he remarked that he did not know so much about hippos as game, after all, with one boat ruined and one damaged, for two of the beasts. As the cutter was leaving, the men who were about the carcase of the one they had harpooned reported that there were three fresh bullet wounds in him, though none were in a fatal place; this accounted fully for his vicious behaviour, and proved he was the one that had smashed the other whaler. Whilst Malcolmson and Badenoch were talking over the morning's work, a steam pinnace from the *London* came into the harbour. She brought news of a serious boat action up near Pemba, in which several men and officers had been wounded, and that two big dhows, which had actually attacked the boats, had made their way into one of the inlets that abound in that island. Two boats were now watching them, and others were to start to cut them out, and Malcolmson was to return at once to take charge of the expedition. Badenoch, together with Stevens and Richardson, asked Malcolmson to take them up to the *London* in the pinnace on the chance of their being permitted to volunteer for the anticipated fight. He consented; so that all our four sportsmen were on their way back to Zanzibar withi[illegible]
having had sport which was [illegible]

time dangerous. Badenoch told his skipper to bring the yacht up as quick as possible after them, when he had secured the heads of the hippos, as he said she might act as a depôt for the boats of the expedition. Steaming up to Zanzibar, many questions were asked about the fighting, and Malcolmson was sorry to hear that two of his messmates were dangerously wounded. The hippopotamus expedition has been exciting and not without danger, thought all; but perhaps the slaving one will prove more exciting and more dangerous.

V. LOVETT CAMERON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

RESISTANCE OF PAPER TO COMBUSTION.

MY note of last December on "Fireproof Paper Structures" has brought me some correspondence. Mr. Luke Sykes, formerly of the London and County and London and Westminster Banks, describes his experience of the results of the great fire at the Royal Exchange on account books "which had been exposed for some hours to the full rage of the fire." Mr. Sykes says, "I saw some of them when they were taken away; they bore marks of smoke and scorching, but beyond that were, as books, uninjured. A large leather-bound book, about a yard square and eight or nine inches thick, was when open quite legible. So little was the paper injured that the corners of the leaves were merely scorched, so as to be rounded off, leaving the figures of the folios quite plain and uninjured." He adds that "it is a common case for a fraudulent trader claiming damages after a fire, when asked to produce his books as evidence to prove the justness of his claim, to say they were totally destroyed in the fire." "Totally?" "Yes, totally, not a vestige remains." "Then we leave you to your legal remedy." He gives further details concerning the salvage at the Royal Exchange fire, and the escape of the books.

Of course large ledgers have a great advantage over ordinary books, and this fire-proof property being so much dependent on size is an additional, though little appreciated, reason for having big books. I am aware that *in some cases* there is just a dash of humbug in these ultra-ponderous ledgers, corresponding to the arrangement between the young medical practitioner and his ex-fellow students, to drive up to his door and ring his night-bell whenever they are out late in his neighbourhood.

COUNT RUMFORD'S RESEARCHES ON GUNPOWDER

AMONG the recent exploits of instantane of presenting a picture of what oc guns. A photograph taken a sho

firing of the *Sultan* shows that the smoke projected from the cannon's mouth has thin trails of fire about its circumference, giving the edge of the cloud the appearance of a porcupine's back bristling with quills. The trails are caused by the ignition of cubes of the pebble powder which have been shot from the gun before their combustion was completed. The *Admiralty and Horse Guards' Gazette* describes these experiments, and the *Army and Navy Journal* of the United States records similar observations made in America.

Count Rumford made experiments on the same subject long before photography was known. A number of previous experiments on the expansive force exerted by small quantities of gunpowder when suddenly exploded in a confined space, led him to infer that in the ordinary firing of gunpowder in fire-arms the explosion must be gradual. To test this he charged muskets with mixed powder, grains of different sizes, "some as small as the finest Battel powder, some as big as large pease." He placed a number of vertical screens of very thin paper one behind the other, 12 inches apart, and fired at them with the musket so charged, sometimes with a wad and sometimes without. He thus perforated the screens with the larger grains of powder, which in some cases passed through quite unburnt, in others fired the paper. The most curious cases were those of the powder passing through the first screen and firing those beyond.

Another form of the experiment was to drop a small piece of red-hot iron into the chamber of a common horse-pistol, then to elevate the pistol about 45° and drop into its barrel one of the small globes of powder about the size of a pea, when "it took fire, and was projected into the atmosphere by the elastic fluid generated in its own combustion, leaving a very beautiful train of light behind it, and disappearing all at once like a falling star."

As our heaviest modern artillery is charged with powder in 1 inch and 1½ inch cubes, the projection of some of these only partially burnt is quite to be expected.

Rumford's inferences are fully confirmed by modern experiments with this cubic powder, which was unknown in his time. Our modern artillerists are only carrying out the principles which he expounded. He clearly foretold the danger of firing such artillery as we now use with ordinary small-grain powder. Such powder would explode completely before the ponderous shot could fairly be set in motion, and produce results on the gun itself similar to those which he obtained by complete explosion of small quantities of fine powder in cavities closed by a heavy weight, the lifting of which supplied his measure of explosive force.

The modern cubes burn on their surface and thereby start the ball; they continue burning and evolving more and more gas as the ball travels along the tube, and, to be perfect, should just complete their combustion as it leaves the mouth of the gun; but such accuracy is not practically attainable, and hence the "porcupine quills" revealed by instantaneous photography.

Carbonic Acid Solidified by Count Rumford in 1792.

IN the essay on gunpowder referred to in the above note is a description of a curious result which Rumford did not understand at the time, and which has evidently been overlooked. I have but just noticed it myself, though previously acquainted with this essay.

To test the explosive force of the powder he placed small quantities in a thick iron cylinder of ¼ inch bore, quite closed at one end, the open end carefully plugged, and a weight 8,081 lbs. resting on the plug. The powder was exploded by applying a red-hot ball to a prolongation of the closed end of the cylinder. In some cases the weight was lifted with "a very sharp and surprisingly loud report," and complete escape of the products of the combustion; but in others the explosive force was insufficient to thus lift the weight, and it therefore occurred in a closed cavity, where the gaseous products of combustion remained confined. Rumford naturally expected that on lifting the weight and thus releasing the confined gases, they would expand with explosive violence similar to that displayed at the moment of their evolution. This however did not occur after the products of combustion "had been suffered to remain a few minutes or even only a few seconds confined in the barrel; for, upon raising the weight by means of its lever, and suffering this vapour to escape, instead of escaping with a loud report, it rushed out with a hissing noise hardly so loud or so sharp as the report of a common air-gun; and its efforts against the leathern stopper by which it assisted in raising the weight were so very feeble as not to be sensible."

On examining the barrel the cause of this diminution of elastic force was discovered, and a further mystery revealed, "for what was undoubtedly in the moment of the explosion in the form of an elastic fluid was now transformed into a *solid body* as hard as stone."

The solid body is described as "of a black colour, or rather of dirty grey, which changed to black upon being exposed to the a[illegible]
had a pungent, acrid, alkaline taste, and smelt like liver of [illegible]
It attracted moisture from the air with great avidity. Be[illegible]
with water, and spirit of nitre being poured upon [illegible]

vescence ensued, attended with a very offensive and penetrating smell." By this description and the conditions of its formation the modern chemist will easily recognise the "solid body" as composed of potassium sulphide, blackened by admixture with a little unburnt carbon. ("Liver of sulphur," which it resembled, is sodium sulphide, and the offensive effervescence was due to the evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen on the application of dilute nitric acid, then known as spirits of nitre.)

But this is not all. The change of colour from dirty grey to black still remains to be explained. Further on Rumford says: "Upon removing the stopper, its lower flat surface appeared entirely covered with an extremely white powder, resembling very light white ashes, but which almost instantaneously changed to the most perfect black colour upon being exposed to the air. The sudden change of colour in this substance upon its being exposed to the air, has led me to suspect that the solid matter found in the barrel was not originally black, but it had become black merely in consequence of its being exposed to the air. The dirty grey colour it appeared to have immediately on its being drilled out of the cavity of the bore, where it had fixed itself, seems to confirm this suspicion."

My inference is that the white evanescent ash-like deposit was solid carbonic acid, the "carbonic acid snow" of Thilorier. It was formed, both when the weight was not raised at all, and when it was just disturbed, with little or no report. The pressure in this latter case, as estimated by Rumford, was 9,431 atmospheres. This is abundantly sufficient to effect the solidification of the carbonic acid which was evolved from the combustion of the charcoal in the powder. Rumford states that the solid substance "attached itself to those parts of the barrel which were *soonest cooled*," and that "none of it was ever found in the lower part of the vent tube where it was kept hot by the red-hot ball by which the powder was set on fire." The mass of metal in the barrel being considerable (it was 2·82 inches in diameter, the bore only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch), the cooling effected by its conduction would be proportionate.

Those who are acquainted with the properties of carbonic acid snow and its behaviour when exposed freely, will recognise their correspondence with what occurred to the white substance as described by Rumford, and will doubtless agree with my conclusion respecting it. He does not say whether he attempted to handle it. Had he done so with an appreciable quantity he would have been still more astonished than he was. He commends the subject very earnestly for further examination, suggests a repetition of the experi-

ment in a very strong glass tube, and offers some curious speculations concerning its bearing on the then vexed question of the separate and substantive existence of caloric.

DUST AND LIGHTNING.

DR. ANDRIES has a paper in the February number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, in which he states that the accidents from lightning are greatly increasing—that during the last 50 years the increase has been from three- to five-fold. According to his statistics the proportion is 1 to 5 in Bavaria. He attributes this mainly to the increase of manufactories, locomotives, &c., and the consequent loading of the air with smoke, steam, and particles ot dust of all kinds. Such particles, according to his experiments and those of others, increase the intensity of electrical disturbances in the atmosphere. He admits the action of other causes, such as the decrease of forests rendering houses and other buildings more prominent objects in a given region, but regards the dust as far more potent, in causing a greater number of bolts to strike the earth now than formerly.

Assuming the accuracy of his statistics, the facts are in direct contradiction to the accepted theories of the action of lightning conductors. These are supposed to effect a silent discharge, thereby restoring equilibrium, and preventing disruptive discharge; and as factory chimneys and other tall buildings are usually provided with conductors, they should act as protectors in proportion to their increase.

If Dr. Andries is right such places as the Upper Engadine, &c., where there is so little dust, should be especially exempt from such storms. Dr. Andries says that the southern half of the globe is less liable to accident by lightning than the northern half.

I am rather sceptical concerning the facts. Statistical records may show the increased number of accidents, but unless we can prove that the observations and the recording have been equally thorough in the periods compared, the comparison has little or no value. Fifty years ago such records were very indifferently kept.

"CREDE BYRON."

IN the *Cornhill Magazine* of March (page 244) I find "
"In the year of the great exhibition of 18[illegible]
London a brilliant young man, of distinguish

manner, who announced himself, though not loudly or obtrusively, as Byron's son; with a quantity of his father's correspondence and Shelley's, which he was anxious to edit; and further anxious to rearrange and collate many of the poet's letters, which had already appeared, and some which had not. With an engaging air, then, and be it said, the strongest personal resemblance to his supposititious father," &c., &c. The writer goes on to tell of his borrowing from well-known collectors letters of Byron, which he copied, and returning the copies sold the originals; and further of his detection, his flight to America, and probable end as a petty officer in the American Civil War.

In 1845 I was engaged in the business of electro-depositing, then an infant art. I had a small establishment in Greville Street, Hatton Garden. In September of that year (as I find by reference to my diary) a gentleman, who called himself George Byron, brought a seal impressed in wax, requiring a matrix copy in copper, which I made. He told me that he was a son of Lord Byron, and that the seal was the family crest. It represented a mermaid, and below was written, "Crede Byron," an allusion, as he explained, to the founder of the family, Commodore Byron, the well-known geographical explorer, who served under Lord Anson in 1740-44. My new acquaintance was very communicative, and told me that he had letters of Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Lord Byron, besides many other interesting relics. A few days after the seal-business was completed, he called again, asked me to lend him five shillings, as he had seen a book at a book-stall that he desired to purchase, but had not enough cash. I did so, and he punctually repaid me, but, on the afternoon of the same day, called again to borrow half a crown, having seen another book. This was similarly repaid, and also several other loans, never exceeding a few shillings, and some as small as sixpence; the sixpence being required to carry him home to Greenwich when he had been tempted to spend his final coppers for old books. He told me that his wife kept him thus short of cash in consequence of his book-buying propensities.

He was by no means "a brilliant young man, of distinguished appearance and manner." Had he been, I should not have lent him the five shillings, for even at that early age I had seen enough of the world to understand brilliant people, who do the "distinguished" in their make-up and manner, and borrow half-crowns. He was, on the contrary, a quiet, dreamy man, somewhat of an oddity; his general appearance and manner being quite consistent with his confessions of

inability to resist the fascinations of an old book-stall, and his wife's refusal to trust him with loose cash.

He invited me to see his treasures, and accordingly on Sunday, October 19th, I went to Greenwich, where he resided (at the Yacht Club Tavern, if I remember rightly), dined with him, and returned the next morning. He showed me a lock of Lord Byron's hair, and a few of his letters, but the largest part of his collection consisted of a great packet of correspondence between Mary Wollstonecraft and Shelley. I read several of these letters, found them all very stupid, about equally so on both sides. All those by Mary Wollstonecraft began with "Sweet Elf." This is all I remember of the nonsense.

Some time afterwards I read in the papers of an explosion of the Shelley correspondence as a forgery. My impression then was that this George Byron was a monomaniac rather than an ordinary deliberate swindler. As to whether he was really a son of Lord Byron, I have no opinion either way; certainly I saw no resemblance to the portraits of the poet, though I looked for it. I specify the dates certified by my diary, as they do not agree with the *Cornhill*, unless he spent six years in preparing the 1851 flash, and the assumption of the family crest by means of my electrotype was a preliminary.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

The Escape of the Howietown Trout Farm.

THE attempt on the part of the borough of Falkirk to turn to its own use the waters of Loch Coulter, and the consequent menace to the trout farm at Howietown, to which I drew attention last month, are now things of the past. After hearing evidence as to the nature, extent, and importance of the fisheries at Howietown the committee of the House of Lords at once threw out the proposed Act. On this there is every reason to congratulate the public. An account of the institution which has thus escaped destruction, interesting as it might be, is unsuited to this portion of the *Gentleman's Magazine.* I content myself accordingly with noting in connection with it one or two facts not generally known in piscicultural circles. The chief food of the grown trout of four to nine years of age, which are kept for spawning purposes, are clams, of which there is a tremendous consumption. Horseflesh which has passed through a sausage machine is also acceptable to the fish. The fry are fed upon a preparation of fillet of beef and eggs, brought to the consistency of a species of paste, and driven through a machine, which brings it out in long, worm-like threads, which the fry eagerly attack. The fishery is situated in a highly romantic part of Stirlingshire, and on the site of the battle of Bannockburn. A scientific or a literary explorer, with any right to make the application, may spend a few highly remunerative hours in inspecting these fisheries under the charge of Sir James Maitland, Bart., by whom they have been established, and to whom every invention and discovery on the farm are due.

The Latest Additions to the National Gallery.

SLOWLY but surely the National Gallery is working its way to the front among the great collections of the principal European capitals. Recent acquisitions are important from whatever point of view they are regarded. Especially satisfactory is it to the student of English art to see the gaps filled up in what must necessarily be

in this respect before all things a representative collection. The two painters whose works have been last added to the National Gallery are Frederick Walker and D. G. Rossetti. Until the exhibition of his works two or three years ago Rossetti was the least known of modern painters. No picture of his had been on the wall of the Royal Academy, and to the vast majority of Englishmen he was a name and nothing more. His "Annunciation," which has been purchased by Sir Frederick Burton, is in every sense representative both of the working of Rossetti's own mind and of the aims and tendencies of pre-Raphaelitism. The sincerity of the workmanship and the absence of purely conventional grace are not more remarkable than the tenderness of the execution and the brilliancy of the colour. It has received the high praise of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Walker's brilliant picture, "The Vagrants," which is the second acquisition, has won no less eloquent praise from Mr. Swinburne, who, with characteristic happiness, dwells upon "the low marsh with its cold lights of grey glittering waters here and there; the stunted brushwood; the late and pale sky; the figures gathering about the kindling fire, sad and wild and worn and untamable; the one stately shape of a girl erect, her passionate, beautiful face seen across the smoke of the scant fuel." These acquisitions from the Grahame collection are in the highest degree judicious.

Liszt in London.

THE performance of Liszt at the Royal Academy of Music is one of the things which the memory will not, to use the words of Milton, "willingly let die." To describe his performances of "Das Lithuanische Lied," which by its magical and dream-like perfection of beauty tore and rent the audience, is a task wholly outside my powers. Its effect was not only like some magical root to "take the reason prisoner," but to leave for hours afterwards a feeling of exaltation that seemed to interpose a barrier between the hearer and all common or outside influences. An influence such as this is not unknown in the case of other arts, especially the histrionic, but is most frequent in the case of music. The strangely-refined, intellectual, and venerable appearance of Liszt added to the effect, but was in no sense responsible for it. To the majority of those present this was the first time the great pianist had been heard. One result of his playing was to leave no room for surprise at the honours now the custom to award an executant. Just as the empire of beauty, necessarily brief, contains triumph enough to fill

the empire of the performer, which can only last while he lives, has an intensity which no other profession knows. Memories of Malibran are preserved only by a few veteran "melomaniacs," those of Paganini are revived by the comparisons which the visit of Liszt has produced. It might almost be thought that the precariousness of the tenure of honour added to the desire of the public to render signal the triumph.

Mr. Goschen on Reading.

THE analogy between reading and eating, if it does not "run on all fours," is at least sufficiently close and apt to answer most purposes of comparison. Eat slowly and temperately of wholesome food, and the result will assumably be benefit. So with reading. The amount that is assimilated is that which does good, the remainder is mere waste and lumber. This is practically all that can be said upon reading, and each successive lecturer and writer but reshapes the same advice. Mr. Goschen's lecture in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, on the subject of "Hearing, Reading, and Thinking," repeated this counsel. According to Mr. Goschen, who has exceptional opportunities of forming a judgment, the curse of reading, as of all modern pursuits, is hurry. We take our food in its most concentrated form, we speed at lightning pace on our journeys through the most beautiful scenery, and we bolt our intellectual food. True as it can be is all this, and it needs neither "ghost from beyond the grave," nor ex-Cabinet Minister on a mission of instruction to teach it us. Yet it is all that is to be said, and Mr. Goschen is to be commended for saying it. Endless repetition is necessary to fix anything in the public mind. Perhaps the very best advice that can be given to the general reader is to abandon the effort to keep pace with current literature, and to take up the history and literature of an epoch and give half his time to the task of mastering them in their various aspects. We live, it is true, on to-day and not on yesterday. He alone, however, is capable to form any estimate whatever of to-day who knows something of yesterday.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
JUNE 1886.

A SICILIAN DOCTOR.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

THAT dreadful Doctor! He was dreadful, no doubt, but he was the best to be found in Syracuse, and we had to make the best of him—as we made the best of the queer food, ramshackle accommodation, and big brass brazier, with a wooden ledge for the feet, that was supposed to warm our fireless room. Fortunately, my husband's illness was not very severe, and although it was maddening to hear profound quiet enjoined by a physician who lavished on us visits of two hours at a stretch, night and morning, talking all the while in a boisterous voice, and varying his professional discourse by lively anecdotes of Garibaldian fights and dramatic reference to cannonades and volleys of musketry, our patient recovered in spite of the noise. Certainly the fever could never have been of the typhoidal character taken for granted by the too loquacious doctor, or my poor Antonio would have been killed outright by those stentorian performances.

After all, things might have been worse, and, if Antonio had to fall ill on his sketching tour, it was well that he only broke down at Syracuse instead of Girgenti or Calatafimi. As he began to get better we could afford to laugh at our overwhelming physician, and to think the lowering treatment insisted on by him a salutary counterpoise to his extremely heating conversation. But there were moments when we both longed to throw the man out of window, and when the sight of his unwieldy, hippopotamus-like form and the boom of his Sicilian voice almost drove us to desperation—for he still came twice a day, and evidently having but few patients on his list lengthened his evening calls. It was no use for Antonio to shut his eyes and pre-tend to go to sleep; the only effect of that manœuvre was to Rospini to address himself pointedly to me and pour o —generally too broad for repetition—for my excl

This was kind, not to say magnanimous, for I had had frequent passages at arms with him; had sniffed at his antiquated treatment of fever, and naturally owed him a grudge for the wild terror he had caused me by his false prophecies of the worst typhoidal symptoms. But he was not offended; remained impervious to all hints as to Antonio's need of rest, and never realised that we longed to see him take up his hat and go. However flattering, his pleasure in our company was inconvenient, and we could not reciprocate it. At all events, I couldn't: Antonio was more lenient, and began to hope that Dr. Rospini loved him too much to charge for superfluous visits. I need not say that the idea was unfounded.

At last, as a forlorn hope against boredom, I took to studying our pertinacious friend, both as regarded the inner and outer man; made thumbnail sketches of him during his displays of eloquence, noted his peculiarities of speech and gesture, and listened to his varied conversation. His person was short, thickset, bull-necked, but his square, fleshy face was saved from commonness by his lively, light eyes and massive brows. He had an actor's mouth, with full, mobile lips, that sometimes took a humorous twist, but were oftener thrust out like those of a fish, and grotesquely emphasized his speech. His loud voice had a queer, resonant, southern twang, that always reminded me of the leathery smack of genuine old Marsala. There was a fund of waste power in the man. He had much learning, much thought, much versatility of mind, but lacked the cohesive power that alone turns faculties to account. His "gift of the gab" had been fatal to him. His best energies evaporated in talk. His vanity had baited the snare. One could see that he had the habit of holding forth to an admiring audience and had never learned to despise the poor triumph of dazzling inferior minds. He was a type of the coffee-house scientist and politician so common in Southern Italy. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

To hear such men talk, their energy seems fit to cope with the hardest problems, their will-power of the stuff to dominate the world; but in fact they have too much to say to be able to do, and their theories remain unhatched to the last. So it was with Dr. Rospini. To hear him discourse on Antonio's fever, for instance! How he hammered away at the smallest details, and fired off volleys of Latin terms! How, not content with going over and over the same ground, he showed us all the workings of his mind with respect to the case, and the exact path of reasoning leading to such and such—often doubtful—conclusion! There was no end to it, and, somehow, even the large clumsy gestures emphasizing his words failed to

bring conviction to my soul. He seemed often intoxicated by his own eloquence, and digressing into the fields of literature and science would bawl with increasing vigour until his poor hearers were almost crazed by the tempest of sound. He was acutely patriotic, and never tired of dilating on the merits of his own birthplace. To hear him it might have been supposed that neither London nor New York could hold a candle to Messina, while no other Sicilian town was to be mentioned in the same breath. The grandeur of Messina was unrivalled, not only in commerce, but as a centre of science, statecraft, and intellectual progress in general. Messina was Liberal to the core, was tolerant, enlightened; Messina's school of medicine was foremost not only in Sicily, in Italy, but—and here, with a comprehensive gesture, Dr. Rospini demolished at a blow the Faculties of Paris, Vienna, and every other capital. The ancient glories of Salerno's healing art were nothing to those of his Messina. Palermo! he sniffed at it. Syracuse! it was beneath contempt. Why did he honour it by his presence? Well, he was tied by family reasons, would give no details, but, *Basta!* we might understand: and the emphatic wave of his stumpy hands with which he, as it were, swept Syracuse out to sea, gave us to understand a great deal.

"And what of Catania?" I meekly suggested with a sly glance at my invalid.

"Catania!" roared our friend, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang that set the quinine bottles dancing: "Catania is a *hole*, a mediæval *hole*!" Then he paused, protruded both lips, and glared at Antonio and me with the air of one who had finally knocked a question on the head. Then, with a snorting laugh, "I'll give you a notion of Catania. Once upon a time I was asked to give a lecture at the University there. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'you are aware that I am a disciple of Darwin?' The big-wigs shuddered, shrank from me as though I were stricken with the plague.

"'A disciple of that excommunicated atheist?' they gasped, and they never troubled me again. The sort of lecture to please them," pursued the Doctor in a mocking falsetto, "was one I heard delivered there by a learned professor of the city. It turned on the interpretation of a passage of Scripture, Matthew xvii. 27, regarding the tribute money. According to some commentators the miraculous fish with the piece of money in its mouth was indubitably the *sgombero*, or mackerel, that is so abundant in Sicilian waters. 'B[illegible]
lecturer, 'I always had doubts upon this hea[illegible]
matter with my eminent friend, Mons

me that after much study he had come to the conclusion that the *sgombero* being a salt-water fish could scarcely be an inhabitant of the Sea of Galilee. And he became so interested in the question that he set off to Palestine to sift the matter for himself. Following the example of the Apostle Peter he cast a hook into the lake, and presently captured a prodigious eel. The mystery was solved at once: eels have a species of pouch behind their gills, so the fish with the tribute money must have been an eel. Here, gentlemen, is the head of the eel caught by Monsignore in the Sea of Galilee, and there is the pouch behind the gills.' That is what passes for science at Catania," sneered the doctor. "Do you think such rubbish would go down at Messina? No! Messina keeps pace with modern thought."

"But I've heard that the Clericals are still pretty strong there, too," gently suggested Antonio.

Doctor Rospini leapt from his chair. "The Clericals? Peuh! They can't do much harm now, my good sir—— But yes—" and he pressed a finger against his nose—"they were rather powerful years ago. I was a match for them, however," and he chuckled loudly. "Don't you know the story of the Baron's body? No? Then I'll tell it you."

And plumping squarely down on his chair again the Doctor began as follows:—

"Young as you are, you must have heard of that valiant Liberal, Baron N——, and all his good deeds in Messina. During the great cholera outbreak he did the work of twenty men, tending the sick night and day, feeding the widows and orphans, and spurring the authorities to fresh exertions. Well, he did too much; for at the end of the epidemic he broke down, was attacked by typhoid, and had no strength to fight it. His case was almost hopeless from the first, and he knew it. As you are aware he was an advanced thinker, the leader of our anti-Clerical party, and he determined to stick to his colours. He was sure the 'Blacks' would make a fight for his soul, and try to get the credit of bringing him back to the fold *in extremis.* There should be no death-bed confession for him. But he foresaw that as the end drew near his pious kindred would leave him no peace and would bring a swarm of priests about his bed. So he called to me, and said: 'Look here, Rospini, old friend! Things are going ill with me, so, while still of sound mind and will, I beg you to remember that it is my express command that no priest shall come near me. I refuse to confess; I refuse to receive the sacrament. Later, my will-power may fail with my bodily strength,

and I might yield to the importunities of brother and friends, Therefore, I solemnly charge you to keep the 'Black dogs' out of my sight. Then, summoning his servants, he told them that he was dying, and enjoined them to admit no one to his room without my leave. 'Remember,' he concluded, 'any one asking to see me, must first speak with Dr. Rospini. He, and he only, is authorised to grant an interview with me.'

"The poor Baron had judged rightly of his state, and grew rapidly worse. The clergy soon knew of it, and an eminent Monsignore came to the door and asked to see the sick man. He was duly introduced to me, and the sourness of his face showed his dislike to an interview with a Darwinian like myself. He stiffly mentioned his wish to speak with the Baron, and inquired what hope there might be of his recovery. I told him that my poor friend could scarcely last for more than forty-eight hours.

"'Then it is imperative to see him at once—to administer the last offices of religion. I presume you have no objection?'

"'I? Certainly not. Unfortunately, I have no voice in the matter. The Baron has expressly forbidden me to allow any priest to approach him.'

"'H—m! H—m! A sick-bed caprice, no doubt. Surely, my good sir, you would not wish to deprive your patient of the blessed consolations of the Church?'

"'My wishes are not in question,' I answered, with a shrug. 'I cannot disobey my friend's orders. No priest is to go near him.'

"The Monsignore urged his request still more pressingly, but at last had to take his answer and go. But he was not defeated yet. He went straight to the Syndic, a noted adherent of the Black party, and lodged a complaint against me. Thereupon the Syndic sent for me and questioned my right to exclude his reverend friend. I stated the facts, and refused to break my promise to the dying man. The Syndic next tried another dodge. He wrote to the Baron's brother to the effect that the parish priest desired to pay a friendly visit to poor N——.

"The request was communicated to the Baron, who, immediately sending for me, whispered his fears that this was a fresh move on the part of the 'Black dogs': 'Yet,' he added, 'I can't well refuse admittance. The Parroco is a worthy man, and there has been a coldness between us ever since I prevented him from being chosen Rector of the University. I should be glad to shake hands with him once more, but you [illegible] bear witness that he came only as a frien[illegible]

"The same evening the Parroco came and the Syndic also, but the latter was shown into the drawing-room. I was sitting on one side of the bed, the Baron's brother on the other. He slipped away directly the priest appeared; I remained at my post. In a few moments a servant came with the message that the Syndic had something important to say to me. I shook my head, was very sorry, but must beg to be excused for the moment. The Parroco sat bending over the patient, murmuring soft speeches, but every now and then glanced impatiently at me. There was another knock at the door, another urgent call from the Syndic. My poor friend turned his head towards me, and whispered faintly, 'Better go, dear old friend! I'll call you back if necessary.'

"I went, and, if you'll believe me, no sooner had I closed the door than that blackguardly Parroco threw off the mask, and, assuming a confessional tone, bade the Baron think of his soul.

"'That is my own concern! I have nothing to say to you, nothing to do with you, save as a friend. Here, Rospini, Rospini, come back! Come back!' You may be sure I wasn't far off, and at his first cry I returned to the room.

"There was my poor friend, half sitting up, panting, angry, excited.

"'Doctor!' he gasped. 'Take witness that I refuse to confess, that I dismiss this worthy gentleman who tried to trap me into confessing my sins to him. Go, reverend sir, go at once!' And with trembling fingers he pointed to the door. The baffled priest slunk away, and the Syndic went too.

"A few hours later the Baron died; next morning his brother came to me weeping and wringing his hands, 'What shall we do, Doctor, what shall we do?' he cried. 'The clergy refuse my poor brother Christian burial. Ah, if he had at least pretended to confess! *Poveri noi! Poveri noi!*'

"I tried to cheer him; bade him leave everything to me. 'Never mind, if they do refuse to bury the body. It's of no consequence.' The man stared at me, gaping with amazement. 'What do you mean with your "never mind" and "no consequence"? He must be buried, you know!'

"I couldn't waste time explaining things to the poor ninny, so I left him gaping. I knew what must be done, and went tearing round Messina in search of things to embalm my friend's body. I was in despair about the principal ingredients, when I ran against a good friend of mine, a silk manufacturer, and luckily related my perplexity.

"'If arsenic will do without the other things, I can let you have any quantity of that!'

"Said and done! We were saved. I threw my arms round the man's neck in a transport of gratitude. The same evening, with the aid of the trembling brother, I conveyed the corpse to a quiet villa outside the town, and set to work with my arsenic. By sunrise next morning I had converted my poor friend into a mummy as dry as a stick, and had even given him a fine coat of brown varnish.

"Now we could defy the priests; no burial rites were needed. The baron was safely locked up in a cupboard in his own—or, rather, in his brother's—house. For a time all went well, but then the heir's superstitious fears revived. Everybody knew that the body was still above ground; people were raising an outcry against him; the authorities beginning to threaten, etc., etc. So he again came to me weeping and wringing his hands. I had got him into the mess—I must get him out of it.—And I did.

"The commandant of the citadel had just been changed, and by good luck the new man was a Liberal. So I went to him, told him the whole story, and asked leave to bury the Baron within the precincts of the fortress. The request was immediately granted; we interred our mummy in the courtyard, and there it reposed in peace until the downfall of the Bourbon rule. Then the corpse was exhumed, and with all due honour and solemnity properly buried in the new Campo Santo of Messina.

"There was no cremation in those days, you see," concluded the doctor, with a sly twinkle, "or I might have given the 'Black dogs a still stronger shock."

EVOLUTION IN ARCHITECTURE.

THE disciple of Darwin labours under one disadvantage. The periods necessary for maturing the changes which he investigates being so immeasurably superior to those relating to ordinary mundane affairs, he cannot verify the sequence of the events by the independent testimony of contemporary history. It would be interesting to apply the theories of development and natural selection to some department of knowledge in which we could have that aid.

Human society is so largely subject to the influence of emotions which appear to have little or nothing in common with the orderly operation of natural laws, and its course is so chequered with action and reaction, that it is often difficult to follow any particular line of progress for a length of time. Examples of regular development are, however, not wanting, and one of the most striking is to be found in the history of architecture. To a person ignorant of such history there would appear to be no connection between a Gothic cathedral and a Greek temple, beyond the facts that both were buildings of stone, and both had been dedicated to religious worship; yet that one has been evolved out of the other is a matter of simple demonstration. We can supply all the links of the chain by referring to edifices still standing, the times and circumstances of the erection of many of which have been detailed by the general historian.

To find the source from which the European nations have derived the art of building in stone, we must look to the land of the Pharaohs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from the Greeks it was taken up by the Romans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colonisation. The similarity, in regard to the constructive parts, of the ancient Greek buildings to some of those found in Egypt of older date, affords strong confirmation of the tradition that the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians. The Greeks, however, in adopting it added a new feature, the pediment, and the reason for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the protection from the

climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof, supported by walls, or pillars with architraves, is quite sufficient; but when, as in all European countries, rain has to be taken into account, a slanting roof becomes a necessity. The Greeks, with their eye for symmetry, provided for this by forming the roof with a central ridge, at an obtuse angle, from which it sloped down equally on either side. The triangular space thus formed at the end of the building above the architrave was occupied by the pediment, and this part of the façade, which owed its birth to the exigencies of climate, was thenceforth regarded as so essential to the artistic completeness of the work that it was said that if a temple were to be erected in the celestial regions, where rain would not be possible, the pediment could not be omitted.

Both the Egyptians and the Greeks were satisfied with bridging over the openings of doors and windows, and the spaces between columns, by means of the architrave, a mode of construction which involved the necessity of using long blocks of stone. But the Romans, whose enterprise took a wider range, were not content to labour under such restrictions. In their engineering works they were familiar with the principle whereby blocks of comparatively small size, arranged in a semicircular form, can be made to hold together without support from beneath, except at the two ends of the series, by being arranged in the form of a semicircle; and applying this principle to architecture, they not only gave to art a freedom it never before enjoyed, but conferred on it a new element of beauty. The arch, unknown to the Greeks—or, if known, not made use of in their temples—and employed by the Romans in the first instance from utilitarian motives, has ever since been an important, often the most important, feature in architectural works.

The Roman architect was thus in possession of all the constructive elements—pillar, architrave, pediment, and arch—which distinguish an architectural edifice from a building merely made up of walls and a roof. Without speculating as to the origin of pillar and architrave, with their subsidiary elements of plinth, capital, cornice, &c., it is clear that the last two—the pediment and the arch—resulted from the pressure of new and external circumstances. Into the history of the orders we need not enter. Their function is that of ornament, and the choice of their forms was probably governed by considerations of taste rather than the requirements of situation. The Classic architecture in the best examples presents all the characteristics of a finished and matured art; and if the old civili-

maintained, in the old places, though an additional order or two might perhaps have been invented for the sake of variety, there is no indication that there would have been any important change in the style of building. The disintegration of the Roman Empire, however, and the triumph of the barbarians, brought into play an entirely new set of forces, and prepared the way for that wonderful series of beautiful and ever-varying creations which we know by the name of Gothic architecture.

Can we discover what it was that inspired the mediæval builders in the production of forms of so much beauty, often at times when all other arts were dead, and gross ignorance abounded? One consideration may help us. The periods of the Gothic styles (including those which led up to the styles to which the term is sometimes restricted) are precisely those which are called the *dark ages*; and in the successive changes through which the art passed in those ages can we not perceive a *yearning for light*—light in a threefold sense—religious, artistic, and physical?

First, moral or *religious* light. An upward tendency now begins to manifest itself. There is an evident disposition to make the buildings appear as if springing up from the earth, instead of resting upon it. In the temples of antiquity, all the principal lines are horizontal, in agreement with the surface of the earth; in the mediæval buildings the tendency of the prevailing lines is to assume a vertical position, pointing heavenward.

2. Artistic *lightness*. The Greeks and Romans appear to have paid little regard to economy of material in the construction of their public edifices. Many of their works seem to rely for their effect chiefly upon their massive grandeur. But the Gothic architects seem to have been distressed with the weight of the material in which they worked. They found means, from time to time, to diminish its weightiness, in appearance at least, by diapering, moulding, and tracery.

3. *Physical* light. Under the semi-tropical skies of Southern Europe, little regard had to be paid to this blessing, beyond providing against its excess. On the removal of the centres of civilisation northwards the openings for the admission of the light of day became objects of solicitude, and thenceforth the windows are the principal parts of the wall in which they are pierced.

A naturalist of the new school might describe to us the changes which would be induced in a plant or other organism translated from the sunny climate of its birth to the cold and murky atmosphere of the north, and surviving, by virtue of its "fitness" for a place in its

new home. Let us follow, as rapidly as possible, the behaviour of the art of building in like circumstances. In doing so we may conveniently take the examples to be found in our own island; for although the Gothic architecture prevailed throughout the greater part of Europe during the middle ages, it ran its course with greater regularity, and for a much longer period, in England than on the Continent. Owing chiefly to its geographical position, this country was the first to lose the connection with imperial Rome, and the last to feel the full force of the Renaissance.

The first effect of the new state of things was in a direction completely opposed to the aspirations to which we have referred. The general sense of insecurity which followed the withdrawal of the Roman legions made the strength of their walls the first care of the early builders, and windows and doors were necessarily reduced to the narrowest dimensions. Hence the heavy character of the styles denominated Romanesque, represented in this country by Saxon and Early Norman works. The relative measurements established by classic taste were everywhere ignored by the Christianised barbarians; and if even our rude Saxon forefathers could have appreciated them, they must have been abandoned through necessity. There are no complete buildings in this country which can be pronounced with certainty to be genuine Saxon works. For a description of the buildings of that period we are dependent on the accounts of early writers, aided by fragments which have been incorporated with works of later construction. The Saxon churches are described as low, small, and mean, with very thick walls, and floors sunk below the level of the ground.

For four hundred years our ancestors endured these dark dismal stone erections—that is to say, where they enjoyed the luxury of a stone church, for probably at that time most of their religious buildings were, like their houses, of wood. Two interesting features, however, relieve this dreary period. One is the triangular-headed window, a remarkable anticipation of the pointed arch; and the other, the insertion of a small pillar in the centre of some windows, which is evidently the forerunner of the mullion. An excellent example of a window in which both these peculiarities are combined is to be seen at Barton-upon-Humber. The date is about A.D. 800.

Towards the end of the tenth century a first step was made in the direction we have indicated, by raising the central portion of the building above the roof, in the form of a low, square tower. This served as a lantern for the admission of light. In the eleventh century, when the Norman period commenced, the upward tendency

was much more marked. The buildings generally were more lofty, and the tower especially was heightened. The splaying of windows—a device evidently brought about by the desire to obtain the maximum of light through the narrow openings in thick walls—now became general. The early Norman buildings retain in general the Romanesque character of massiveness, but efforts to relieve this are apparent in the rich carving of doorways, the occasional wreathing or other decoration of heavy supporting pillars, and the use of light arcades for mere ornament. The circular section of the pillar is no longer strictly adhered to, but hexagonal and octagonal pillars are freely used, and sometimes four shafts are combined into one pillar, the commencement of the clustered form so conspicuous in later styles. But the most important invention of this period was the buttress, which rendered it possible to raise the height of a wall considerably without the necessity of adding uniformly to its thickness.

In the twelfth century architecture began to develop in well-defined forms the peculiar character which we distinguish by the term Gothic. With the view, doubtless, of providing more effectually against the inclemency of northern climates, the pitch of the roof had been raised, until, at the time to which we refer, the ancient pediment had grown into the mediæval gable. Another important change was the introduction of the pointed arch. Of the writers who have put forward their own particular views as to the origin of the pointed arch, it may be said their name is legion. The theory that it was suggested by the interlacing of the branching of trees is a pretty one, but, we fear, must be relegated to the domain of poetic fancy. It would have had more force if it could have been applied to Classic architecture, and not to Gothic, as the worship in groves is intimately connected with paganism, whereas the Christian religion is associated in its early days with caves and catacombs. The hypothesis that it is an importation from the East, one of the results of the Crusades, has much to be said in its favour. Pointed arches had long been used in Oriental buildings, and they are even found in Assyrian remains. The intersection of arches carried to alternate pillars in ornamental arcades—a form frequently met with in Norman buildings—produces a perfect pointed arch. But whatever was the immediate cause of the adoption of this form, it is an expression in a high degree of the principles which governed the development of the art in the middle ages. It marks a distinct advance in the pursuit of light, in all the three senses mentioned above. Not only is the central portion higher than that of a semicircular arch, but the construction is such as to suggest that the support of the pillar is

carried upwards through the imposts into the arch itself, instead of the force being directed downwards, as in the Roman arch.

The pointed arch made its appearance in the several countries of Europe almost simultaneously, but it took nearly a hundred years to entirely supplant the round arch. During that time pointed and round arches were used indifferently in the same building, as occasion might require or taste dictate; but in the thirteenth century the pointed form was finally established. Another change is now apparent, showing the application of a principle which, perhaps more than any other, distinguishes the best examples of Gothic architecture—a desire to rely for the beauty of the work on the form and arrangement of the constituent parts, and to make it as independent as possible of added decoration. This is evidenced by the deeply cut mouldings, in continuous lines, strongly marking out the construction, which are so noticeable in what are called "Early English" buildings. More lightness is also obtained by means of clustered pillars, moulded arches, tracery in the windows, and especially by the use of buttresses. The buttresses, first used to give additional strength to an already substantial wall, were completely altered in form. Instead of being, as in the Norman period, broad and flat, projecting but slightly from the surface of the wall, they were now placed with their breadth at right angles to the wall. They were also lightened by being divided into stages, and divided in their lower parts by arches. By this arrangement the weight of the roof and upper portions of the building was transferred to points outside the walls, and this enabled immense progress to be made in the light-seeking principle by leaving a much larger portion of the sides of the building available for windows.

The art having now assumed a definite and decided character, the succeeding varieties of style show a steady progression on the lines established. The simple pointed arch was formed by describing it from two centres instead of one; by using more centres, trefoils and quatrefoils were obtained, and the intersection of the circles produced the cusp, another form of point. Points now appear everywhere; buttresses are prolonged into pinnacles, and towers are surmounted by spires. Ribs under arches and vaults are multiplied, to distract the eye from the weight of the material which they appear to support. Horizontal lines and divisions gradually disappear, or are broken up, until in some cases there is no line to mark where wall ends and roof begins. Even the beautiful geometrical forms of the fourteenth century had to give way to the perpendicular, which in the fifteenth century reigned supreme.

As an example of mediæval architecture at the

development it was permitted to reach, we may take the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, one of the finest specimens of advanced Gothic art in Christendom. On entering the chapel the prevalence of the upward principle is at once apparent. On either side innumerable vertical lines lead the eye upwards from the richly decorated ground panels to the gorgeous walls, which are of crystal, for the stonework is seen only as the framing of the glass, as the division between the windows. The light of day is not admitted plain and undivided, to show up fresco or canvas, but, resolved into its constituent colours, it is forced itself to paint, in rainbow tints which no surface pigment could produce, the chief events connected with the religion of the worshippers. First we see depicted the scenes of old Bible story. Past these pictures—through them—the lines flow up, and show us the corresponding incidents and revelations of the New Dispensation. Type is succeeded by antitype, and the dim teachings of the Law are seen perfected in the clear light of the Gospel. Still upward fly the lines. Drawn in dull, heavy stone as they are, they cannot lead us up to Heaven, but, having helped to point the way, they divide into branching curves, and bound our upward vision with a canopy or roof of spreading fairy fans. This roof is really a vault of solid masonry, in some places more than three feet thick, yet there is not a single pillar to indicate that it needs support from below. Not an inch of the material is hid, but by simply chiselling its surface the ponderous mass is completely veiled by the cobweb texture of the tracery. To appreciate the solidity of the structure, we must ascend and inspect the rough upper-surface of the stone. Only then do we become sensible of the weight of the huge blocks, some of them weighing over a ton, which, by the masterly system of vaulting, are made, simply by the force of their own gravity, to bridge over the awful abyss beneath. To find the source from which the enormous weight of this roof derives its support we must go outside the building and examine the buttresses which flank the building on either side. The strength of these is not apparent at first sight, for the lower parts, of course the most massive, are masked by connecting walls, and the intervening spaces thus enclosed are utilised as chantries, leaving only the upper and lighter portions visible. On comparing this chapel with some of the richest Italian interiors, the peculiar character of beauty already referred to as distinguishing Gothic art is at once perceptible; the decoration, instead of being superadded, is bound up with the construction; the parts themselves are made to provide the ornament. From an æsthetic point of

view this noble chapel is a consummate work of art; as an example of mechanical ingenuity it is a triumph of engineering skill.

This work was commenced in the middle of the fourteenth century, but not finished till the fifteenth century was far advanced. By this time, however, there were unmistakable signs that the reign of the upward-pointing principle was drawing to a close. Arches were depressed, right angles abounded, and square-headed windows were used, not only in situations where they might be convenient or appropriate, but in such important positions as the east end of a cathedral, as at Bath Abbey.

The perpendicular style was peculiar to England. On the Continent the fifteenth century gave birth to a variety of "after Gothic" styles, mostly remarkable for extravagance and want of taste, and which speedily disappeared before the classic form which had already been revived in Italy. In this country, however, Gothic architecture died hard. The English art continued to maintain its individuality for fully a century, though deprived in a great measure of its elevating spirit. The Tudor or Elizabethan manner, though very successful in baronial mansions, and peculiarly applicable to "domestic" purposes, has a distinctly "debasing" effect when applied to ecclesiastical edifices. The growing influence of the Renaissance also, in the attempts to graft classic ornaments and composition on mediæval forms of construction, produces often a mongrel effect. In a word, the natural development of architectural art was arrested. Before the end of the seventeenth century the triumph of the Italian school was complete. The mediæval art was opprobriously branded with its present name of Gothic, and the sublime fanes which it had produced became, in the language of Sir Christopher Wren, "mountains of stone, huge buildings, but unworthy the name of architecture." The feeling was, in fact, that we had been travelling along a wrong path, and should return to the point at which the art was left by the Romans.

At the present day the classic and the mediæval modes have each their partisans. We will not here attempt to discuss the merits of the rival styles. We will only point out that while the classic art embodies the finished conceptions of the ancient schools of thought, the Gothic is associated with the chain of events which mark the struggle for national liberties. The one represents satisfaction with an existing state of things, the other progress towards an ideal. Having won our liberties, we can study in peace the laws and usages of bygone ages. Having solved the problem of adapting the ancient art of building to the requirements of modern times, we can indulge our fancy in the selection of our models.

FRANCIS H. BAKER.

THE WONDER-WORKING PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

IN the year 1821, much interest was excited in Germany and, indeed, throughout Europe by the report that miracles of healing were being wrought by Prince Leopold Alexander of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst, at Würzburg, Bamberg, and elsewhere. The wonders soon came to an end, for, after the ensuing year, no more was heard of his extraordinary powers.

At the time, as might be expected, his claims to be a miracle-worker were hotly disputed, and as hotly asserted. Evidence was produced that some of his miracles were genuine; counter evidence was brought forward reducing them to nothing.

The whole story of Prince Hohenlohe's sudden blaze into fame, and speedy extinction, is both curious and instructive. In the Baden village of Wittighausen, at the beginning of this century, lived a peasant named Martin Michel, owning a farm, and in fairly prosperous circumstances. His age, according to one authority, was 50, according to another 67, when he became acquainted with Prince Hohenlohe. This peasant was unquestionably a devout, guileless man. He had been afflicted in youth with a rupture, but, in answer to continuous and earnest prayer, he asserted that he had been completely healed. Then, for some while he prayed over other afflicted persons, and it was rumoured that he had effected several miraculous cures. He emphatically and earnestly repudiated every claim to superior sanctity. The cures, he declared, depended on the faith of the patient, and on the power of the Almighty. The most solemn promises had been made in the gospel to those who asked in faith, and all he did was to act upon these evangelical promises.

The Government speedily interfered, and Michel was forbidden by the police to work any more miracles by prayer or faith, or any other means except the recognised pharmacopœia.

He had received no payment for his cures in money or in kind, but he took occasion through them to impress on his patients the duty of prayer, and the efficacy of faith.

By some means he met Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, and the prince was interested and excited by what he heard, and by the apparent sincerity of the man. A few days later the prince was in Würzburg, where he called on the Princess Mathilde Schwarzenberg, a young girl of seventeen who was a cripple, and who had already spent a year and a half at Würzburg, under the hands of the orthopœdic physician Heine, and the surgeon Textor. She had been to the best medical men in Vienna and Paris, and the case had been given up as hopeless. Then Prince Schwarzenberg placed her under the treatment of Heine. She was so contracted, with her knees drawn up to her body, that she could neither stand nor walk.

Prince Hohenlohe first met her at dinner, on June 18, 1821, and the sight of her distortion filled him with pity. He thought over her case, and communicated with Michel, who at his summons came to Würzburg. As Würzburg is in Bavaria, the orders of the Baden Government did not extend to it, and the peasant might freely conduct his experiments there.

Prince Alexander called on the Princess at ten o'clock in the morning of June 20, taking with him Michel, but leaving him outside the house, in the court. Then Prince Hohenlohe began to speak to the suffering girl of the power of faith, and mentioned the wonders wrought by the prayers of Michel. She became interested, and the Prince asked her if she would like to put the powers of Michel to the test, warning her that the man could do nothing unless she had full and perfect belief in the mercy of God. The Princess expressed her eagerness to try the new remedy, and assured her interrogator that she had the requisite faith. Thereupon he went to the window, and signed to the peasant to come up.

What follows shall be given in the Princess's own words, from her account written a day or two later :—" The peasant knelt down and prayed in German aloud and distinctly, and, after his prayer, he said to me, 'In the Name of Jesus, stand up. You are whole, and can both stand and walk !' The peasant and the Prince then went into an adjoining room, and I rose from my couch, without assistance, in the name of God, well and sound, and so I have continued to this moment."

A much fuller and minuter account of the proceedings was published, probably from the pen of the governess, who was present at the time ; but as it is anonymous we need not concern ourselves with it.

The news of the miracul

Dr. Heine heard of

and amazed at what he saw. The Princess descended the stone staircase towards the garden, but hesitated, and, instead of going into the garden, returned upstairs, leaning on the arm of Prince Hohenlohe.

Next day was Corpus Christi. The excitement in the town was immense, when the poor cripple, who had been seen for more than a year carried into her carriage and carried out of it into church, walked to church, and thence strolled into the gardens of the palace.

On the following day she visited the Julius Hospital, a noble institution founded by one of the bishops of Würzburg. On the 24th she called on the Princess Lichtenstein, the Duke of Aremberg, and the Prince of Baar, and, moreover, attended a sermon preached by Prince Hohenlohe in the Haugh parish church. Her recovery was complete.

Now, at first sight, nothing seems more satisfactorily established than this miracle. Let us, however, see what Dr. Heine, who had attended her for nineteen months, had to say on it. We cannot quote his account in its entirety, as it is long, but we will take the principal points in it :—" The Princess of Schwarzenberg came under my treatment at the end of October 1819, afflicted with several abnormities of the thorax, with a twisted spine, ribs, &c. Moreover, she could not rise to her feet from a sitting posture, nor endure to be so raised ; but this was not in consequence of malformation or weakness of the system, for when sitting or lying down she could freely move her limbs. She complained of acute pain when placed in any other position, and when she was made to assume an angle of 100° her agony became so intense that her extremities were in a nervous quiver, and partial paralysis ensued, which, however, ceased when she was restored to her habitual contracted position.

" The Princess lost her power of locomotion when she was three years old, and the contraction was the result of abscesses on the loins. She was taken to France and Italy, and got so far in Paris as to be able to hop about a room supported on crutches. But she suffered a relapse on her return to Vienna in 1813, and thenceforth was able neither to stand nor to move about. She was placed in my hands, and I contrived an apparatus by which the angle at which she rested was gradually extended, and her position gradually changed from horizontal to vertical. At the same time I manipulated her almost daily, and had the satisfaction by the end of last April to see her occupy an angle of 50°, without complaining of suffering. By the close of May further advance was made, and she was able to assume a vertical position, with her feet resting on the ground, but with her

body supported, and to remain in this position for four or five hours. Moreover, in this situation I made her go through all the motions of walking. The extremities had, in every position, retained their natural muscular powers and movements, and the contraction was simply a nervous affection. I made no attempt to force her to walk unsupported, because I would not do this till I was well assured such a trial would not be injurious to her.

"On the 30th of May I revisited her, after having been unable, on account of a slight indisposition, to see my patients for several days. Her governess then told me that the Princess had made great progress. She lay at an angle of 80°. The governess placed herself at the foot of the couch, held out her hands to the Princess, and drew her up into an upright position, and she told me that this had been done several times of late during my enforced absence. Whilst she was thus standing I made the Princess raise and depress her feet, and go through all the motions of walking. Immediately on my return home I set to work to construct a machine which might enable her to walk without risk of a fall and of hurting herself. On the 19th of June, in the evening, I told the Princess that the apparatus was nearly finished. Next day, a little after 10 A.M., I visited her. When I opened her door she rose up from a chair in which she was seated, and came towards me with short, somewhat uncertain steps. I bowed myself, in token of joy and thanks to God.

"At that moment a gentleman I had never seen before entered the room and exclaimed, 'Mathilde! you have had faith in God!' The Princess replied, 'I have had, and I have now, entire faith.' The gentleman said, 'Your faith has saved and healed you. God has succoured you.' Then I began to suspect that some strange influence was at work, and that something had been going on of which I was not cognizant. I asked the gentleman what was the meaning of this. He raised his right hand to heaven, and replied that he had prayed and thought of the Princess that morning at mass, and that Prince Wallerstein was privy to the whole proceeding. I was puzzled and amazed. Then I asked the Princess to walk again. She did so, and shortly after I left, and only then did I learn that the stranger was the Prince of Hohenlohe.

"Next month, on July 21, her aunt, the Princess Eleanor of Schwarzenberg, came with three of the sisters of Princess Mathilde to fetch her away and to take her back to her father. Her Highness did me the honour of visiting me along with the Princesses second day after their arrival, to thank me for the pains

to cure the Princess Mathilde. Before they left, Dr. Schäfer, who had attended her at Ratisbon, Herr Textor, and myself were allowed to examine the Princess. Dr. Schäfer found that the condition of the thorax was mightily improved since she had been in my hands. I, however, saw that her condition had retrograded since I had last seen her on June 20, and it was agreed that the Princess was to occupy her extension-couch at night, and by day wear the steel apparatus for support I had contrived for her. At the same time Dr. Schäfer distinctly assured her and the Princess, her aunt, that under my management the patient had recovered the power of walking *before* the 19th of June."

This account puts a different complexion on the cure, and shows that it was not in any way miraculous. The Prince and the peasant stepped in and snatched the credit of having cured the Princess from the doctor, to whom it rightly belonged.

Before we proceed, it will be well to say a few words about this Prince Alexander Hohenlohe. The Hohenlohe family takes its name from a bare elevated plateau in Franconia. About the beginning of the 16th century it broke into two branches; the elder is Hohenlohe-Neuenstein, the younger is Hohenlohe-Waldenburg.

The elder branch has its sub-ramifications—Hohenlohe-Langenburg, which possesses also the county of Gleichen; and the Hohenlohe-Oehringen and the Hohenlohe-Kirchberg sub-branches. The second main branch of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg has also its lateral branches, as those of Hohenlohe-Bartenstein and Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst; the last of these being Catholic.

Prince Leopold Alexander was born in 1794 at Kupferzell, near Waldenburg, and was the eighteenth child of Prince Karl Albrecht and his wife Judith, Baroness Reviczky. His father never became reigning prince, from intellectual incapacity, and Alexander lost him when he was one year old. He was educated for the Church by the ex-Jesuit Riel, and went to school first in Vienna, then at Berne; in 1810 he entered the Episcopal seminary at Vienna, and finished his theological studies at Ellwangen in 1814. He was ordained priest in 1816, and went to Rome.

Dr. Wolff, the father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, in his "Travels and Adventures," which is really his autobiography, says (vol. i. p. 31):—

"Wolff left the house of Count Stolberg on the 3rd April, 1815, and went to Ellwangen, and there met again an old pupil from Vienna, Prince Alexander Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, afterwards so celebrated for his miracles,—to which so many men of the highest

rank and intelligence have borne witness that Wolff dares not give a decided opinion about them. But Niebuhr relates that the Pope said to him himself, speaking about Hohenlohe in a sneering manner, '*Questo* far dei miracoli!' *This* fellow performing miracles!

"It may be best to offer some slight sketch of Hohenlohe's life. His person was beautiful. He was placed under the direction of Vock, the Roman Catholic parish priest at Berne. One Sunday he was invited to dinner with Vock, his tutor, at the Spanish ambassador's. The next day there was a great noise in the Spanish embassy, because the mass-robe, with the silver chalice and all its appurtenances, had been stolen. It was advertised in the paper, but nothing could be discovered, until Vock took Prince Hohenlohe aside, and said to him, 'Prince, confess to me; have you not stolen the mass-robe?' He at once confessed it, and said that he made use of it every morning in practising the celebration of the mass in his room; which was true." (This was when Hohenlohe was twenty-one years old.) "He was afterwards sent to Tyrnau, to the ecclesiastical seminary in Hungary, whence he was expelled, on account of levity. But, being a Prince, the Chapter of Olmütz, in Moravia, elected him titulary canon of the cathedral; nevertheless, the Emperor Francis was too honest to confirm it. Wolff taught him Hebrew in Vienna. He had but little talent for languages, but his conversation on religion was sometimes very charming; and at other times he broke out into most indecent discourses. He was ordained priest, and Sailer [1] preached a sermon on the day of his ordination, which was published under the title of 'The Priest without Reproach.' On the same day money was collected for building a Roman Catholic Church at Zürich, and the money collected was given to Prince Hohenlohe, to be remitted to the parish priest of Zürich (Moritz Mayer); but the money never reached its destination. Wolff saw him once at the bed of the sick and dying, and his discourse, exhortations, and treatment of these sick people were wonderfully beautiful. When he mounted the pulpit to preach, one imagined one saw a saint of the Middle Ages. His devotion was penetrating, and commanded silence in a church where there were 4,000 people collected. Wolff one day called on him, when Hohenlohe said to him, 'I never read any other book than the Bible. I never look in a sermon-book by anybody else, not even at the sermons of Sailer.' But Wolff after this heard him preach, and the whole sermon was copied from one of Sailer's, which Wolff had read only the day befo

[1] Johann M. Sailer was a famous ex-Jesuit preacher, at this time Pro the University of Landshut afterwards Bishop of Ratisbon. He died

"With all his faults, Hohenlohe cannot be charged with avarice, for he gave away every farthing he got, perhaps even that which he obtained dishonestly. They afterwards met at Rome, where Hohenlohe lodged with the Jesuits, and there it was said he composed a Latin poem. Wolff, knowing his incapacity to do such a thing, asked him boldly, 'Who is the author of this poem?' Hohenlohe confessed at once that it was written by a Jesuit priest. At that time Madame Schlegel wrote to Wolff: 'Prince Hohenlohe is a man who struggles with heaven and hell, and heaven will gain the victory with him.' Hohenlohe was on the point of being made a bishop at Rome, but, on the strength of his previous knowledge of him, Wolff protested against his consecration. Several princes, amongst them Kaunitz, the ambassador, took Hohenlohe's part on this occasion; but the matter was investigated, and Hohenlohe walked off from Rome without being made a bishop. In his protest against the man, Wolff stated that Hohenlohe's pretensions to being a canon of Olmütz were false; that he had been expelled the seminary of Tyrnau; that he sometimes spoke like a saint, and at others like a profligate."

And now let us return to Würzburg, and see the result of the cure of Princess Schwarzenberg. The people who had seen the poor cripple one day carried into her carriage and into church, and a day or two after saw her walk to church and in the gardens, and who knew nothing of Dr. Heine's operations, concluded that this was a miracle, and gave the credit of it quite as much to Prince Hohenlohe as to the peasant Michel.

The police at once sent an official letter to the Prince, requesting to be informed authoritatively what he had done, by what right he had interfered, and how he had acted. He replied that he had done nothing, faith and the Almighty had wrought the miracle. "The instantaneous cure of the Princess is a *fact*, which cannot be disputed; it was the result of a living faith. That is the truth. It happened to the Princess according to her faith." The peasant Michel now fell into the background, and was forgotten, and the Prince stood forward as the worker of miraculous cures. Immense excitement was caused by the restoration of the Princess Schwarzenberg, and patients streamed into Würzburg from all the country round, seeking health at the hands of Prince Alexander. The local papers published marvellous details of his successful cures. The blind saw, the lame walked, the deaf heard. Among the deaf who recovered was His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Bavaria, three years later King Ludwig I., grandfather of the present King of

Bavaria. Unfortunately we have not exact details of this cure, but a letter of the Crown Prince written shortly after merely states that he heard *better* than before. Now the spring of 1821 was very raw and wet, and about June 20 there set in some dry hot weather. It is therefore quite possible that the change of weather may have had to do with this cure. However, we can say nothing for certain about it, as no data were published, merely the announcement that the Crown Prince had recovered his hearing at the prayer of Prince Hohenlohe. Here are some better-authenticated cases, as given by Herr Scharold, an eyewitness; he was city councillor and secretary.

"The Prince had dined at midday with General von D——. All the entrances to the house from two streets were blocked by hundreds of persons, and they said that he had already healed four individuals crippled with rheumatism in this house. I convinced myself on the spot that one of these cases was as said. The patient was a young wife of a fisherman, who was crippled in the right hand, so that she could not lift anything with it, or use it in any way; and all at once she was enabled to raise a heavy chair, with the hand hitherto powerless, and hold it aloft. She went home weeping tears of joy and thankfulness.

"The Prince was then entreated to go to another house, at another end of the town, and he consented. There he found many paralysed persons. He began with a poor man whose left arm was quite useless and stiff. After he had asked him if he had perfect faith, and had received a satisfactory answer, the Prince prayed with folded hands and closed eyes. Then he raised the kneeling patient; and said, 'Move your arm.' Weeping and trembling in all his limbs the man did as he was bid; but as he said that he obeyed with difficulty, the Prince prayed again, and said, 'Now move your arm again.' This time the man easily moved his arm forwards, backwards, and raised it. The cure was complete. Equally successful was he with the next two cases. One was a tailor's wife, named Lanzamer. 'What do you want?' asked the Prince, who was bathed in perspiration. Answer: 'I have had a paralytic stroke, and have lost the use of one side of my body, so that I cannot walk unsupported.' 'Kneel down!' But this could only be effected with difficulty, and it was rather a tumbling down of an inert body, painful to behold. I never saw a face more full of expression of faith in the strongly marked features. The Prince, deeply moved, prayed with great fervour, and then said, 'Stand up!' The good woman, much agitated, was unable to do so, in spite of all her efforts, without the assistance of her boy who was by her, crying, and then her lame leg seemed to crack

When she had reached her feet, he said, 'Now walk the length of the room without pain.' She tried to do so, but succeeded with difficulty, yet with only a little suffering. Again he prayed, and the healing was complete; she walked lightly and painlessly up and down, and finally out of the room; and the boy, crying more than before, but now with joy, exclaimed, 'O my God! mother can walk, mother can walk!' Whilst this was going on, an old woman, called Siebert, wife of a bookbinder, who had been brought in a sedan-chair, was admitted to the room. She suffered from paralysis and incessant headaches that left her neither night nor day. The first attempt made to heal her failed. The second only brought on the paroxysm of headache worse than ever, so that the poor creature could hardly keep her feet, or open her eyes. The Prince began to doubt her faith, but when she assured him of it, he prayed again with redoubled earnestness. And, all at once, she was cured. This woman left the room, conducted by her daughter, and all present were filled with astonishment." This account was written on June 26. On June 28 Herr Scharold wrote a further account of other cures he had witnessed; but those already given are sufficient. That this witness was convinced and sincere appears from his description, but how far valuable his evidence is we are not so well assured.

A curious little pamphlet was published the same year at Darmstadt, entitled, "Das Mährchen vom Wunder," that professed to be the result of the observations of a medical man who attended one or two of these *séances*. Unfortunately the pamphlet is anonymous, and this deprives it of most of its authority. Another writer who attacked the genuineness of the miracles was Dr. Paulus, in his "Quintessenz aus den Wundercurversuchen durch Michel und Hohenlohe," Leipzig, 1822; but this author also wrote anonymously, and did not profess to have seen any of the cures. On the other hand, Scharold and a Dr. Onymus, and two or three priests published their testimonies as witnesses to their genuineness, and gave the names and particulars of those cured.

Those who assailed the Prince and his cures dipped their pens in gall. It is only just to add that they cast on his character none of the reflections for honesty which Dr. Wolff flung on him.

The author of the Darmstadt pamphlet, mentioned above, says that when he was present the Prince was attended by two sergeants of police, as the crowd thronging on him was so great that he needed protection from its pressure. He speaks sneeringly of him as spending his time in eating, smoking, and miracle-working, when not sleeping, and says he was plump and good-looking. "A girl of 18, who was paralysed in her limbs, was brought from a carriage to the feet of the

prophet. After he had asked her if she believed, and he had prayed for about twelve seconds, he exclaimed in a threatening rather than gentle voice, 'You are healed!' But I observed that he had to thunder this thrice into the ear of the frightened girl, before she made an effort to move, which was painful and distressing; and, groaning and supported by others, she made her way to the rear. 'You will be better shortly,—only believe!' he cried to her. I, who was looking on, observed her conveyed away as much a cripple as she came.

"The next case was a peasant of 58, a cripple on crutches. Without his crutches he was doubled up, and could only shuffle with his feet on the ground. After the Prince had asked the usual questions and had prayed, he ordered the kneeling man to stand up, his crutches having been removed. As he was unable to do so, the miracle-worker seemed irritated, and repeated his order in an angry tone. One of the policemen at the side threw in 'Up! in the name of the Trinity,' and pulled him to his feet. The man seemed bewildered. He stood, indeed, but doubled as before, and the sweat streamed from his face, and he was not a ha'porth better than previously; but as he had come with crutches, and now stood without them, there arose a shout of 'A miracle!' and all pressed round to congratulate the poor wretch. His son helped him away. 'Have faith and courage!' cried to him the Prince; and the policeman added, 'Only believe, and rub in a little spirits of camphor!' Many pressed alms into the man's hand, and he smiled; this was regarded as a token of his perfect cure. I saw, however, that his knees were as stiff as before, and that the rogue cast longing eyes at his crutches, which had been taken away, but which he insisted on having back. No one thought of asking how it fared with the poor wretch later, and, as a fact, he died shortly after.

"The next to come up was a deaf girl of 18. The wonder-worker was bathed in perspiration, and evidently exhausted with his continuous prayer night and day. After a few questions as to the duration of her infirmity, the Prince prayed, then signed a cross over the girl, and, stepping back from her, asked her questions, at each in succession somewhat lowering his tone; but she only heard those spoken as loudly as before the experiment was made, and she remained for the most part staring stupidly at the wonder-worker. To cut the matter short, he declared her healed. I took the mother aside soon after, and inquired what was the result. She assured me that the girl heard no better than before.

"In her place came a stone-deaf man of 25. The result was very similar; but as the [illegible] 'ed. made a

sign of withdrawal with his hand, the man rose and departed, and this was taken as evidence that he had heard the command addressed to him."

The author gives other cases that he witnessed, not one of which was other than a failure, though they were all declared to be cures.

On June 29 the Prince practised his miracle-working at the palace, in the presence of the Crown Prince and of Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador, who was on his way to London to attend the coronation of George IV. in July. The attempts were probably as great failures as those described in the Darmstadt pamphlet. The Prince was somewhat discouraged at the invitation of the physicians attached to the Julius Hospital; he had visited that institution the day before, and had experimented on twenty cases, and was unsuccessful in every one. Full particulars of these were published in the "Bamberger Briefe," Nos. 28-33. We will give only a very few :—

"1. Barbara Uhlen, of Oberschleichach, aged 39, suffering from dropsy. The Prince said to her, 'Do you sincerely believe that you can be helped and are helped?' The sick woman replied, 'Yes. I had resolved to leave the hospital, where no good has been done to me, and to seek health from God and the Prince.' He raised his eyes to heaven and prayed; then assured the patient of her cure. Her case became worse rapidly, instead of better.

"7. Margaretta Löhlein, of Randersacher, aged 56. Suffering from dropsy owing to disorganisation of the liver. Another failure. Shortly after the Prince left, she had to be operated on to save her from suffocation.

"10. Susanna Söllnerin, servant maid of Aub, aged 22, had already been thirteen weeks in hospital, suffering from roaring noises in the head and deafness. The Prince, observing the fervour of her faith, cried out, 'You shall see now how speedily she will be cured!' Prayers, blessing, as before, and—as before, no results.

"11. George Forchheimer, butcher, suffering from rheumatism. One foot is immovable, and he can only walk with the assistance of a stick. During the prayer of the Prince the patient wept and sobbed, and was profoundly agitated. The Prince ordered him to stand up and go without his stick. His efforts to obey were unavailing; he fell several times on the ground, though the Prince repeated over him his prayers."

These are sufficient as instances; not a single case in the hospital was more successfully treated by him.

On July 5 Prince Hohenlohe went to Bamberg, where he was eagerly awaited by many sick and credulous persons. The Burgo-

master Hornthal, however, interfered, and forbade the attempt at performing miracles till the authorities at Baireuth had been instructed of his arrival, and till a commission had been appointed of men of judgment, and physicians to take note of the previous condition of every patient who was submitted to him, and of the subsequent condition. Thus hampered the Prince could do nothing; he failed as signally as in the Julius Hospital at Würzburg, and the only cases of cures claimed to have been wrought were among a mixed crowd in the street to whom he gave a blessing from the balcony of his lodging.

Finding that Bamberg was uncongenial, he accepted a call to the Baths of Brückenau, and thence news reached the incredulous of Bamberg and Würzburg that extraordinary cures had been wrought at the prayers of the Prince. As, however, we have no details respecting these, we may pass them over.

Hohenlohe, who had no notion of hiding his light under a bushel, drew up a detailed account of over a hundred cures which he claimed to have worked, had them attested by witnesses, and sent this precious document to the Pope, who, with good sense, took no notice of it; at least no public notice, though it is probable that he administered a sharp private reprimand, for Hohenlohe collapsed very speedily.

From Brückenau the Prince went to Vienna, but was not favourably received there, so he departed to Hungary, where his mother's relations lived. He was applied to by sick people who had heard of his fame, but did not make any more direct attempts to heal them. He, however, gave them cards on which a day and hour were fixed, and a prayer written, and exhorted them to pray earnestly on the day and at the hour indicated for recovery, and promised to pray for them at the same time. But this was also discontinued, having proved inefficacious, and Hohenlohe relapsed into a quiet unostentatious life. He was appointed, through family interest, Canon of Grosswardein, and in 1829 advanced to be Provost of the Cathedral. His powers as a preacher long survived his powers of working miracles. He spent his time in good works, and in writing little manuals of devotion. In 1844 he was consecrated titular Bishop of Sardica *in partibus*, that is, without a see. He died at Böslau, near Vienna, in 1849. That Hohenlohe was a conscious hypocrite we are far from supposing. He was clearly a man of small mental powers, very conceited, and wanting in judgment. We must not place too much reliance on the scandalous gossip of Dr. Wolff. Probably his vanity received a severe check in 1821, when both the Roman see and the wor[illegible]

JEWEL LORE.

THE superstitions that still linger round gems and precious stones represent a rapidly diminishing quantity. We no longer attribute as our forefathers did to each stone a special influence over each month, nor wear the sapphire in April, the agate in May, and so forth. We never think of appropriating to twelve kinds of precious stones the twelve signs of the zodiac or the twelve Apostles; and if there was any pious intent in making the chrysolite the symbol of St. Matthew, the jasper of St. Peter, or the uncertain beryl of the incredulous St. Thomas, we deem ourselves exempt from the need of such reminders.

Of course this is all as it should be in an enlightened age; but the loss goes side by side with the gain here as elsewhere. What charms have we wherewith to face the misfortunes and perils of life comparable to their faith in their talismans which supported our ancestors? Surely it was no mean happiness to possess gems which, like the sapphire, insured the fulfilment of prayer, or, like the diamond and amethyst, reduced war to a safe and pleasant pastime. And any one who has known the agitations of a lawsuit might well think that the nervous reliance he placed in his solicitor would not have been badly exchanged for the faith which in an earlier age and a similar plight he would have placed in a morsel of chalcedony.

The lot of the peasant, again, has never been a bright one, but it must have been some degrees brighter when he could seriously hope that he might any day be the fortunate discoverer of a rich jewel left by a snake in the grass, or vast treasures hidden in a mountain. Probably few living Cornish peasants look for the blue stone ring which their ancestors irrationally attributed to the action of snakes breathing upon hazel. No Frenchman near Vouvray, which sends us that refreshing, sparkling wine, now hopes to be led to immeasurable wealth through the finding of that single eye of carbuncle which a dragon or viper (*vouivre*, whence Vouvray) laid de on the ground every night when it slept. Modern Scotch

farmers are in advance of their ancestors, who thought that stone arrow-heads, called elf-shots, were really aimed by fairies at their cattle, and supplied the remedy for all the ills that cows are heir to, and who also attributed the same virtues to crystal gems and to the adder-stone. The stone of the latter sort, set in silver, which was shown in the last century to Pennant the traveller, has probably long been lost, for the use of which the natives would sometimes travel a hundred miles or more, to carry back with them, for the benefit of their cattle, some of the water in which it had been immersed.

In these more scientific days we are so busied with measuring the specific gravity of stones, testing them with the blowpipe, and comparing their relative density or their crystallisation, that we are apt to forget that prescientific mineralogy contains much that is interesting for students of the mental evolution of humanity. Besides knowing that the sapphire and ruby are simply red and blue varieties of corundum, containing 98 per cent. of alumina, of conchoidal fracture, and infusible before the blowpipe, it is worth knowing what part they and other precious stones have played in the history of superstition and mythology.

Like botany, astronomy, or even theology, mineralogy had its roots and beginnings in the superstitions and searchings of magic; and perhaps, indeed, without superstition to foster observation, science of any kind would never have come to life at all. But be this as it may, so embedded in superstition is the older mythology, that notwithstanding the intrinsic beauty of the precious stones it may fairly be suspected that their original attraction lay less in their beauty than in their anticipated efficacy for magical and medicinal purposes. To this day the agates, emeralds, garnets, heliotrope, and serpentine, that are so frequently found in the Tirol mountains, are chiefly valued for their magical uses; the agate, for instance, rendering its wearer proof againt serpent-bites, or making him a good speaker, whilst the emerald strengthens his sight and memory; and drinking-cups of serpentine are a security against poison.[1] In Greece, till the real precious stones found their way from India into that country, the lapis-lazuli, which was the Greek sapphire, was almost the only stone known to the Greeks with much beauty of colour to recommend it.

Take first the diamond, the king of stones. Besides its minor properties of averting bad dreams, insanity, and poison—all of them

[1] Alpenburg, *Mythen des Tirols*. 411.

common dangers to royalty—it has the higher virtue, derived probably from its false derivation from ἀ (*not*) and δαμάω (*to conquer*), of rendering its possessor invincible in war and of repelling his enemies; and as war has from time immemorial been the fashionable occupation of kings and nobles, the magical qualities of the diamond would alone suffice to give it the rank among gems that it still enjoys. Marbodius, bishop of Rennes in the eleventh century, thus sums up the virtues of the diamond in his mineralogical poem in Latin verse called "De Lapidibus Enchiridion":—

> Ad magicas artes idem lapis aptus habetur,
> Indomitumque facit mira virtute gerentem,
> Et noctis lemures et somnia vana repellit;
> Atra venena fugat, rixas et jurgia vincit,
> Insanosque curat, durosque reverberat hostes.

The egregious and needless false quantity in the last line will to many seem less pardonable than the superstition of the excellent bishop.

But the amethyst as well as the diamond was a serviceable stone for those who with all their love for battle retained a love for life; and perhaps that is why in these days of military revival the amethyst has again become a fashionable stone. The physician Camillo Leonardus, who wrote the "Mirror of Stones" (*Lapidum Speculum*), calls the amethyst the preserver of military men and the giver of victory; and this aspect of jewellery throws much light on its value in history. In the reign of Henry III., Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, was accused of stealing from the King's jewel-house a gem that had the virtue of making its possessor invisible in battle, and of giving it to the King's enemy, Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. Considering that the usual custom for persons starting on a crusade was to part with rather than to add to their possessions, one cannot but suspect that the Abbot of St. Urban, when he presented Joinville and his knights with handsome jewels previous to their departure with Louis IX. on his disastrous crusade, intended to confer upon them, among other gifts, the essential ones of invisibility and invulnerability in battle. It was by virtue of some precious stone in the possession of the Crown of England that Queen Elizabeth was thought to heal disease; and when her contemporary Ivan IV., called the Terrible of Russia, took the pains to point out to her ambassador, Horsey, the surprising virtues of the jewels appertaining to the monarchs of Moscow, a political intimation of military strength, supported firmly on magic, was, no doubt,

conveyed to and perfectly understood by the representative of England.

Till the seventeenth century at least this aspect of gems constituted the chief interest of mineralogy. Marbodius is full of such things as the power of the chrysolite to drive away evil spirits, of the onyx to dispel sadness, of the heliotrope to confer the gift of prophecy, of the coral to avert storms and thunderbolts from fields, or houses, or ships. All these qualities go back, doubtless, to the remotest days of Paganism, for they correspond in character with those attributed to precious stones in the oldest extant poem on the subject, written by Onomakritus, a Greek priest of the fifth century before Christ, and by him ascribed to Orpheus. One can understand that next or equal in importance to the value of a stone as a pledge of victory in battle, would rank its capacity to insure to its possessor the fulfilment of his prayers addressed to the immortal gods, and this is what stands out in that work as their chief interest and purport. The supreme merit of the adamas, the crystal, the tree-agate, the jasper, the topaz, and the opal is that the gods are impotent to resist the spell of their influence. Only let a man go to the temple with a crystal in his hand, and none of the immortals will refuse to hear his prayer.[1]

And this introduces us to a large and interesting question. Did this belief in the power of minerals to influence the gods pass from Pagan into Christian thought, and even into the services of the new religion? Is this the real origin and meaning of the great wealth of jewellery expended on shrines, crucifixes, and vestments in the Christian Church? During the middle ages, when all gems were designed to act as talismans, the sapphire at least must rest under strong suspicion of having been used magically in the service of the Church. A decree of Pope Innocent III. in the twelfth century ordained that for the future the sapphire should always be the stone used for the rings with which bishops at their investiture were wedded to the Church. But why the sapphire? It has been suggested that the use of this particular stone had some reference either to the harmony of its colour with the rest of the priestly garments, or in its supposed efficacy in assisting persons pledged to celibacy in the due and proper observance of their engagement. But it is more probable that the virtues formerly ascribed to the lapis-lazuli, the ancient sapphire, should have been transferred to the stone since known by that name; and one of the

[1] τὸν δ' εἴπερ μετὰ χει[illegible]
οὔτις τοι μακ[illegible]

principal virtues of the ancient sapphire was that of its inducing the gods to lend a favourable ear to the prayers of their humble petitioners. "When sacrifices were offered," says De Boot, "and responses sought from Phœbus, it was thought that he was better pleased and that it was easier to get anything out of him if the sapphire were exhibited, as it were in sign of concord." If he meant here by the sapphire the lapis-lazuli, Marbodius certainly meant our sapphire when he spoke of it as commonly called the *holy stone*, and ascribed to it the following virtues, among others :—

> Educit carcere victos,
> Obstrictasque fores et vincula tacta resolvit,
> *Pacatumque Deum reddit precibusque faventem.*

May we not, therefore, fairly conjecture that the reason why the sapphire became the episcopal stone was because it was held to have the same efficacy in regard to prayer that was attributed by the Greeks to the lapis-lazuli?

Nothing is so conservative as superstition, or so little liable to freaks and fluctuations, and therefore it is strange that the sapphire, which, in addition to its power of obtaining an answer to prayer, had also the faculty of protecting its owner from fraud, fear, or envy, should have come in modern superstition to hold the position of an unlucky stone. The same puzzle meets us with regard to that most glorious of all stones, the opal, so justly valued in olden days, that after ages applauded that Roman senator who, when Mark Antony coveted his opal ring, went into voluntary exile, preferring to part with his country rather than with his gem. There are numbers of foolish people nowadays who will actually refuse the gift of an opal or sell any they may possess rather than be the owner of so dangerous a source of bad luck and dispelled affection. Yet the opal was the reverse of an inauspicious stone in ancient days. It was classed by Onomakritus among those that insure the efficacy of prayer. According to Berquem, it made its wearer lovable and conciliated affection, it rejoiced the heart, preserved from poison and infection, dissipated melancholy, and strengthened the sight. Could one, then, wish for anything better, either as a gift or a possession?

Whence did the opal acquire its latter-day bad reputation? Readers of Scott's "Anne of Geierstein" will remember the weird tale of Anne's grandfather, wherein the Persian lady whom he married possessed a marvellous opal, which, on the day of their child's christening, when some holy water came in contact with it, first shot out a brilliant spark, and in the next instant was "lightless and

colourless as a common pebble." The Persian heroine, Hermione, fainted and died, and three years later her husband, Herman of Arnheim, died also; and their granddaughter, when referring to this story, said that she had heard of the opal growing pale, as it was the stone's nature to do on the approach of poison, and of Hermione having been thought to have been poisoned by the jealous Baroness Steinfeldt. But, clearly, a tale like this, to which the change in popular superstition is often attributed, can never have had influence enough on public opinion to account for so signal a revolution of sentiment; and the same objection applies to the theory of Barbot, who, in his "Treatise on Precious Stones," says that it is evidently due to its connection with the legend of Robert the Devil.[1] We must either find some better reason than these or confess that the wrong at present done to the fairest of all gems is as destitute of explanation as it is of justification.

Our word opal is clearly from the Greek word ὀπάλλιος; but, then, whence this word? Isidore, Bishop of Seville in the seventh century, derived it from the name of a country in India, where it was found—a derivation more probable than that of a modern German writer, who traces it to ὤψ (*the eye*) and ἀλλάττειν (*to change*), in reference to the variable colour of the stone; or than that of an Italian, who for a similar meaning derives it from ὀπ, the root of an obsolete word ὄπτω (*to see*), and ἄλλος (*another*). The word *ophthalmius*, by which Marbodius speaks of the opal, implies a derivation which perhaps gave rise to the superstition that the opal was beneficial to the eyesight as a preservative from ophthalmia.

The names of other precious stones indicate further how little is known of their original derivations and meanings. Most of our names, of course, are from Greek or Latin words that were in use more than two thousand years ago, and these were themselves very often of Semitic or Persian origin. Our sapphire is from the Greek σάπφειρος, of which the origin is entirely lost; and our jasper is from the Greek ἴασπις (Latin, *jaspis*); and that may be from the Semitic *jashpeh*, meaning tough. But we cannot get with any certainty beyond the Greek or Latin term, and its derivation by the mediæval lapidaries from aspis, either because they believed, or believing in consequence, that the gem had its habitat in the head of an asp, need only be referred to as illustrating the close interaction between etymology and superstition.

The number of derivations for our word pearl s[illegible]
reflections. Is it from *perna*, the Latin for a sh[illegible]

[1] *Pierres Précieuses*, 454.

perula, for *sphærula*, a diminutive of *sphæra*? or from *perula*, for *pera*, from its resemblance to a small bag formerly hung round the neck? or, lastly, is it a diminutive of *beere*, a berry? That we may have good authority for our choice of any of these derivations suggests the valuelessness of them all. There is the same difficulty about the Latin word for a pearl—*unio*. Marbodius, following Pliny, accepted the usual derivation in the following lines:—

> Unio dictus ab hoc quod ab una nascitur unus,
> Nec duo vel plures unquam simul inveniuntur.[1]

But *unio* was also the Latin word for an onion, whence both our word and the French for that vegetable; and a passage in Sir John Mandeville's book on stones in the fourteenth century justifies the suspicion that in Latin the name of the vegetable was transferred to the pearl. Of the pearl he says: "Marguerite est une pierre appelée oignon, car elle est de plusieurs vêtements, elle a plusieurs côtes l'une après l'autre comme une oignon."

Our diamond is generally referred to the Greek ἀδάμας, the derivation of which current in Pliny's time, and the one that he accepted, explained it as meaning "the invincible," in allusion to the hardness of the stone and to the supposed inability of fire to melt it. But even if that derivation be right, it might have been applied, not so much from the power of the stone to resist fire or the anvil, as either from its power of conferring invincibility in battle or of rendering the gods unable to resist the prayers of its possessor. The last seems to have been the oldest idea, for the ancients, according to Onomakritus, called it Adamas, because it conquered the mind of the blessed gods, compelling them to give heed to sacrifices and to deign to take pity upon mortals.[2] But Adamas was also the ancient name of the river Brahmani in Bengal, which runs through the oldest diamond district of India, and is marked Adamas in the maps of Ptolemy's Geography. Is it not, therefore, probable that the Greek word really came from the Indian river, and that the interpretation of it as "the invincible" was an erroneous refinement of later times? The Greeks had, of course, as well, a mythological derivation for their word, according to which Adamas was the name of a Cretan youth who, for his careful attendance upon Zeus when that deity was in the cradle, was transformed into a stone and also placed among the stars, in company

[1] Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* ix. 35: "In tantum ut nulli duo reperiantur indiscreti, unde nomen unionum Romanæ imposuere deliciæ."

[2] Περὶ λίθων, 189. τὸν ῥὰ παλαιγενέες μὲν Ἀνίκητιν Ἀδάμαντα
κλέον, ὅτι γνάμπτει μακάρων νόον ὄφρα θυηλὰς
ἀζόμενοι ἐθέλωσιν ἐπιχθονίους ἐλεαίρειν.

with the nymphs and goat, who for a similar service met with a similar reward.

In the same way the amethyst was in Greek fancy a beautiful youth, transformed by Diana into that lovely purple-tinted stone which, we all no doubt know, is nothing but rock crystal, so coloured by manganese and iron. Bacchus, in memory of his love for the youth, gave to the stone the colour of wine, together with the faculty of preserving wine-drinkers from the natural results of over-indulgence. Perhaps it was this story that gave rise to the derivation of ἀμέθυστον from ἀ (*not*) and μεθύω (*to intoxicate*); or was the story suggested by the derivation? No one can say; but it is strange that Pliny should reject the popular derivation, in favour, apparently, of one even more far-fetched; for he says the word means "not-wine," because it approaches the purple of wine, yet falls short of it in a tint of violet! Probably both interpretations are wrong, but at all events the belief in the power of the amethyst, like that of a crown of crocus, to defeat the consequences of an excess of alcohol, continued for many ages, for Marbodius, in singing its praises, describes it as "*contrariuse brietati.*" The amethyst, therefore, by reason of its great value to the drunkard and the soldier, is a stone never likely to be for long out of favour. How like the legend of its origin is to that of the origin of Daphne, the laurel, or of Arethusa, the fountain, which, both being of human origin, were rescued from importunate lovers by the powers they invoked, and by them transformed—the one into a tree, and the other into water—will be obvious to all, and may help to illustrate the simple manner in which so much of mythology arose.

The onyx affords an illustration of another sort. The word—itself from the Greek word ὄνυξ (*a finger-nail*), which it was thought to resemble—sprang from or gave birth to the following Greek myth regarding it. Cupid, finding his mother Venus asleep one day, pared her nails with the point of one of his arrows, and flew away. But the nail-parings of the goddess fell on the Indian sands, where the Fates, zealous to preserve anything divine from perishing, transformed them into onyx. And here occurs a curious instance of the way in which legend and superstition act and react upon one another, so that it is often impossible to distinguish between parent and offspring. The Italian diminutive for onyx became *onicolo*, and this passed into *nicolo*. The question then arose, Why was the stone called *nicolo*? and the necessity of an answer produced two legend[illegible] one, that there had been a certain artist called Nicolo, wh[illegible] in onyx in preference to any other stone; another, w[illegible]

caused the onyx to be included among the talismans of victory, that it derived its name from a certain Nicolaus, whose name signifies a conqueror of nations.

So with our word magnet, which comes to us from Magnesia, a common country both of the loadstone—called originally Heraclion—and of the white silvery stone, of no attractive force, which the early Greeks called the μαγνῆτις λίθος. When the real origin of the name was forgotten, the story was invented of the shepherd called Magnes, who, as Pliny tells us, was one day driving his sheep to pasture on Mount Ida, when he suddenly discovered that the nails of his shoes and the iron tip of his staff adhered to the ground over which he walked.

Many of our stone-names have, in fact, no more mysterious origin than the name of the place where they were principally found. The *chalcedony* is from Chalcedon, near Constantinople. The *turquoise* is from Turkey, its chief mart from Persia. Our *agate* comes from Achates, the old name for the river Drillo in Sicily, where it is said to have been first found. *Jet* owes its name to the Latin word for it, gagates, from Gages, the name of a town and river in Lycia. For our *sard* we may choose between Sardia, which Pliny adopts, and *sered*, the Persian for yellowish-red. One derivation connects the *topaz* with the name of an Indian town, where it was found accidentally by some quarrymen, who mistook it for alabaster. Another traces it to an island in the Red Sea, called Topazus—from a word signifying to seek, because the said island was so beset with fogs that navigators had great difficulty in finding it.

Most of our precious stones being of foreign importation, they do not enter into our native mythology as flowers or animals do, nor, for the same reason, do they play a conspicuous part in English poetry. Pearls sometimes are spoken of as the tears of fallen angels, or, as Sir Walter Scott says :—

> See these pearls that long have slept,
> These were tears which naiads wept;

with which we may compare Robert Herrick's account of rubies :—

> Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew?
> And nothing I did say :
> But with my finger pointed to
> The lips of Julia.
> Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where?
> Then spoke I to my Girle,
> To part her lips, and shew'd them there
> The Quarelets of Pearl.

But in countries where the precious stones are commonly found, myths are found with them very similar to those associated with the commoner objects of our daily experience. Thus in Tonquin the origin of the pearl is accounted for in the following way: There was once a Tonquinese king so well skilled in magic as to make a bow of pure gold, which, as its arrows never failed to deal death, was a sure pledge of perpetual victory. He, therefore, had no difficulty in defeating another king who attacked him. In time his daughter married the defeated king's son, and one day the latter prevailed on his wife to procure for him the magic bow, and to substitute another resembling it in its place. She did so in ignorance of the bow's virtues, the result being that her father in his turn was conquered, and compelled to fly. Being informed by a demon of the source of his misfortune, he seized his daughter, and, drawing his scimitar, proceeded to kill her, but not before she had time to predict that, in order to afford to future ages an enduring proof of her innocence, the blood that he shed should be turned into pearls. And surely so it must have been; for is not the spot where she was slain still the place where men discover the fairest and the loveliest pearls?

The Greek legend of the origin of coral is told at length by Onomakritus, and is repeated by Ovid in his "Metamorphoses." Perseus, having cut off the Medusa's head, being desirous to cleanse himself from the pollution even of a murder so beneficial to mankind, deposited the still dripping head on some green seaweed on the beach whilst he bathed in the waves; and the daughters of the sea came and turned the weed into stone, yet so that it was thenceforth red instead of green. It is probably for this reason that the black coral is still called *Gorgonia antipathes*, and the so-called sea-pollen the Medusa head.[1] Our word coral is from the Greek *κοράλλιον*, which in Pliny's time was derived from *κείρειν* (*to shear*), the belief being that it was necessary to cut short the coral with a sharp iron instrument, because if touched by the hand it would immediately harden into stone.

The hæmatite affords another instance of redness of colours suggesting a tradition of blood. As the Fates turned the nail-parings of Venus into onyx, so they turned into the redly coloured hæmatite (*αἱματόεις*) the drops of blood which fell from Ouranos on the occasion of his maltreatment by Saturn—a story which is one proof among many of the gross literalness wherewith the early Greeks formed those conceptions of cosmology which so many still refine

[1] Pliny, *H. N.* 2 xxxvii. 59, mentions Gorgonia as in his day the name for a

and reduce to mere allegories of natural phenomena. It was in exact accordance with this old Greek idea about the hæmatite that in the middle ages people fancied that the blood of Christ was diffused through the heliotrope or bloodstone.

Better known than the Greek myth of the coral or the hæmatite is that of amber, the fossilised gum of the pine-tree, which, as the ἤλεκτρον of the Greeks, referring to its powers of attraction, is the parent word of our *electricity*. The favourite story was, that when Phaethon was struck by a thunderbolt from Zeus into the Eridanus, lest the world should be destroyed through his bad driving of the sun, his sisters, bewailing him on the banks, became poplars, and the tears they shed turned into drops of amber. But another story identified amber with the tears shed by the birds Meleagrides for their dead brother Meleager, with which the most amusing point is the indignant language that the scientific Pliny uses against Sophocles the poet for having indorsed with his name so great an absurdity. "What child," he asks, "could be so ignorant as to believe in the annual weepings of birds, or to think that their tears could be so large, or that they would go from Greece, where Meleager died, to India to lament him? . . . For a person to say anything so absurd of a thing of such daily occurrence and abundance as amber evinces the greatest contempt for the opinion of mankind, and reaches a pitch of unpunished falsehood that is altogether intolerable." According to Pliny, *elector* is a synonym for the sun, and the word ἤλεκτρον is generally derived from ἥλιος, the sun. Still, it is not apparent why, because Phaethon drove the chariot of the sun, the name of the latter should have been transferred to the tears shed by Phaethon's sisters. The mediæval philologists derived the word from ἀ (*not*) and λέκτρον (*a bed*), because the sun roused men from their beds in the morning[1]; but of this derivation it need only be said that it is not worse than many suggested by philologists of far greater and more recent reputation than the monkish scholars of the middle ages.

It is difficult to believe that the myths of precious stones above collected were ever more than poetical fancies; but the barrier, seemingly so obvious, of our later science between animate and inanimate probably did not exist in those remote ages we call primitive. To primitive man the world presented itself, as it still does to children, as a sort of fairyland, wherein the sudden transformation of a man into a flower, an animal, a star, or a rock or stone, was a perfectly credible occurrence. It may be doubted

[1] Quia homines ἀλέκτρους—*i.e.* sine lecto—faciat, hoc est, a somno excitet.

whether early Greek thought did not accept as literal facts stories like that of Niobe being turned to stone from grief at the destruction of her children, or of Atlas the man becoming Atlas the mountain. But even science itself long held to the view of the animate nature of stones. For both Theophrastus and Pliny believed that stones of the same kind differed in gender according to the paler or darker brightness of their rays. Says Theophrastus of the carnelian: "The transparent and reddish kind is called the female, and the transparent but darker kind the male," and Pliny uses similar language about the sandastros and the cyanus. In Iceland to this day the *Lausnarstein*—which is really only the fruit of the plant *Mimosa scandens*, and is sought for in an eagle's nest, for the same useful virtues that ancient Greek superstition attributed to the ἀετίτης, or eagle-stone—is distinguished as male, female, and offspring.[1] But it is even more surprising to find the same theory in a scientific Italian dictionary of gems of this century, wherein Signor Robbio informs us that the first difference between calamites is that of males and females; and again, that the sard is the mother of the amethyst; so that one may see gems that are sards on one side and amethysts on the other.

It is in accordance with this theory of the possibilities of primitive thought that mythology everywhere abounds with stories of stones which really have had a human origin. Are not some of the gigantic stones of Carnac, soldiers who were so transformed for pursuing St. Cornely? Are not others in Brittany certain sportsmen and their dogs, punished by petrifaction for hunting on Sunday? And is not the Barking Rock near Bains a dog who for pursuing St. Convoyon was by that saint converted into stone? In Germany, may you not still see the two boys who, for quarrelling over so sacred a thing as a piece of bread, the gift of God to man, were turned into rocks? or the petrified form of the girl who, when remonstrated with for gathering flax on Sunday, swore that she would be changed into stone before she would go home? or, again, on a certain heath that large stone which really embodies a bridal pair and their followers, who were so transformed because their attendant musicians would continue to play festive airs in spite of the thunderstorm that broke over them as they were driving over the heath? In the same way the rude and remote Andaman islanders explain two large boulders as two enormous animals who, in pursuit of the first man and his friends, stuck fast where they now stand in the mud of the shallows they tried to cross. And just as the Andamanese explain certain deep incisions

[1] Maurer, *Isländische Sagen*, 180, 181.

in a large block of sandstone as the account left by the first man of the origin of things, so similar incisions in Europe are interpreted as the finger-marks of giants, or more often of the Devil, when attempting to hurl some enormous boulder against a church.

The famous Kaaba stone at Mecca, according to one theory, was originally a precious stone in Paradise that fell to the earth at the time of Adam's fall, but was lost in the slime of the deluge till it was recovered by the angel Gabriel. Then it was a jacinth of such extreme whiteness as to dazzle people's eyes at a distance of four days' journey, and it only gradually attained its present state of blackness from shame and sorrow over the sins of the world. But the better opinion is that it was not merely a jacinth of Paradise, but the actual guardian angel, who, having been sent to watch over Adam therein, was, at his fall, and as a punishment for so negligent an execution of his trust, changed into a stone and driven from Paradise, not to resume his angelic form till the days of the world are numbered.

These stories and beliefs help to explain the wide prevalence over the world of direct stone-worship—a practice so firmly rooted that as late as the sixth century Christian priests had to be bidden to shut their churches against all persons who were in the habit of worshipping upright stones, and that Charlemagne in the ninth century, Edgar in the tenth, and Canute in the eleventh, found it necessary to pass special laws prohibiting this peculiar species of idolatry by persons professedly Christian. On any other theory than that stone-worshippers believed in the animate and quasi-human nature of remarkable rocks, it is impossible to account for so grossly irrational a custom. And thus it will appear that the mythology that has been produced regarding rocks or gems is so similar to that which explains the peculiarities of flowers, trees, animals, and stars, that it may be taken as an additional proof that mythology in general is much more the result of primitive guesses at truth, of the universal human need of an explanation of things, than of forgotten poetical fictions concerning the relations of light and darkness, or the sequence of sunrise and sunset.

J. A. FARRER.

MADAME DE FLORAC.

THE women of fiction form perhaps the most delightful ideal possession of the civilized races of the world. Invention, based upon imitation, has produced true and lovely images of the fairest and sweetest creatures that make the earth divine. To few men is it given to know and meet in actual life women who rise to the altitude of worth and charm of the women of the poets; and it is pre-eminently the happy task of the poet to embody for us, in suggestion of deathless loveliness, beings who answer to the highest conception that man can form of beauty, of tenderness, of purity, and of nobleness. In the magic mirror of the poet's imagination are fixed to permanence the images of the fairest and the dearest of God's feminine creatures. He who, professing a high ideal of womanhood, can yet never find an ideal love, may, in imagination, be wedded to Imogen or Di Vernon. That greatest poet, who "wears the crown o' the world," Shakespeare, is the greatest creator of ideal women. The true ideal is always based upon the real; and Shakespeare's women are so ideal because his idea is always based upon living types of abstract truth. His women are what they are, because womanhood is, at its best, what it is. Imogen, Desdemona, Rosalind, Portia, are loftiest creatures, and yet are all possible women. Another mighty poet has given us Gretchen and Clärchen. Impossible, in such limited space as we can here command, to enumerate, or even to allude to, all the fair women painted by noble poets. The large and lovely constellation of sweet, good women shines majestically before our enraptured vision; stirs our ceaseless gratitude, and awakens our wondering admiration. They excite the fancy, and they touch the heart. They animate us to noble life, and they move us with the high delight of fair images of honourable love.

These women of fiction are placed in all positions which can draw forth their deepest beauty, their most generous sacrifice of self, and their highest charm; but, with all great poets, incident is chiefly used to develop and to illustrate character. Sometimes, as in the case of Juliet, or in that of Gretchen, they are wholly hapless in the

lives and loves. The true poet paints magnanimously, even in the characters and the fates of women, the dæmonic and the divine.

> For men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
> But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.

We have Lady Macbeth, Regan, Goneril, as well as Beatrice or Cordelia. Nay, we have even Doll Tearsheet—so wide is the range covered by womanhood. "It is a mystery, this fated unhappiness, which comes in such unequal measure; and, as I believe, to those who least need it;" and Thackeray has painted one most unhappy lady who, to our earthly ken, suffers misery when she merited only bliss. Her life seems a failure; but when God shall have "made the pile complete," it may appear that sorrow, so nobly borne, has culminated in the highest success, and that, in the fields made visible by death, her love was a triumph, and her life a victory. To that lady's sad story we dedicate our present special study.

Thackeray's sorrowful heroine is presented to us in a novel, and it may be permitted to us to devote a few thoughts to the form of art which comprises narrative fiction, or that picture of actual life which we term a novel. Story-telling, principally as a narrative of events and adventures, is one of the oldest of the arts, and springs originally from the mystic East. The Arabian Nights may be taken as a type and specimen of the later and more complex production of the teeming fancy of the Oriental story-teller; but there is a quite enormous difference between a story told merely for the sake of the story itself, and a story told with a view to display and illustrate character. Thus, in Don Quixote, the adventures which occur to the nobly mentally diseased Don are invented only in order to exemplify the character and mental characteristics of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha. "Why, the story is everything," says Mr. Walter Besant, when speaking of the novel. It may, however, be permissible to argue, even against so high an authority, that in the works of the greatest novelists story is only used as an auxiliary to higher purposes. The mere story is a lower thing than the noble novel. The faculty of the story-teller ranks below the qualities of the great novelist. "The excitement of wondering what will happen next" is an excitement which can only move us the first time that we read a novel, or even a romance. Those great works which we read again and again have another and higher interest above that of story. Let us turn next to the question of *plot*. Festus says, speaking of his own book, "It has a plan but no plot. Life has none;" and this saying is true [of] all great novels. The novel which depends solely upon plot is a

novel devised for vulgar readers, and can, by critics, be read only once. There is, in the writing of some novels, a barren ingenuity which constructs cunningly an artificial and elaborate plot; but once read, such works are done with. Life has no plot; and the great novelist describes only that procession of events which could, or would, occur in real life. He does not depend upon the surprises of artfully combined and startling events which shall be unfolded with a view to exciting the mind of a dull reader. The great novelist seeks to delight and not to amuse. He does not care to startle. He despises the trickery of construction, and relies upon nobler and more permanent sources of interest.

A picture of human beings as they are, of the flow and current of human life as that may probably exist, suffice to the master of the craft. A novelist who is dramatic in dialogue and in narrative needs not much drama in action. Mr. Shorthouse, who illustrates his theories through the rare and delicate merits of his "John Inglesant," argues strongly in favour of "a species of literature which, I think, has not hitherto had justice done to it, but which I believe to be capable of great things—I mean Philosophical Romance." More imagination is required for the production of a true novel than is needed for any sensational fiction. It may be maintained that none of the great world novels, those which are a permanent and a royal possession of European literature, are dependent upon plot. There is no plot in "Don Quixote," in "Gil Blas," in "Wilhelm Meister," in "The Vicar of Wakefield," in "Robinson Crusoe." The question is one between great art and trivial artificiality. In Defoe, in Addison and Steele's "Sir Roger de Coverley," in Fielding, Smollett, Scott, Sterne, Miss Austen, nay, even in George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë,[1] there is no reliance upon mere "plot." Jean Paul ignores plot, as he despises form. Miss Ellen Watson says, finely, "It is from reflections of this sense of man's relation, not to this world only but to the universe, that great writers produce great works; and the more vivid this sense, the greater power descends on him who writes. Without it, knowledge, wit, art, may be said to produce a body, they

[1] When, in *Silas Marner*, that awful incident occurs in the Church assembling in Lantern Yard, and when, after an appeal to the Bible, the lots declare that the innocent man was guilty, the occurrence is not melodramatic, but psychological; and it is employed to illustrate the state of Marner's soul. When, in *Jane Eyre*, the episode of Rochester's wife is introduced, it is done, not for the sake of melodramatic effect, but with a view to elucidate the positions and the characters of Rochester and of Jane. In [illegible] *merely striking effect.*

may even produce a mind, but *never a soul.*" The true humorist, the writer who sees human life in large relations, is indifferent to plot. The writer who relies wholly or mainly upon plot does not command the higher faculties of the creator.

If we feel moved to institute any comparison between humour and earnestness, we shall perhaps decide that humour is the more mundane, earnestness the more spiritual feeling. To take an illustration from the drama, compare the dialogue between Mephisto and Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein, and that between Faust and Gretchen. Schiller, with his narrow intensity, had no humour. "In Memoriam" has none, and does not need it; but the great novelist must combine humour and earnestness, must have wit and must command pathos. Who, after twenty readings, can read again Jeannie Deans's address to Queen Caroline without feeling the old hysterical choking in the throat, without feeling tears in the eyes? The novelist must interpret for his readers those occult feelings, thoughts, impulses, which render human beings such mysteries to each other. He must supply adequacy of temptation, according to its individualism, to the character that fails or falls. He must know idioms and manners; and must possess those "energies of indignation and scorn which are the proper scourges of wrong-doing and of meanness." He must work in a mental condition of *clairvoyance*, which pierces through outer shows and husks to the living nature, to the beating heart, to the often complex motive within.

Thackeray never relies upon plot; but he does revel in his insight into character. There is, in some writers, not of the first mark, an amalgam of story and of plot, which, in consequence of the undue stress laid upon secondary means of effect, seldom rises to the dignity of true and noble art. In melodrama, the aim is at effect for effect's sake: but how poor is such art when compared with true tragedy or comedy! An elaborate structure of convoluted and entangled incident is a thing mean and worthless when contrasted with the loftier art which uses incident as life uses it. Natural occurrences, resembling those which happen in the ordinary current of actual life, form a sufficient basis for the novel of a great writer in his craft.

After these few general thoughts, let us proceed to try to analyse and enjoy the particular character in "The Newcomes" which we have selected for this present essay. An episode, or an episodical character, may well be studied separately; especially when either is chosen from a great work which contains a crowd of striking and admirably drawn characters.

When young Thomas Newcome had outgrown the unsympathetic

surroundings of the respectable, dreary, pious Clapham mansion of the Hobson-Newcome pair; when the wild, noble young lad had contracted a great fancy for soldiering, and for India, and found his favourite reading in Orme's History, which described the exploits of Clive and Lawrence—a cavalry cadetship was procured for him; and then, his stepmother's unwilling consent having been, with difficulty, obtained, the ardent youth was placed with a tutor who prepared young men for the army. This tutor lived at Blackheath, and not far from the tutor's house, on the road to Woolwich, dwelt the little Chevalier de Blois, "at whose house the young man much preferred to take his French lessons rather than to receive them under his tutor's own roof."

The time is that of George III. Misunderstood by his domineering stepmother, Sophia Alethea, who naturally disliked a lad too noble for her comprehension; standing outside the mental sympathies of his practical, business father, who, though he loved the child of his first marriage, could never recognise the fine qualities of his distinguished son, Thomas Newcome had grown into a restless, impetuous youth, miserable at home, and longing only for the career of arms. At home he fell to drinking with the grooms, and was so far from being in a state of grace that he actually went from Clapham itself to Epsom races, and returned, excited by drink, in a tax-cart, accompanied by disreputable friends, male and female. The generous, ardent youth was on the way to ruin in his despotic religious home, when fate snatched him from his mean surroundings and gave him a chance of becoming a soldier and a hero.

But before war came love; and a lost love was to bring a lifelong sorrow.

The Chevalier de Blois had two pretty young daughters. Himself one of the noble refugees of the migration, the Chevalier had seen the wars of the great Frederick, and was able to teach the art military. It was surprising with what assiduity young Newcome pursued the studies of the French tongue and of war. And now the future Madame de Florac enters on the scene. Knowing, as we do, all her sad future, it is with a touch of emotion, almost of tender awe, that we note the first appearance of this sorrowful, noble lady upon the stage on which she will have to act so little—to suffer so much. As yet she is young and fair; capable of noblest and of tenderest love, and not without soft hope for a woman's highest happiness. All her qualities are those which will render her long life-sorrow more touching and more sad.

While the cadet was studying with her father, Mademoisell-

Léonore (the name is sweet and sad) would carry on her little industry very undisturbedly in the same parlour. She found means to add a few shillings to the scanty store on which this exiled family supported themselves in their day of misfortune. The Chevalier was not unquiet about her, because she was promised in marriage to the Comte de Florac (a year older than the Chevalier himself), who, also a refugee, gave lessons on the fiddle. Thomas Newcome never said a word at Clapham about Mademoiselle de Blois.

"What happens when two young folks of eighteen, handsome and ardent, generous and impetuous, meet daily over French dictionaries, embroidery frames, or indeed upon any business whatever?"

Tom declared his passion, wanted to marry Léonore at once, and to carry her with him to India, where they would be happy ever after. It was a pure, a noble, and a worthy love. We who know the future lives, and the developed characters of the happy young lovers, know that each was worthy of the other, that their marriage would have been an ideal, a divine union, and that their lives would have been entirely happy in their noble love and constant truth. But the course of such true love was not to run smooth. Mrs. Newcome discovered their attachment; and then there was also the Comte de Florac. The parents on both sides were fiercely opposed to the match. Tom's father "could remember how in his own early life he too had courted and loved a young lass." It was only of his wife that the elder Newcome was afraid; and, indeed, he judged that imperious lady rightly.

She charged, insolently, the poor Chevalier with being privy to the attachment between the young people; pursued him with vulgar rebukes, and extorted from the family pride of the French noble the words: "*You* forbid me," said he—"you forbid Mademoiselle de Blois to marry your son, Mr. Thomas! No, madam, she comes of a race which is not accustomed to ally itself with persons of your class, and she is promised to a gentleman whose ancestors were dukes and peers when Mr. Newcome's were blacking shoes!" And so, on her father's side, the wicked, cruel French system of marriage—parent of so much foul crime, and of so much mean misery—was pitilessly carried out, and Léonore was at once married to the old Comte de Florac. "The poor girl yielded without a word, as became her," and her unhappy lover, frantic with wrath and despair, sailed for India. And this is the brief history of Madame de Florac's early love, so innocent and so intense, so savagely shattered into a lifelong misery embittered by a sense of cruel wrong. The emigration had taught the exiled French nobles nothing of the sanctity of happy marriage, or of honourable love.

And so these two fond and faithful hearts are separated by stern fate, and by the foolish cruelty of their fellow-men. One, and his the better fate, is active in his noble profession, and in the excitement of glorious war, in splendid sunny India; while the woman, with no such occupation or distraction, is dragging out the slow sorrow of her dreary wedded life in that changeful France, which has recalled its emigrants, and accepted Napoleon, as it will restore its line of kings.

Many men, and some women, after missing an ideal love, sink, in disappointment, into a commonplace union.

When the Katharine Nevile, of Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," explains in her widowhood, to her old lover Hastings, why she stooped to marry the wretched Bonville, she says, "Of the three suitors for my hand two were young and gallant—women deemed them fair and comely, and had my choice been one of these thou mightest have deemed that a new love had chased the old. Since choice was mine, I chose the man *love* could not choose, and took this sad comfort to my heart: 'He, the forsaken Hastings, will see, in my very choice, that I was but the slave of duty—my choice itself my penance.'"

Major Newcome is another instance. He marries Mrs. Casey, the widow of a gentleman who, in his lifetime, "used to fling plates at his Emma's head, and who perished from his fatal attachment to the bottle." Mrs. Casey overcame Major Newcome by sheer pity and helplessness. He found her so friendless that he installed her as his wife, "as he would have received a traveller into his bungalow." "I believe Tom Newcome married her," Mr. Binnie used to say, "in order that he might have permission to pay her milliner's bills."

The Major was soon left a widower, with one little boy.

The lives of our lady and of her knight were—until for him the end came—passed apart; but never, throughout the long years, did those two noble hearts cease to vibrate in unison. They loved indestructibly, but they loved highly and holily, and with them honour was stronger than frailty. Their love was pure, but faith was strong as love, and both were sublimated above the sentimentalism of weakness, or the baseness of hot and erring human passion. They could not come together, but they could never remain wholly or spiritually apart. Her life was stagnant and uneventful, devoted to weary though sacred duties, and to sad memories; torn by the long thought of that which might have been, by the mournful feeling of a happiness once revealed but soon snatched away. Each event in the colonel's life, every feeling [illegible] known to

the gentle, faithful woman, were shared by her fond and lonely heart. Her comparatively empty life became tinged with the softly splendid hues of the sadly brilliant decay of fading leaves in autumn. The long, ceaseless thought of the loved lover of her gentle youth quivered with the silent touch of undying sympathy, and she felt, in melancholy resignation, that the youth who had stirred her young heart had ripened into the man who would have crowned her life with honour, and surrounded it with bliss. The mournful poem of her weary life ripened her chastened soul for Heaven.

Madame de Florac remains outside the main action of the novel, but yet she is never uninfluenced by the fortunes that she does not influence; and she touches, as with angels' visits, few and far between, the life of the man she loves, the interests of those that he loves. The silent heavens bow down and mingle with the lowly earth. She remains a Providence of tenderness, of goodness, and of love.

The old meaning, perhaps still the true meaning, of the terms "hero" and "heroine," is that of a person who is a son or a daughter of God, "and whom God informs and strengthens, and sends out to do noble work, teaching them the way wherein they should go"; but in fiction, in the drama, in the novel or romance, the conventional meaning of the names "hero" and "heroine" is, the persons who play leading parts, and who, mostly, are lovers, young, romantic—happy or hapless, as the case may be. Therefore, in the current sense of the term, Miss Ethel may be considered to be the heroine of "the Newcomes." Round her and her charms, round her pretty wilfulness and her worldly aspirations, transmuted into nobler feeling by sorrow, centres the action, and the romantic interest of one phase of the work; but Madame de Florac, old, lonely, sad, leading a withered life of faith and love, is, in a truer sense, perhaps, a greater heroine, and may move some of us to a yet deeper and more pathetic interest than that awakened by the young and brilliant beauty. In the late Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu," Richelieu, who does not make love, is a much more important figure than the *jeune premier*, Adrien de Mauprat.

The first letter written by Madame de Florac to the Colonel is dated Paris, November 15, 1820. She is a grandmother. Thomas Newcome is a widower, with one son. His first long Indian campaign is over. The letter is written in that pathetic minor key in which the gentle, sorrowing woman ever feels. Her set grey life has bowed to resignation, but has lost all cheerfulness. She writes in the charming, delicate French-English idiom which she learned in the time at which, in his youth, she had acquired English in the band

of her lover. "I have not forgotten a time before those days, when, according to promises given by my father, I became the wife of M. de Florac. Sometimes I have heard of your career. . . . I have followed them [his battles], sir, on the map. I have taken part in your victories and your glory. Ah! I am not so cold, but my heart has trembled for your dangers:—not so aged, but I remember the young man who learned from the pupil of Frederick the first rudiments of war. Your great heart, your love of truth, your courage were your own. . . . My friend, I hope that there was not that difference of age between your wife and you that I have known in other unions. . . . I hold you always in my memory. As I write the past comes back to me. I see a noble young man, who has a soft voice and brown eyes. I see the Thames, the smiling plains of Blackheath. I listen and pray at my chamber door, as my father talks to you in our little cabinet of studies. I look from the window and see you depart." The letter is signed "Comtesse de Florac, née L. de Blois."

When he meets Ethel, "as for Thomas Newcome and his niece, they fell in love with each other instantaneously, like Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess of China;" the chief reason being on the Colonel's side that Ethel somewhat resembles Léonore.

"There was a point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth, and which he saw in dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterwards, as though they looked at him out of Heaven, seemed to shine upon him after five-and-thirty years."

"If God had so willed it, I might have been happy myself, and could have made a woman happy. But the fates were against me," says the Colonel. Later, he tells Clive, "I knew her when I was a boy, long before you were born or thought of; and in wandering forty years through the world since, I have found no woman in my eyes so good or so beautiful. Your cousin Ethel reminded me of her; as handsome, but not *so lovely*. Yes, it was that pale lady you saw at Paris, with eyes full of care, and hair streaked with grey."

Coarse as was her nature, Mrs. Mackenzie had yet sufficient feminine perception to see that "Colonel Newcome has had some great passion once upon a time, I am sure of that, and has no more heart to give away."

Clive goes to Paris, and meets his father's old love. "I suppose she was an old flame of the Colonel's, for their meeting [illegible] commonly ceremonious and tender." Mr. Clive had not

his own love sorrows, and the lad adds, flippantly: "It was like an elderly Sir Charles Grandison saluting a middle-aged Miss Byron. Madame de Florac is a very grand lady, and must have been a great beauty in her time. . . . She wore a little old-fashioned brooch yesterday, and said, '*Voilà, la reconnaissez-vous?*' Last year when you were here, it was in the country, and she smiled at him, and the dear old boy gave a sort of groan and dropped his head in his hand."

The gracious lady tells Clive: "You must come and see me often, always. You remind me of him." And then she added, with a very sweet, kind smile, "Do you like best to think that he was better-looking than you, or that you excel him?" And Clive replied, "I should like to be like him."

It requires great self-restraint to confine oneself rigidly to the special subject of our present essay, and to refrain from analysis of other of Thackeray's characters. This difficulty is great in the case of the son of Léonore, M. Paul de Florac, a French gentleman, drawn with all Thackeray's delicate art, and with even more than his usual enjoyment in the creation of his living personages. Thackeray loved that kindly prodigal, of whom our author says that "had his mother not been alive, perhaps he would have believed in the virtue of no woman."

"See her miniature!" exclaims M. Paul. "I never separate myself from it. Oh, never! Oh, she is an angel, my mother! I am sure that Heaven has nothing to deny that saint, and that her tears wash out my sins."

M. Paul is married ("our union was all of convenience, you understand") to Miss Higg, of Manchester. "I lament that Madame de Florac [his wife, of course] should have escaped the St. Barthélemi, when no doubt she was spared on account of her tender age." Needless to say that *her* son was dear to the loyal Colonel.

Despite the sad example of Madame de Florac, Miss Ethel becomes intent upon a merely worldly marriage. "O, me! what a confession it is, in the very outset of life and blushing brightness of life's morning, to own that the aim with which a young girl sets out, and the object of her existence, is to marry a rich man; that she was endowed with beauty so that she might buy wealth and a title with it." But there are extenuating circumstances in the case of Miss Ethel. Madame de Florac was condemned by others to a long, loathsome union, to a loveless and ignoble marriage with a man that she could not love; but Ethel seems to be seeking, of her own free

will, such a base alliance. Madame de Florac might be sustained under her sad sacrifice by a sense of duty; but she could know no joy, and even her saintly soul revolted against the harsh decree of fate.

When Clive's time comes, and when he loves, though almost hopelessly, his brilliant cousin, Madame de Florac, "who loved him as her own," takes the boy's hand, and says, "*J'ai votre secret, mon ami,*" and her eyes regard him for a moment as fondly, as tenderly, as ever they looked at his father. "O, what tears have they shed, gentle eyes! O, what faith it has kept, tender heart! . . . . If we love still those we lose, can we lose altogether those we love? Forty years have passed away. Youth and dearest memories revisit her, and hope almost wakes up again out of its grave, as the constant lady holds the young man's hand, and looks at the son of Thomas Newcome."

Madame de Florac's idea of duty to her relatives was "to soothe, to pray, to attend them with constant watchfulness, to mend them with pious counsel. . . . . Her daily business in life was to nurse a selfish old man, into whose service she had been forced in early youth, by a paternal decree which she never questioned; giving him obedience, striving to give him respect—everything but her heart, which had gone out of her keeping."

Loving Clive as she did, the kindly lady became very interested about Ethel Newcome, and strove to become intimate with the haughty young beauty. Ethel, her better nature then struggling vainly against her mean worldly ambitions, liked cordially the lonely, lofty, gentle French lady. The whirl of fashionable life could not prevent the splendid creature from going again and again to the Hôtel de Florac; where, occasionally, Mr. Clive had the good luck to meet his fair cousin. Madame de Florac was a partisan of the young lover, and Paul also was his friend. Clive showed to Paul the kind letter in which his father bade him "carry aid to Léonore de Florac's son." "Between my mother and your good Colonel there must have been an affair of the heart in the early days during the emigration. . . . . It is for that that her heart yearns toward thee. . . . Tell thy father that I feel—am touched by his goodness with eternal gratitude, and love every one that loves my mother." It is not relevant to our present subject, but it is impossible to pass over without an allusion to them, those almost matchless dra-
dialogues between Clive and Ethel (chapter xlvii.) w
Hôtel de Florac.

And the sad lady of the lost love can-

word of warning and advice. "When I see a young girl who may be made the victim—the subject of a marriage of convenience, as I was—my heart pities her. Better poverty, Ethel; better a cell in a convent than a union without love. Here, in France, our fathers sell us every day. And what a society ours is! There are some laws so cruel that nature revolts against them, and breaks them—or we die in keeping them." And Clive puts his fortune to the touch—and loses all. He tells the result to Madame de Florac, who kisses him—"*Mon fils, O mon fils!*" The next letter from Madame de Florac is remarkable as containing her most outspoken revolt, not against Heaven, but against that cruelty of man of which she was the victim. As the slow years roll on, and age brings her nearer to the final parting, she has less hesitation in declaring her love for Thomas Newcome.

Rue St. Dominique St. Germain, Paris, 10 Fev.

So behold you of return, my friend! you quit for ever the sword and those arid plains where you have passed so many years of your life, separated from those to whom, at the commencement, you held very nearly. Did it not seem once as if two hands never could unlock, so closely were they enlaced together? Ah! mine are old and feeble now; forty years have passed since the time when you used to say they were young and fair. How well I remember me of every one of those days, though there is a death between me and them, and it is as across a grave I review them. Yet another parting, and tears and regrets are finished. *Tenez*, I do not believe them when they say there is no meeting for us afterwards, there above. To what good to have seen you, friend, if we are to part here, and in Heaven, too? I have not altogether forgotten your language, is it not so? I remember it because it was yours, and that of my happy days. I radote like an old woman as I am. M. de Florac has known my history from the commencement. May I not say that after so many of years I have been faithful to him and to all my promises? When the end comes with its great absolution, I shall not be sorry. One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded. Ah! when shall they be over?

. . . .

They say you are returned very rich. What follies are these I write! In the long evenings of winter, the children escaped, it is a long time from the maternal nest, a silent old man my only company—I live but of the past, and play with its souvenirs as the detained caress little birds, little flowers, in their prisons. I was born for the happiness; my God! I have learned it in knowing you. In losing you I have lost it. It is not against the will of heaven I oppose myself. It is man, who makes himself so much of this evil and misery, this slavery, these tears, these crimes, perhaps.

And Thomas Newcome, in the valour of humility, becomes a pensioner of the Hospital of Grey Friars. The black gown of a poor brother hides the glitter of his Order of the Bath. *So* it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end! Once more Madame de Florac comes to England, not this time as a refugee

of the emigration, but as a widow, the guest of her son at Rosebury. She arrives, as it were, for the closing scene. What a change between the Duchesse d'Ivry and Léonore de Blois!—and yet, through a long death in life, the love of her youth is vital in her still. Most people stood in awe of the grave, stately lady, but children came to her trustingly, and, as it were, by instinct. "The habitual melancholy of her eyes vanished as they lighted upon young faces and infantile smiles. . . . Her demeanour, then, nay, her looks and ways at other times;—a certain gracious sadness, a sympathy with all grief and pity for all pain; a gentle heart, yearning towards all children; and, for her own especially feeling a love that was almost an anguish: in the affairs of the common world only a dignified acquiescence, as if her place were not in it, and her thoughts were in her Home elsewhere;—these qualities, which we had seen exemplified in another life, Laura and her husband watched in Madame de Florac." Clive gets married to Rosey, and Ethel had become the French lady's greatest favourite. "Sympathy brought those two faithful hearts together." "Perhaps Ethel never said what was in her heart, though, be sure, the other knew it." At the sacred Christmas time, the news comes to Rosebury of the last retreat of the soldier, of *ce preux chevalier, ce parfait gentilhomme*, Colonel Newcome.

Madame de Florac "gave her hand to her son, and a faint blush rose up out of the past, as it were, and trembled upon her wan cheek. 'He was the first friend I ever had in the world, Paul,' she said; 'the first and the best. He shall not want, shall he, my son?'" Her tears at length overflowed, and, with a sob, her head fell forward.

We cannot restrain our own tears as we witness those wrung from this true, long-suffering, faithful heart.

The last illness of the poor brother of Grey Friars comes. "Grief, and years, and humiliation, and care, and cruelty, had been too strong for him, and Thomas Newcome was stricken down." The whole of this passage is one of the very noblest achievements in modern fiction. With an awe and a grief unspeakable we watch beside the most pathetic sick-bed of the noble, modest, chivalrous old warrior. The last chapter of "The Newcomes" rises to the solemn poetic rapture of a penitential Psalm. Two other watchers by that bed are Ethel and Madame de Florac, the latter of whom out of duty had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; and was now, out of love, to soothe and tend the last hours of one for whose life she would gladly have given her own. The shades deepen; the light of life flickers, and the [illegible] *wanders.* Love and religion tend upon the goo[illegible]

"His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again—a youth all love and hope—then a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble, careworn face. At such times he called her by her christian name of *Léonore*; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they were still young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it."

"He talked louder; he gave the word of command; spoke Hindostanee, as if to his men; then he spoke words in French, rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, '*Toujours! Toujours!*'"

The French lady fell upon her knees, and remained bent in prayer.

He said hurriedly, "Take care of him when I am in India," and then, with a heart-rending voice he called out, "*Léonore! Léonore!*" She was kneeling by his side now. The end had come.

As the last bell of the chapel struck, "a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face," and in her presence—in the presence of the woman who had filled his life with sad and holy love—Thomas Newcome said his last *Adsum!* and stood in the presence of the Master.

It has seemed to me good to make this monographic study of Madame de Florac, considering her, not as isolated from the other characters—especially from the one character with which her love and life were so closely blended—but as a separate figure to be specially enjoyed and criticised in the force and beauty of her individualism. By this means we attain to a clearer conception of the fulness of meaning contained in the creation of the fair and noble woman, who possesses for us a charm so undying and so deep. She is one of that gallery of female characters which comprises: Becky Sharp, Blanche Amory, Beatrix Esmond, Mrs. Mackenzie. Shakespeare, who drew Imogen, Desdemona, Rosalind, Portia, has also painted Lady Macbeth, Regan, Goneril, the Queen of Cymbeline. The great artist who would depict very varying types and shades of character will paint the evil as well as the good. Of Colonel Newcome and of Madame de Florac it is to be noted that Thackeray has subtly shown the absolute and admirable fitness of

the one soul for the other; and has relied, for his tragedy of Fate stronger than man, upon the cruel and insurmountable barrier which keeps such hearts asunder. An inferior artist, intent only upon a happy ending, and upon bringing such hearts together, would have made Madame de Florac early a widow, would have married her to her chivalrous Colonel. This would have been at once pretty and false, facile and sentimental; but Thackeray was too great for so commonplace a treatment of such great characters. They had to refrain, to suffer, to forego; to rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things. In some future world, where all is pure, they may meet and claim each other; but happiness in this life was not for them. Martyrs of duty and honour, their sad story contains victory, but excludes joy. It is noteworthy that Thackeray, in a literary sense, has no youth. His literary youth was probably consumed, like that of his own Philip, in the drudgery of a hack Paris correspondent of newspapers. When Thackeray comes before us as an author, we find in his great works the calm and force, the repose and simplicity, of a master. Carlyle, though scarcely in a merely literary sense, had no youth; but of his case we can judge fully, owing to the labours of the biographer, while of Thackeray we possess no biography, and have to piece together, when we would study his life and himself, mere hints and glimpses.

Thackeray, in the fullest, noblest sense of the word, was a humorist; and, therefore, his pathos is as true as his wit is bright. His humour is so fine that he never descends to low comedy or violates nature for the sake of comic or any other effect. He is wholly too great for popularity, especially for that immediate reverberation of reputation which is won by some writers whose claim to lasting fame is questionable. Thackeray's fame will be the slow quiet result of recognition beginning with the cultured and strengthened by criticism. *Das Gleiche kann nur vom Gleichen erkannt werden.* Such a title should only be awarded after careful consideration, but Thackeray may, I think, be ranked as the first of English novelists. All his powers found full expression within the form of art which he wisely selected and sedulously followed. If George Eliot have some higher thought qualities, those qualities—especially in her later works—lie outside the range of the novel. Thackeray was a true social regenerator; and his keen satire, if sometimes bitter, is the result of honest indignation against all that is unworthy and is base. He teaches a nobler morality than that found in the actual existing social world. He paints greatness and meanness, and he shows, too,

how, in the growth of a character, acted upon by external circumstance, worldliness may be elevated to nobleness, and nobleness may, under temptation, sink to conduct beneath its own ideal. His characters are as real as if they were actually living and speaking among us. We see their figures, we watch the play of their features, and hear the tones of their voices. He paints from the inside outwards, and to our ken his men and women are such crystal clocks that we see the inner works through the transparent faces. The fulness of his sympathy with humanity, the profundity of his knowledge of many-sided life, is extraordinary. If he stand by the porter's lodge of Shepherd's Inn, he looks at the outside of the houses and sees all the life that is within. If he take you with the Colonel and with Clive to Sir Brian Newcome's respectable mansion in the early morning, when the shutters are just opening to let in another respectable day, he notes all the characteristic furniture, pictures, plate-trays, journals; he knows all about the domestics and the household. His style comprises exquisite playfulness, beautiful banter, incisive description, pregnant narrative, and manly eloquence. His were the clear intellect, the shaping spirit of imagination, the great human heart, the tenderness which was as deep as the sarcasm was keen. The writer who, among so many other fine characters, has created Major Pendennis, Colonel Newcome, George Warrington, belongs, surely, to the first flight in the art of the novelist. Madame de Florac is a product of his sweet and serious genius. She is, perhaps, the quietest among so many striking characters. Of all the fair, good women that he knew so deeply and loved so well, she is the most pure, most render, most sorrowful.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

IMPRESSMENT AND THE PRESSGANG.

Those jugglers' tricks
Which we call deep designs and politics.—*Swift.*

"THE power of pressing is founded on immemorial usages allowed for ages. If not it can have no ground to stand upon, nor can it be vindicated or justified by any reason but the safety of the State. The practice is deduced from that trite maxim of the Constitutional Law of England, that private mischief had better be submitted to than public detriment and inconvenience should ensue." So said Lord Mansfield in giving judgment in an appeal case before the King's Bench; and, doubtless, in so far as "immemorial usage" makes a practice lawful, irrespective of morality, he was in the right. But it suited Lord Mansfield and other such staunch upholders of the prerogative to ignore the fact that if the community has a claim upon the service of its members, that claim must be exercised justly and impartially, and not be converted into a burden imposed upon the political helots of a State whose rights it happens to be no faction's interest to assert. Although customs and privileges more generally oppressive, and more widespread in their action, may have existed in the history of other nations, there is probably no one to be found so shameless, brutal, and selfish in principle, and so imbecile for its purpose, as the method used for hundreds of years in manning the Navy, and which, especially in the eighteenth century, carried misery and ruin into thousands of English homes. Nor were its disastrous effects confined only to the victims and their families. Indifference to national morality rightfully reacts in loss and injury to the community. Pressed men readily became deserters, and the criminal records and Parliamentary statutes show by how easy a transition deserters became pirates, vagabonds, and thieves.

Impressment seems to have been, or to be—for the power still lies dormant in the Crown—purely an exercise of the royal pre-

rogative, only recognised by statute, or Parliamentary, law as authorised by long prescription. As the national chief developed into the territorial monarch—in part basing his new position on the traditions of Roman Cæsarism—to him belonged the executive functions of the State, with the advantages accruing therefrom, and in him was vested a theoretically absolute right to the services of certain classes of his subjects, for personal or national aims, in return for benefits and protection accorded them. But, as the result of ever-varying social changes, combinations arose by which the sovereign's despotic privileges and executive powers were gradually trammelled by concessions wrung from his weakness or necessities, those remaining to him being more easily defended on the ethical ground of the general welfare, and assuming a more defined form as the admitted prerogative of the kingship. It was this stage that had been reached in the development of the feudal system when it was introduced into England by the Norman kings. But long after this time indications of the monarch's former absolutism are to be found in his right to the services of his subjects for personal rather than national advantage—still a portion of the prerogative. Edward III., Edward IV., and Richard III. all issued warrants to press artisans for work on their palaces and in connection with their households, and purveyance, or the King's power of seizing sheep and other animals at a fixed nominal price for the use of his retinue, was but a survival of his earlier right to seize them without any payment at all. Further advance was made by the close of the sixteenth century, for although Elizabeth issued warrants to press mechanics, the purpose was exclusively for objects considered national, such as the erection of forts and the construction of harbour piers.

The struggle with the Crown which occupied the seventeenth century resulted in the practical destruction of the prerogative, in so far as it affected the ruling classes, but the dominant oligarchy of land and money which, under various party names, governed England from 1660 until 1832, considered that liberty became anarchy when it progressed beyond themselves. It was thus that during the eighteenth century every resistance was offered to the abolition of impressment and other arbitrary impositions to which the politically powerless millions were subject, notwithstanding the growth in national morality fostered by the small group of thinkers who, in every generation, are in advance of statesmen and legislators. And it is to be remarked that it was not until this same period of the eighteenth century, when the prerogative alone could hardly be decently appealed to by those who had destroyed it, and when the

national conscience began to ask for some higher justification than Common Law, that what Lord Mansfield calls "that trite maxim of the Constitutional Law of England" was urged in support of that which is distinctly opposed to Constitutional Law. The duty of every man to give life and fortune for his country was accepted as an established truth before Constitutional Law existed—before the existence of England was known; but the attempt to engraft on the prerogative, in other words on the greedy rapacity of Norman swordsmen, a maxim hallowed by the practice of the noblest races of antiquity, and to employ the unholy union for the purpose of subjecting and sacrificing one helpless class, was a proceeding which, if it did no honour to the morality, was at least creditable to the forensic ingenuity of the age.

The earliest warrants known are those issued by John in 1207. These documents then, and for long afterwards, took the form of an order to the port authorities to provide a certain number of ships and men, the manner of obtaining the men and choosing the ships being left entirely to the discretion of these local magnates. Subsequently they were warrants issued by the "King in Council," then forwarded to, and indorsed by, the Admiralty officials, and by them sent to the respective ship-captains, these latter handing the instruments to the subordinates intrusted with their execution. Some systems fail after promising well, or are outgrown by national development; but it cannot be said that impressment was ever other than consistently and uniformly unequal to its purpose. We find that before the close of the thirteenth, Edward I. was reduced to the expedients of the eighteenth century, offering a free pardon to thieves and outlaws who volunteered for service. Edward emptied the forests; Pitt emptied the gaols. There is a venerable simplicity about the ways and means of statesmanship. Apparently, too, the evils connected with the scheme were by this time in full force, for, in 1314, Edward II. is addressing a sharp reprimand to the captains of his ships lying in the Thames, because they pressed landsmen, then took money for their release, and seized provisions without payment, "to our great disgrace and scandal." The first Parliamentary statute referring to impressment occurs in the reign of Richard II., and that, significantly enough, relates to deserters: "because that divers mariners, after they be arrested and retained for the King's service . . . do flee out of the said service," such runaways are threatened with fine and one year of imprisonme[illegible] Of course, during the wars of the Roses, even the shadow of service ceased to exist, and it was not until Henry VII[illegible]

the throne that a fresh beginning was made, and the foundation laid of the present Royal Navy. The State Papers show that pressing, both of ships and men, was largely resorted to during this reign. The pay was relatively very high, being five shillings a month—equivalent to at least three pounds now. The victualling averaged some one-and-fourpence a week per head, and this included a gallon of beer daily for each man. In the reign of Mary a statute was devoted entirely to Thames watermen, who were said to "spend the most part of their time in dancing and carding," and to then run away into the country, "practising robberies and felonies," when the warrants were out. It speaks highly for the happiness of a Thames waterman's life in those days, that it was deemed sufficient punishment for such an offence that he should be prohibited rowing for a year and a day, the term of actual imprisonment inflicted being only fourteen days. Elizabeth found little necessity for press warrants. When men realised that Spanish treasure galleons, loaded to the hatches with cargoes worth millions sterling, were, for all their towering and majestic appearance, but helpless logs for the lithe, deftly handled English fighting ships to rake and batter at their will, there was no lack of seamen to man the squadrons fitted out by adventurers, who found that the virtue of patriotism was indeed its own reward when it took the form of capturing King Philip's ships and treasures.

But the statutes show that with the enlargement of the marine came the parasitic growth of abuses which clings to a State service under all forms of government. One act was passed to make the embezzling of victuals and stores a felony; another implies that tarring old cables and selling them as new, and the use of old and rotten stuff in the manufacture of new cables, were becoming common offences. To those who are sufficiently acquainted with the sea to know how frequently the lives of a whole crew must have depended on the quality of the cables to which they trusted in the hour of danger and sudden emergency, no form of fraud will appear more cynically and villanously iniquitous. In this reign was made the first provision for disabled seamen. Both soldiers and sailors were assisted from a tax laid on each parish, of not less than twopence, nor more than tenpence, weekly, and a small sum was deducted from each man's wages for the same purpose, forming the commencement of the "Chatham Chest." The management of this fund was for upwards of two centuries a prolific source of discontent among sailors, who complained that, although the stipulated

amount was rigorously exacted from them, they obtained no benefit from it when sick and disabled.

The policy of James I. being one of peace at any price, the Navy sank into the background, the only warrants issued being to the authorities in the southern counties to press men and ships in order to clear the Channel of pirates. As a reward they were permitted to keep all the ships they captured, and to sell the goods found on board them. During the reigns of both James I. and Charles I. the Government seems to have been quite unable to cope with the Dutch, French, English, and Moorish pirates, who swarmed in the Channel, and the last-named of whom frequently landed and carried off men, women, and children into slavery. The impotency of the executive, and the real fear inspired by these corsairs, is incidentally shown in a work, "A Plain Pathway to Plantations," written in 1634. This book recommends emigration to Newfoundland for eight reasons. The second one is, "because it is most out of the way of pirates;" and one of the objections urged against the Lizard light, when it was first lit, in 1623, was that it would be of service to these marauders. In 1636 a Tunisian squadron held possession of the mouth of the Severn for an indefinite period, so that the fishermen were unable to go out, and the inhabitants of the north-east coast petitioned for protection, 3,000 seafaring men being idle in that district, afraid to go to sea on account of the Dunkirk privateers. A proclamation of 1623 orders men, when the press money (one shilling) is offered them, "to dutifully and reverently receive the same." This reverent and dutiful mood was hardly to be expected, since only three years previously the Council had issued orders to Lord Zouch to obtain mariners under his own supervision, "the ordinary prestors not being employed because of the misery occasioned by their oppression and corruption." When even Government officials of the type employed by James I. were able to recognise the "oppression and corruption" caused by impressment, it is not easy to picture the amount of suffering to which its victims were exposed. Proclamations relating to deserters followed each other in rapid succession; wages were raised for those who remained, and death was inflicted on those who ran away, but apparently in vain, if only because the wages promised were always in arrear. Admiral Pennington writes in 1633 that out of five hundred pressed men, only two hundred had been delivered on board his ships.

The same period gives us an illustration of the way in which the system affected the owner. On February 28, 1635, Nicholas Pescod petitions that "he has victualled and rigged two ships

Newfoundland voyage at a cost of £2,500. Twenty of his best men have been pressed at Portsmouth, which will prove the ruin of his voyage, and his undoing. By the loss of this fair wind he is damnified £300 at least, and he has this year lost by the sea above £500; so that he is almost in despair." On March 3 an order was given for the release of his men, but if this apparently rapid success too much exhilarated him, he was soon brought to his former despairing condition again. On March 16 he writes to Secretary Nicholas that Brooke, the press-master at Portsmouth—possibly acting on a hint from London—refused to discharge the men; and he adds, "such men as Brooke, having the staff of authority put into their hands, care not whom they strike." On March 19 the matter is noted for further consideration, and from that date fades out of the State Papers. But we may surmise, that as expensive expeditions can rarely await the results of slowly moving official consideration, it ended in Mr. Pescod suffering the loss, and the King retaining the men.

Throughout the civil war both parties issued press-warrants in the districts subject to their control; but as the Parliament proved the better paymaster, they were, in the end, as much better served at sea as on land. The era of the Commonwealth marks a new phase in the working of impressment. Hitherto men had borne it as a dispensation, unpleasant perhaps, but as unalterable as the processes of life and death, to be avoided when possible, to be suffered when inevitable. But with the upgrowth of new ideas and the advent of new claims as to personal and political freedom commenced those protests against its cruelty and unfitness, which slowly grew in weight and authority, until, a century and a half later, they gathered sufficient strength to sweep it away. The new tendency, beginning to affect others than those immediately subject to the system, and reaching even the officials who had formerly been its most efficient instruments, is shown by the reports to the Navy Commissioners at this time. Two of the press-masters, writing in 1653 from the west of England, say, "The authorities give us fair words, but no deeds. The power by which we act is questioned, or whether there be any such power, and the seamen arm themselves with clubs and staves, and say if we take them it is at our peril. . . . When we complain the magistrates bid us bring the men before them, and then do nothing to them, which much encourages them." Again, another one reports that he has obtained 200 men, but "with much clamour, difficulty, opposition of country people and constables. Some I have in hold and threaten to send to sea, and I hold the Mayor of Grimsby *in*

terrorem with the same." Captain Wilkinson writes from Harwich: "I have pressed forty. Mr. Gale has pressed a hundred, and has but twenty-four, for he lets them run away." On board one ship "the master's mate advised the men to refuse press money, but I pressed him." Captain Wilkinson innocently adds: "I have got much ill-will here by pressing."

The Government attempted to partly remedy this state of feeling by improving the condition of the Navy. Pensions of £6 13*s.* 4*d.* yearly were granted to disabled seamen—the same pension was only £7 at the close of the eighteenth century. Provision was made for widows of men killed in the service; wages were raised to twenty-four shillings a month, at which amount it remained until 1797; wounded men were continued in pay, which had not hitherto been the case, and which again ceased at the Restoration, and the mayors of towns where such men were put on shore were directed to make arrangements for their comfort. As the yearly income of the Chatham Chest amounted only to £382, these pensions were defrayed out of prize-money, which was in reality taxing the healthy seaman for the benefit of his sick comrade instead of putting the burden on the land population he defended, and who ought in equity to have paid. Of course protections from the press were eagerly sought, and the petitions are sometimes pathetic in their matter-of-fact descriptions of the varied chances of seafaring life in those days. James Hales, aged 60, applies for an exemption for himself, a man, and a boy. He states that he was once master of a large ship trading to Spain; that he was captured by the Turks, and sold into slavery, remaining in that condition for nine years, "during which time he should have provided for his old age." After his escape friends purchased for him a small hoy plying to Dover, which is his "only means to get bread for himself and his poor old wife." Colliers trading to London landed most of their men on the Essex coast, taking them up again on the homeward voyage.

In 1654 we meet with a very remarkable document, a petition from the Commonwealth seamen to Cromwell. Men no longer submitted dumbly to burdens imposed upon them at the will of the executive; and their protests, instead of evaporating in riotous, purposeless disorders, take the form of a keen application of the principles which had sent Charles I. to the block, and Cromwell himself to Whitehall. It is further to be noted that, before being sent in, the petition was submitted to a Council of the superior officers of the fleet, and was held by them to contain nothing subversive of discipline, nor more than men who had fought for national li-

might rightfully claim. It says that, "notwithstanding the declaration of the Parliament that they intended to maintain and enlarge the liberties of the English people . . . your petitioners continue under very great burthens, being imprested and haled on board the Commonwealth ships under a degree of thraldom and bondage, to the utter ruin of some of your petitioners' poor families." They go on to ask that impressment may cease, "they humbly apprehending it to be inconsistent with the principles of freedom and liberty," and request to be made as free as the Dutch seamen. Finally recur the stereotyped complaints that, notwithstanding the recent administrative improvements, their pay was from ten to twenty months in arrear, and that men lost two or three shillings in the pound in getting their pay-tickets cashed. Nevertheless, the Cromwellian administration was long remembered with favour by those who lived to see the depths to which its successors descended. Forty years later a writer, tracing the causes of the then maritime decadence, says: "We had fewer complaints in those days of stinking meat or bad drink; those concerned in the victualling were not allowed to raise themselves estates by pinching the seamen's bellies." He goes on to forcibly contrast the morality, steadiness, and discipline of the Parliament men with the loose lives and conversation of those who succeeded them: "Some of our men who brought over Charles II. in the *Naseby* told me that the first time they ever heard Common Prayer and 'G— d—— ye' was on board that ship as she came home with his Majesty." There is little doubt that, had Cromwell lived, the whole system would have been radically modified or abolished. But that, with other and larger possibilities, passed away with the great Protector.

With the restoration of the monarchy all the old evils reappeared in new strength and security. Pepys, as an Admiralty servant, makes in his diary numerous references to naval business, including impressment. In 1666 we find his official soul mightily moved because the Lord Mayor had pressed some 300 persons, "many of them people of very good fashion, which is a shame to think of." He went to Bridewell, where they were penned, but found them so unruly that he dared not go among them—perhaps because they had had little or no food for three days. On another occasion he notices the large proportion of women among ordinary street passengers, the men of the working classes being afraid to venture out on account of the pressgangs, while the sailors either hid themselves or deserted to the Dutch, who paid in hard cash, and not in paper tickets which were only to be converted into money at a ruinous discount. When, in 1667, De Ruyter was in the Medway, the seamen's wives marched

down in force to the Navy Office in Seething Lane, shouting, "This comes of not paying our husbands!" When Pepys died, in 1703, the Crown was indebted to him to the amount of £28,000. If a person holding the high position of Secretary of the Admiralty was unable to obtain his dues, it may be imagined what measure was meted out to the unknown and friendless thousands who had merely fought and suffered; little sympathy need, however, be wasted on him; he evidently made a larger sum during his long service than he lost by the non-payment.

In the reign of William III. some further changes were effected. In consequence of the protests of merchants, now becoming a powerful factor, whalers and outward-bound ships were exempted from the press. This was favourable to the merchant, whose commercial speculation might be ruined in its inception by his inability to man his ships while they were continually depleted of their crews for the benefit of men-of-war, but it bore all the more hardly on the sailor. To the latter it might be of less importance, save in respect of the difference of pay, whether, bound in any case on a long voyage, he served the King or a private owner. But he now had the prospect, after months or years of toil and danger, of being almost certainly seized in sight of home and sent again to sea, while his pay remained at the mercy of his owner's continued solvency and honesty, or was exposed to the rascality of men who made it a lucrative profession to personate absent seamen or to forge powers of attorney entitling the holder to receive the sailor's earnings. The question of pay was the central point of the difficulty, and the one upon which impressment turned. The State seemed to consider it cheaper to obtain men by open violence than to hire them at a fair market price, for, while at this date (1690–1710) owners were paying fifty shillings and three pounds a month, the Government rate remained at the fixed standard of twenty-four shillings for able and nineteen shillings for ordinary seamen. Nor was the difference of amount the only drawback: the sailor knew that if he could elude the pressgang seeking him and his fellows, he would at once receive his wages from the private owner, whereas in the Navy he might be six or twelve years without pay. The statement is startling, but there is a consensus of evidence showing it to be well founded. He was subject to the exigencies of the service, and to the tricks or ill-will of subordinates. He might be rated as a supernumerary for two years at the time, and during that period receive his food but no wages. He might be turned over to various ships in the course of his cruise, in which case he could not get his pay until all the

in which he had served had returned home. He might be pressed into another ship and then returned as a deserter from the first, or he might be sent ashore sick, and equally put down as a deserter. If any purser or purser's clerk chose to put "Q" (for query) against his name, it was sufficient to stop his pay until weary years of official correspondence had dragged themselves slowly along. And if he escaped these dangers he might come back to find his wife and children dead of starvation, and his wages already paid to some personator of himself or to the holder of a forged power of attorney, while, if more fortunate, he would still be compelled to bribe the clerks at the pay-office with a third or a half of his dues in order to obtain the remainder.

Instead of remedying these and other disorders—the bad and insufficient food, the lack of efficient medical care, the brutal and senseless tyranny to which the seaman was exposed on board a man-of-war—only puerile attempts were made to ensnare him more surely. Crimps were allowed from two to three pounds for each man they brought; the authorities endeavoured to get men to register themselves for service by promising a bounty of two pounds, which was never paid; and one brilliantly capable official, Captain St. Lo, suggested the compulsory lowering of the merchant seaman's wages. However, these were only accessories; the real reliance was still the pressgang; but it became even more difficult to keep the men than to catch them. The *London Gazette* of January 10, 1703, refers to desertion as being so rife that several ships, into which the full complement of men had been put, were unable to proceed to sea from this cause. A writer of this time (1705) thus describes the operations of the press parties: "They seize landsmen and seamen, Englishmen and foreigners, honest men and vagabonds, forcing them by a cruelty not to be paralleled even under the despotic government of Louis XIV. himself, and under colour of press-warrants they hurry away tradesmen, prentices, journeymen, and even shopkeepers themselves." The experience of another writer, a member of Parliament, shows that the pressgangs were no respecters of persons. "Being the other day at the waterside, I saw a pressgang hauling and dragging a man in a most barbarous manner. When I came up I found him to be a citizen of substance, and interposed in his behalf, for which the inhuman crew threatened to hew me in pieces." He adds that they would certainly have carried out their threat but for timely aid coming to him. But the men were sometimes less in earnest, and did their work in the merry, mischievous fashion supposed to be characteristic of the typical sailor. One March day

in 1705, a pressgang, sixty strong, came to a large tavern, the "Cock and Rummer," in Bow Street. The landlord attempted to soothe his dangerous guests by supplying them with drink, but, apparently disappointed of more legitimate prey, and perhaps humorously appreciative of the weak link in tavern economy, they ended by pressing the cook. At this moment there was, as the landlord plaintively complained, "a great dinner then sending up." The constable was sent for, and the infuriated would-be diners, reinforced by the idlers of the neighbourhood, attacked the press party, causing a great riot. The majesty of the law, as represented by the constable, does not appear to have adequately awed the kidnappers, for, on his arrival, they released the cook, seized him and hurried him off to the Tower Stairs for shipment on board the tender, from which fate he was only saved at the last moment.

About this time an Act was passed under which all debtors confined for sums under one hundred pounds could obtain their release on volunteering for the Army or Navy. Some twenty years later, in 1726, a Mr. Thomas Robe suggested a plan much resembling our present system of reserves, by which he estimated that ten thousand men could be at once procured whenever war broke out. His proposal seems to have attracted attention and support outside official circles, for whom it was too advanced. To trace in detail through the eighteenth century the action of impressment, the evils flowing from it, and the remedies proposed, would far exceed the limits of this paper; it is only possible to notice some salient points of individual or public interest bearing upon its working, and the slow growth of the higher national sensibility which finally destroyed it.

The long and pacific administration of Sir Robert Walpole may be passed over as causing little beyond the normal oppression to which seamen were accustomed during times of peace. Towards the close of his ministry, in 1740, Admiral Sir Charles Wager introduced a bill for the compulsory district registration of mariners, the effect of which, according to Smollett, would have been to reduce them "to a condition of abject slavery." Walpole, in supporting it, said that the recent press had been continued until not another sailor was to be found, the river cleared, their hiding-places searched, and "not a stratagem left unpractised;" that then, the impress being suspended, multitudes came out of their retreats, no fewer than 16,000 having received Admiralty protections for collier and coasting purposes—an effective commentary on the efficacy of the system. An Opposition member, Sandys, said, in the course of his reply, the

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"not only sailors have been dragged out of trading-vessels but passengers, strangers to the art of navigation." The bill failed, but probably only because Walpole's power was failing. A year later an attempt was made to introduce an infamous regulation by which all, even wife or children, who concealed a seaman from the press, were exposed to penal punishment. It is fair to say that it met with passionate condemnation from both sides of the House, but it is difficult to decide now whether this condemnation was due to ethical feeling in men of whom Walpole had found that nearly each one had his price, or to the instinct prompting them to desert the falling minister.

In 1743 a case occurred which occasioned much discussion. Alexander Broadfoot was tried at Bristol for killing one and wounding two other seamen, belonging to a pressgang, while resisting them. He was acquitted on a technical point; the warrant being indorsed that the execution of it was not to be entrusted to any person but a commissioned officer, and, fortunately for him, the officer was not actually present when he fired. He was tried by Serjeant, afterwards Justice, Foster, Recorder of Bristol, who, in directing the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty," delivered an address on pressing, in which he manipulated the usual solemn platitudes concerning "immemorial usage" and "part of the Common Law of England." He was also courageous enough to say, "I do not know that the wisdom of the nation has hitherto found any manner of manning our Navy less inconvenient than pressing." In this, at any rate, Serjeant Foster was mistaken. "The wisdom of the nation" had not hitherto been allowed to interfere in the matter; that interference had been confined to politicians and bureaucrats. It was, perhaps, partly owing to this trial and the feeling it aroused that, in 1749, Lord Barrington brought in a bill which was substantially the plan advocated by Robe twenty-three years previously—namely, the formation of a naval reserve, to be obtained by paying each man who registered himself voluntarily ten pounds a year. Lord Barrington obtained so little support on either side of the House that the matter dropped, almost without debate.

A volume might be filled with extracts, relating to impressment, taken from eighteenth-century newspapers, but it will be sufficient to give instances from one year—1755—when we were semi-officially at war with France, and more serious hostilities were daily expected. The front page of the *London Gazette* contains, throughout the year, a proclamation offering increasing bounties to volunteers, rewards to delators of concealed seamen, and threats that any English sailor who

entered a foreign service should be left to die in captivity if captured by Mohammedan pirates. In March a reward of £200 is offered for the apprehension of twenty-seven men who, with blackened faces, armed and disguised, deliberately assailed a house in Deal occupied by a pressgang, and beat and wounded several of the men. I have not been able to find that any of these rioters were ever identified and arrested. If this were the case, it is expressive of the general feeling that although the twenty-seven men implicated must have been known to many in a small town like Deal, and although so large a reward was offered, no one could be found to betray those who attacked the hated kidnappers. In another issue we are told that, in one haul, the authorities obtained 500 men on the river. From other papers some lighter details can be selected. John Love and William Moore were brought before a justice, one for pretending to be a midshipman, the other a seaman, and in that guise attempting to extort money under the threat of pressing. As an appropriate punishment, although somewhat Eastern in type, they were themselves handed over to the impressers. In another instance a pretended pressgang seized a man, but offered to set him free on payment of all money—two guineas. Immediately afterwards he fell into the hands of a genuine press party, who took him in earnest, but who also chased, captured, and pressed the pretenders. And in a few days is announced the capture of one more sham pressgang consisting of "eighteen desperate villains." In one week seventeen disorderly characters brought before the Lord Mayor are handed over to the press officers by that magistrate, and from Norwich we hear that prisoners from the gaol and bridewell have volunteered for the Navy; indeed one newspaper remarks that men-of-war are becoming "the new bridewells of the nation where all the incorrigible rascals are sent." Of course men were frequently shot or drowned in trying to escape; sometimes they rose in a body and endeavoured to seize the press tender conveying them to the man-of-war, and not always unsuccessfully. Two such attempts are reported in one month. The first failed, some lives being lost in repressing the mutiny, but the other succeeded, sixty-three man escaping out of one hundred and eighty. Finally, "at Taunton three merry girls dressed themselves in men's clothes, and put cockades in their hats, pretending to be a pressgang, and had the boldness to go so disguised to Denny Bowl Quarry where there were near sixty men at work, who all ran away as soon as these disguised females came in sight, though they had just before been boasting that if a pressgang came near them they would bury them in the rubbish."

During this year attention was called in Parliament to the fact that the military power was now employed in assisting the pressgangs. It was stated that, in Scotland, towns and villages were invested by the regulars, that parties of soldiers patrolled the streets, and sentries, with fixed bayonets, were placed at the house doors while the impressers did their work; also, that churches were surrounded during service and men seized as they came out. The official answer was significant even if it were the whole truth. It stated in effect that the pressgangs were in danger of being murdered by the mob and that soldiers were necessary for their protection.

In 1770 parish constables were ordered to press all men having no visible means of subsistence, and were paid twenty shillings a head for each man delivered in Mark Lane. Towards the close of the year a person brought before Wilkes, as the sitting alderman, was by him discharged, Wilkes declaring pressing to be illegal. This led to friction with the Admiralty and to debate in the Common Council, where, when attacked by Wilkes and his supporters, the Lord Mayor could only plead that he had but followed the example of his predecessors in backing the warrants. No practical result followed, but it was a sign of the times. At this date there were from four to five thousand men engaged in executing the warrants, and it was computed that each man caught by them cost the country thirty pounds. The story of one of the victims snatched away about this time has, indirectly, been rendered classical by Charles Dickens, who, in speaking of the satanic penal code of the era, in the preface to "Barnaby Rudge," alludes to the case of Mary Jones. This woman's husband was a tradesman earning a fair livelihood, when he was waylaid and seized by a pressgang and sent to sea. Within a few weeks the home was broken up and she and her two children turned into the streets, where they starved, until, maddened by her babies' hunger, "she went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter and slipped it under her cloak; the shopman saw her and she laid it down: for this she was hanged." Mr. Dickens goes on to wonder whether these facts "afforded as much entertainment to the merry gentlemen of the "House of Commons," who, according to Serjeant Foster, were the "wisdom of the nation," as did some similar circumstances related to them by Sir Samuel Romilly.

Some nine years later, under the pressure of the American war, it was proposed to do away with all exceptions to the press, such as were enjoyed by whalers, outward-bound ships, apprentices, fishermen, and men employed in the collier and coasting services. Wedderburn, in introducing the bill, said that there were eight line-of-

battle ships alone waiting for crews. During the debate one member taunted him with being desirous of preventing the escape of "one husband, one brother, one father, or one child." In addition to pressed men the incongruous mass was leavened with a constant infusion of convicts, pardoned on condition of joining the service. These recruits were dreaded on board ship, not on account of their character—for the harsh, brutal discipline of the period readily cowed men of their type—but for the gaol typhus and other diseases they frequently brought with them. Sir E. F. du Cane, in his "Punishment and Prevention of Crime," mentions one case in which an English fleet lost 2,000 men from this cause. The Admiralty authorities, therefore, often had occasion to protest against the condition in which the convicts were sent on board. For example, in one instance, they "hope proper directions will be given for washing and purifying the said men before they are discharged from prison."

During the series of wars which followed the French Revolution the subject of impressment gave rise to less protest and discussion than it had in the years preceding that event. This was perhaps to some extent due to the wave of reactionary feeling temporarily caused in England by the Revolutionary excesses, and in part to the sense that experimental changes were full of danger in the stress of that Titanic struggle. And, among other reasons, the probability may be assumed that the system caused less social pressure than had heretofore been the case. In 1813 Great Britain had 1,107,000 men under arms, of whom 109,000 were seamen; but it appears likely that these sailors were obtained with less difficulty than had been 40,000 or 50,000 men a quarter of a century previously. The result of the maritime sovereignty of this country was, that while the shipping tonnage in 1789 was under 1,000,000 tons, it had risen in 1815 to 2,600,000. This vast increase within twenty-five years, by inducing persons from all classes of society to adopt a seafaring life, now more profitable and more creditable than it had ever before been, gave a reserve to draw upon relatively far in excess of the increment of men required. Wages, too, were raised in 1797, and patriotism, or rather the blind hatred of France which with the lower orders did duty for that sentiment, may also have been a factor.

With the close of the Napoleonic wars came the end of impressment. The power existed—it still exists—but no Government has since been bold enough to exercise it. The Crimean war in no way strained our maritime resources; but when in 1859, doubtful of the *intentions of* Napoleon III., a Royal Commission was appoin[illegible]

inquire into the manning of the Navy, they were unanimous in their opinion that pressing, in its old indiscriminate and iniquitous form, could never again be resorted to.

The circumstances of modern warfare have closed the question even more decisively. A large ocean trader of the eighteenth century differed only in degree from a man-of-war: she was similarly armed, similarly rigged; her crew, called upon to work their guns nearly as often as to "work cargo," were interchangeable for the duties of the fighting-ship. But a modern line-of-battle ship is practically a steam-factory worked by skilled mechanics, and the modern seaman-gunner the product of a long and special training, impossible to replace by men drawn suddenly from the merchant service, however good their quality as sailors.

Not the least extraordinary part of the story of impressment was the results achieved by it. That men taken by force when within sight of the English cliffs or, when hardly landed, seized in the midst of their families; called upon to fight for their country for one-third or less of the pay they could earn otherwise; knowing that if sick or wounded in that country's service their pay would be stopped and they themselves obtain less care and pity than had their employers' dogs; made to herd with convicts, vagrants, and vagabonds—with food insufficient in quantity and often putrid in quality, the source of many a contractor's fortune; frequently flogged almost to death, and always subject to the most brutalising influences: that these men should have retained the moral fibre, the self-respect, the nobility of manhood which made Great Britain, for a moment, the supreme empire of the world, seems at first sight to contradict many philosophic principles and humanitarian theories. It may be alleged that the Plantagenet kings, holding uncertain sway in a barbarous age, necessarily governed by the rude and imperfect means then obtainable; that, capable rulers as were the Tudor sovereigns, they but gave expression to the modes of thought and social conditions of the epoch in which they lived and worked. But what can be said for the, so-called, "statesmen" of the last century who, with such material under their hands, could—notwithstanding the protests of those higher-natured and the plans of others clearer-sighted than themselves—still find no better method of obtaining such men than the pressgang!

M. OPPENHEIM.

THE WORKS OF JAMES THOMSON. ("B. V.")[1]

THE conditions which underlie the appearance of poetic genius are proverbially mysterious and inscrutable. Seldom, however, has Fate indulged in a stranger and more whimsical freak than in assigning one and the same name to two writers of such widely diverse temperaments as the placid, contented, and mildly optimistic poet whose "Castle of Indolence" still remains the most perfect expression of a life of leisured quietude, and the unhappy pessimist who could write "Mater Tenebrarum" and the "City of Dreadful Night." One cannot but fear that this incongruous identity of name may in future years be a cause of trouble and confusion to a bewildered posterity. It certainly seems a trifle hard on the elder poet, the respectability of whose name has hitherto been beyond question in the most orthodox quarters, that his reputation should now be compromised, if not eclipsed, by the brilliant but erratic genius of his namesake, the youngest member of the poetic brotherhood. Comparisons are odious, but sometimes unavoidable. The "Castle of Indolence" is indeed a splendid structure, which none but a master-hand could have reared; but hereafter there may tower beside it—for are not the names of the two architects identical?—a "City" of still more colossal and majestic proportions.

At present, however, there is little danger of any such untoward confusion or comparison, for the simple reason that the genius of the younger James Thomson is still almost unknown to the mass of English readers. It is true that some first-rate critics have expressed strong interest and admiration for "B. V.'s"[2] poems; George Eliot, W. M. Rossetti, George Meredith, and George Saintsbury being among the earliest to recognise the remarkable merits of the "City

[1] *The City of Dreadful Night*, and other poems, 1880. *Vane's Story*, and other poems, 1881. *Essays and Phantasies*, 1881. *A Voice from the Nile*, and other poems. With a memoir, by Bertram Dobell, 1884. (Messrs. Reeves & Turner.) *Satires and Profanities*, 1884. (Progressive Publishing Company.)

[2] *Bysshe Vanolis*, a *nom de plume* said to have been adopted in memory of Shelley and Novalis.

of Dreadful Night"; yet, in spite of many favourable notices from competent judges, there has never been any general appreciation of Thomson's works. That he could ever become a popular poet was of course rendered impossible by the nature of his writings; but it is strange nevertheless that in this, the fourth year since his death, he should still be ignored or underrated in many literary circles where homage is often paid to men of far less distinguished genius.

James Thomson was pre-eminently a subjective poet; his life is the key to a proper understanding of his writings; and those who read between the lines of his poems and essays will not fail to discover that most of them are more or less autobiographical. An interesting account of Thomson's life may be found in Mr. Dobell's Memoir, prefixed to "A Voice from the Nile." It is a sad record of a talented and chivalrous spirit struggling in vain against overwhelming misfortunes and afflictions, which were aggravated partly by a constitutional melancholia, probably inherited from his father; partly by the life-sorrow that dated from the sudden death of a beautiful girl to whom he was betrothed; and partly, it must be admitted, by the deplorable intemperance that darkened his later years. There is a striking similarity in the profound sadness of Thomson's career to some of the incidents in the life of Edgar Poë: the orphaned childhood; the drudgery of an uncongenial profession; the untimely death of one whose image thenceforth could never be banished from the mind or the writings; the poverty and privations of an unsuccessful literary life; the use of stimulants as a desperate escape from the tortures of memory; and, lastly, the sudden death, apart from all friends, in a strange hospital—all this is common to the story of both poets. But Thomson's melancholy was deeper and more real than that of Poë's: in lines such as the following, wherein he sums up the story of his life, there can be no suspicion of any poetic exaggeration for artistic purposes:—

> For there my own good angel took my hand,
> And filled my soul with glory of her eyes,
> And led me through the love-lit Faërie Land
> Which joins our common world to Paradise.
> How soon, how soon, God called her from my side,
> Back to her own celestial sphere of day!
> And ever since she ceased to be my guide,
> I reel and stumble on life's solemn way.
> Ah, ever since her eyes withdrew their light,
> I wander lost in blackest stormy night.

Every reader of Thomson's poem must have noticed and wondered at the two different tones that are heard there; it seems

almost incredible that the glad and exultant strains of "A Happy Poet" and "Sunday up the River" can have been written by the author of the "City of Dreadful Night." Yet the discrepancy is perhaps more apparent than real; for the fact that Thomson was endowed with keen powers of enjoyment, and had tasted at times some of the sweets of life, only serves to enhance the central and final gloom. It may be said of him, as of Schopenhauer, that "to be on the whole a believer in the misery of life, and yet to be occasionally visited by a vivid sense of its gleaming gladness, is surely the worst of conceivable positions."[1] This was precisely the position in which Thomson's lot was cast; and there can be no doubt that the general tenor of his writings is strongly and distinctly pessimistic, in spite of occasional intervals of hopefulness or enjoyment.

It is not, however, as a pessimist, but as a poet that Thomson is destined to be known. I will, therefore, begin by noticing his chief poetical characteristics. Of the three volumes of poetry now before the public, two were published during Thomson's lifetime, and the third in 1884, two years after his death. But many of the poems had appeared at earlier periods in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, the *National Reformer*, and other papers, while the author's habit of prefixing to each poem the date at which it was composed shows us that some of his writings were kept in hand many years before being published at all; indeed, there was one period of nearly seven years (1875–1881) during which, in despair of obtaining any recognition of his work, he altogether ceased to write poetry. This fulness of deliberation and maturity of workmanship form one of the most salient features in Thomson's style. He seldom indulges in unpremeditated lyric flights or irregularities of metre, and does not possess that supreme imaginative faculty which can create such poems as the odes of Coleridge or Shelley. His peculiarity consists in the rare combination of an exquisite harmony of tone, and an almost perfect sense of rhythmic melody, with a keen, strong, logical cast of mind. Contradictory as it may seem, his genius was at one and the same time both poetical and mathematical; he is the connecting link between Shelley on the one hand and Browning on the other; and it is curious to observe that certain of his poems—"Vane's Story," for example—have been described by some critics as an echo of Shelley, by others as an echo of Browning. In this respect his position is unique; he successfully combines two mental qualities which are usually found to be antagonistic. I do not know of any other English poet who has been able to express such stern logic of realistic thought in such wonderfully subtle melody of language.

[1] Sully's *Pessimism*, p. 81.

That Thomson's poetry has also certain unfortunate mannerisms and blemishes of style will not be denied by his warmest admirers. Of the morbid tone that pervades most of his chief poems I shall have occasion to speak later on : his most conspicuous artistic faults are an excessive proneness to allegorical description, which sometimes involves the meaning in considerable obscurity; and a great inequality in the standard of his writing, which occasionally lapses into mediocrity and commonplace. In some of his poems his habit of coining double words is indulged almost to affectation ; thus in the first few stanzas of "Bertram to the Lady Geraldine," one meets with the following: "vision-strange," "full-credentialled," "world-filled," "dove-quick," "calm-robed," "dance-ready," "ethereal-lightly," "whirl-wanton," "lightest-tender," "dim-steadfast," "drear-barren," and many other equally strange combinations might be readily added to the list. The complaint made by some critics that Thomson's muse is addicted to faulty rhymes seems hardly justifiable; at any rate, if he sins in treating *column* and *solemn* as rhymes, and in other similar instances, it may be pleaded that he sins in excellent company ; though we could wish perhaps that he had not extended the same licence to *war* and *more.* It may be here remarked that Thomson's mind seems to have been impressionable and receptive almost to a fault, for in reading his works we are constantly arrested by a reminiscence of Shelley, or the Brownings, or Blake, or De Quincey, or some other favourite author, though there is certainly no trace of anything like deliberate imitation.

Thomson's purely poetic powers, apart from his pessimistic teaching, may be studied in his lyric pieces and translations from Heine, or such narrative and artistic poems as "Weddah and Om-El Bonain" and "The Naked Goddess." The former of these is a tragic story of Oriental love, told in eight-lined stanzas of wonderful beauty and vigour. Some of the more pathetic passages in this poem recall Keats's "Isabella"; but the movement, as a rule, is more rapid; the end is kept steadily in view throughout, and there is little ornament or digression. It would be impossible to do justice to "Weddah and Om-El Bonain" by the quotation of any special stanzas; for its great merit consists in the consummate skill with which the different parts are welded together and the thread of the story preserved. It is a remarkable poem, and sufficient in itself to win a lasting reputation for its author: some readers will perhaps like it all the better because it is free from all elements of a personal and subjective nature. Shorter, and less ambitious in its scope, yet scarcely less delightful, is "The Naked Goddess," a splendid allegory descriptive

of the untameable wildness of the Goddess of Nature, whom the votaries of modern civilisation foolishly attempt to clothe. Vainly do the high-priest and the arch-sage, as the spokesmen of the assembled citizens, who have flocked out in crowds at the news of the shining apparition, urge upon the haughty goddess the desirability of conforming to the laws of society and assuming the religious or philosophic gown. She dismisses them with contempt, and asks that some child may be sent to her. Then follows a passage very suggestive of Blake's style :—

> So two little children went,
> Lingering up the green ascent,
> Hand in hand, but grew the while
> Bolder in her gentle smile.
> "Tell me, darlings, now," said she,
> "What they want to say to me."
> Boy and girl then, nothing loth,
> Sometimes one and sometimes both,
> Prattled to her sitting there
> Fondling with their soft young hair.
> "Dear kind lady, do you stay
> Here with always holiday?
> Do you sleep among the trees?
> People want you, if you please,
> To put on your dress and come
> With us to the City home."

"The Naked Goddess" is the best of Thomson's artistic poems; but there are several others on general subjects which deserve high praise, especially "In the Room," a dramatic study full of weird tragic force, and "A Voice from the Nile," one of the few specimens of Thomson's blank verse. The quiet dignity and latent strength of the latter poem are well suited to the subject; in reading these slow and stately lines we seem to breathe the same calm air as in Landor's "Gebir," and to hear the majestic river "lapsing along," as in Leigh Hunt's famous sonnet. Unmistakable evidences of true poetic genius may also be found in many of Thomson's songs and short poems, among which I would particularly mention the lines on "William Blake," "A Requiem," "E. B. B."—memorial verses on the death of Mrs. Browning, and the two songs commencing "The fire that filled my heart of old" and "The nightingale was not yet heard." In writing of Mrs. Browning, Thomson seems to have unconsciously caught an inspiration from the peculiar style of the poetess, as in the lines :—

> Italy, you hold in trust
> Very sacred English dust.

and the same extraordinary similarity of tone may be observed in the verses on Blake, which are apparently conceived in the very spirit of Blake himself. The translations from Heine, who, next to Shelley, was Thomson's favourite author, have been approved by the best critics as admirable attempts in a kind of writing where complete success can scarcely be regarded as possible.

But it is now time to turn to those more characteristic poems in which Thomson gives free play not only to his poetic genius but to his own feelings and emotions. It may be convenient to consider these under two heads: first, those which breathe a tone of hopefulness, or at any rate of pensive resignation; and, secondly, those of a decidedly gloomy and pessimistic cast. It will be found by those readers who care to examine the dates of the poems that the former belong mainly, though not exclusively, to the earlier portion of his life, and the latter rather to the dreary period of his London career.

The two "Idylls of Cockaigne," "Sunday at Hampstead," and "Sunday up the River," are perhaps the best known of Thomson's writings next to the "City of Dreadful Night." There is a rare charm in the complete *abandon* of these poems and their entire disregard of the social bugbear of respectability. They are conceived in a spirit of boisterous and irrepressible merriment, yet there is throughout an undertone of very true and deep feeling which redeems them from any taint of coarseness or vulgarity. "Sunday up the River" is decidedly the finer of the two, being, indeed, a rich mine of lyric poetry of a very high order, and the best contribution made for a very long time to the literature of the Thames. Less exuberant in tone than these two idylls, but nevertheless contrasting strangely with the usual despondency of Thomson's writings, are "A Happy Poet" and "The Lord of the Castle of Indolence," written in 1859. The former describes in lines of singular beauty the duties and functions of the ideal poet, while the latter depicts the character of one of those true-born monarchs, those "right royal kings,"

> Whom all the laws of Life conspire to love and bless.

In reading "The Lord of the Castle of Indolence" it is difficult to feel sure whether the writer is studying a purely ideal character, or glancing at the capabilities of his own youth, or, as the title of the poem seems to indicate, referring to his own namesake and predecessor in the poetic art, "Jamie Thomson, of most peaceful and blessed memory," as he calls him elsewhere. But however this may be, these two poems are certainly remarkable as coming from the pen of a confirmed pessimist. What could be more optimistic than the following stanzas from "The Lord of the Castle of Indolence"?—

While others fumed and schemed and toiled in vain
  To mould the world according to their mood,
He did by might of perfect faith refrain
  From any part in such disturbance rude.
The world, he said, indeed is very good,
  Its Maker surely wiser far than we;
Feed soul and flesh upon its bounteous food,
  Nor fret because of ill; All-good is He,
And worketh not in years but in eternity.

In the same catholic spirit he writes of the duties of "A Happy Poet":—

For I must sing; of mountains, deserts, seas,
  Of rivers ever flowing, ever flowing;
Of beasts and birds, of grass and flowers and trees
  For ever fading and for ever growing;
Of calm and storm, of night and eve and noon,
Of boundless space, and sun and stars and moon.

And most supremely of my human kin;
  Their thoughts and deeds, their valours and their fears,
Their griefs and joys, their virtue and their sin,
  Their feasts and wars, their cradles and their biers,
Their temples, prisons, homes, and ships and marts,
The subtlest windings of their brains and hearts.

But, alas! all poets are not happy poets; and as the years roll on and the troubles of life increase, the subjects of song are apt to become limited, as in James Thomson's case, to the darker study of *self*. There is a noticeable stanza elsewhere in "A Happy Poet," in which this seems to be foreseen:—

Is it not strange? I could more amply tell
  Such woes of men as I discern or dream,
Than this great happiness I know so well,
  Which is in truth profounder than they seem;
And which abides for ever pure and deep,
Beneath all dreams of wakefulness and sleep.

We next come to a group of poems which are all inspired to some extent by the same idea—a soft and hallowed reminiscence of the lost love who was ever present to Thomson's mind. "Bertram to the Lady Geraldine" is a poetic rhapsody, passionately conceived, and passionately executed, and worthy to be placed beside Mrs. Browning's wonderful poem, to which it is akin in something more than name. "The Fadeless Bower," on the other hand, is more distinctly narrative and autobiographical, perhaps the tenderest and most pathetic of all Thomson's writings. Very simple yet very beautiful are the words in which he recalls that "vision of the L

ago," "the dear old bower," where he reached the crowning point of his life.

> I have this moment told my love ;
>   Kneeling, I clasp her hands in mine :
> She does not speak, she does not move ;
>   The silent answer is divine.
> The flood of rapture swells till breath
> Is almost tranced in deathless death.
>
> The simple folds of white invest
>   Her noble form, as purest snow
> Some far and lovely mountain-crest,
>   Faint-flushed with all the dawn's first glow ;
> Alone, resplendent, lifted high
> Into the clear vast breathless sky.

"Vane's Story," which gives its name to the second volume of poems, is also a record of a vision of the same lost love, but told in a more fantastic and imaginative style. It does not seem to have left a very favourable impression on the mind of most of its critics, some of whom have not unnaturally taken offence at the religious speculations which have rather unnecessarily been imported into the poem, while others have been puzzled by the odd mixture of the supernatural and commonplace, which often remind the reader of Mr. Browning's "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." Yet "Vane's Story" contains passages of extraordinary beauty ; where, for instance, since the days of Shelley, could we discern anything more perfectly melodious than this?—

> And thou shalt kneel and make thy prayer,
> A childish prayer for simple boon ;
> That soon and soon and very soon
> Our Lady of Oblivious Death
> May come and hush my painful breath,
> And bear me thorough Lethe-stream,
> Sleeping sweet sleep without a dream ;
> And bring you also from that sphere
> Where you grow sad without me, Dear ;
> And bear us to her deepest cave
> Under the Sea without a wave,
> Where the eternal shadows brood
> In the Eternal Solitude.
> Stirring never, breathing never,
> Silent for ever and for ever ;
> And side by side, and face to face,
> And linked as in a death-embrace,
> Leave us absorbing thus the balm
> Of most divinely perfect calm.

"Vane's Story" is also especially interesting as throwing much

light on the peculiar feelings and idiosyncrasies of its author; it is, as Mr. Dobell remarks, "when rightly read, as candid and complete an autobiography as was ever written." But it does not carry us into that last and saddest period of Thomson's life, when he seems to have lost even those glimpses of consolatory hope, shadowy and uncertain from the first, of meeting his betrothed in some future existence. The transition to this final phase of thought and feeling may be best understood by reference to his essay, entitled "A Lady of Sorrow," which is, in fact, the prose counterpart of "The City of Dreadful Night." We find there a description of three successive stages of grief, which we cannot doubt to be in some measure a record of Thomson's own experiences. First comes the "Lady of Sorrow," typical of a pure and hallowed grief, "the image in beatitude of her who died so young;" secondly, "the Siren," the period of less blameless sorrow, when the "ignoble heart found ignobler companionship," being no longer worthy "to be comforted with angelic communion;" and last, "the Shadow," the spirit of total gloom; "never more an Angel, seldom more a Siren, but now a formless Shadow, pervading my soul as the darkness of night pervades the air." In this dreary region of desolation and despair the poet can find only one consolatory thought, and that is the prospect of death, that "Lady of Oblivion" whom he invokes with such solemnity and earnestness in his singularly beautiful poem "To our Ladies of Death."

> O sweetest Sister, and sole Patron Saint
>   Of all the humble eremites who flee
> From out life's crowded tumult, stunned and faint,
>   To seek a stern and lone tranquillity
> In Libyan wastes of time: my hopeless life
> With famished yearning craveth rest from strife;
>   Therefore, thou Restful One, I call on Thee!
>
> Take me and lull me into perfect sleep;
>   Down, down, far-hidden in thy duskiest cave;
> While all the clamorous years above me sweep
>   Unheard, or like the voice of seas that rave
> On far-off coasts, but murmuring o'er my trance
> A dim vast monotone, that shall enhance
>   The restful rapture of the inviolate grave.

There are several minor poems that prefigure the advent of "The City of Dreadful Night." Of these, the earliest is "The Doom of a City," written in 1857, which contains several fine passages, but fails somewhat in its general effect, through being too discursive and allegorical. "Mater Tenebrarum" (1859) is one of the saddest and bitterest of all Thomson's outbursts of grief, a cry of anguish from

soul torn asunder between hope and despair, at one moment almost venturing to believe in its own immortality, and then again relapsing to the creed of "a blind and stony doom." It is almost a relief to turn from this poem to "The City of Dreadful Night," in which we feel at once that we have reached Thomson's masterpiece, the work by which, more than any other, he will be judged by posterity. We here see the poetry of pessimism in its most attractive garb; for the reasoning which inspires the poem, sad though it be, is calm and consistent throughout, and is expressed in language of consummate grace and tenderness. "The City of Dreadful Night" is an allegorical description of the dark side of human life, the "sad fraternity" who inhabit the city being those whose hope and faith is dead, since they have ventured to stand face to face with the stern facts of existence. How they have arrived there they cannot themselves determine, but, once being citizens, they must "dree their weird" to the bitter end; for their case is more desperate than that of Bunyan's pilgrims who were taken captives by Giant Despair, there being no "Key of Promise" which can open the gates of this "dolent city." The imagery under which the city is depicted was obviously suggested by the poet's reminiscences of his own London life, and the best clue to a right understanding of the whole poem will be found in the third part of "A Lady of Sorrow," the prose essay already mentioned. "And I wandered about the City," he there writes, "the vast Metropolis which was become as a vast Necropolis. Desolate indeed I was, although ever and anon, here and there, in wan haggard faces, in wrinkled brows, in thin compressed lips, in drooping frames, in tremulous gestures, in glassy hopeless eyes, I detected the tokens of brotherhood, I recognised my brethren in the great Freemasonry of Sorrow." It is to these brethren, as he tells us in the poem, that the writer appeals.

> Yes, here and there some weary wanderer
>   In that same city of tremendous night
> Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
>   Of fellowship in all-disastrous fight;
> I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
> Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
>   Travels the same wild paths though out of sight.

"The City of Dreadful Night" is arranged in a series of short cantos where two metres are used alternately, the first consisting of seven-lined stanzas, of which the fifth and sixth lines always end in a dissyllable, as in the example just quoted; the second consisting of stanzas of six lines, broken from time to time by the interposition,

for dramatic purposes, of other metres. The seven-lined stanzas, into which no variation is introduced, are devoted to describing the appearance of the city and moralising on the darker mysteries of its life. The dense atmosphere, the baleful glooms dimly lit by the struggling lamps, the sombre mansions looming through the murky air, the dreary streets where the inhabitants wander like ghosts; where the eye learns a new power of vision, and the accustomed ear catches muffled throbs of suffering, or the jar of phantom wheels—all this is described with a reality of lurid word-painting, unequalled since the time of Coleridge and De Quincey. The "English opium-eater" has himself recorded that the chief "virtue" of opium lies in "the faculty of mental vision, the increased power of dealing with the shadowy and the dark." This power was undoubtedly possessed in an eminent degree by the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," though it may be that it was acquired by the use of some less romantic but not less potent drug than that which De Quincey has immortalised. There is a dreadful and vivid reality about Thomson's dream-pictures, which makes it difficult to suspect him for a moment of cultivating a taste for this "night-side of human nature" by a voluptuous indulgence in stimulants; a charge which Coleridge advanced against De Quincey, and which De Quincey angrily retorts[1]. However that may be, there can be no question about the poetic excellence of Thomson's work. Here is an instance of a short canto full of weird imagery which suggests still more than it describes:—

> It is full strange to him who hears and feels,
>   When wandering there in some deserted street,
> The booming and the jar of ponderous wheels,
>   The trampling clash of heavy ironshod feet:
> Who in this Venice of the Black Sea rideth?
> Who in this city of the stars abideth
>   To buy or sell as those in daylight sweet?
>
> The rolling thunder seems to fill the sky
>   As it comes on; the horses snort and strain,
> The harness jingles, as it passes by;
>   The hugeness of an overburthened wain:
> A man sits nodding on the shaft, or trudges
> Three-parts asleep beside his fellow-drudges;
>   And so it rolls into the night again.

[1] "Ay, indeed! Where did he learn *that*? . . . Coleridge began in rheumatic pains. What then? This is no proof that he did not end in voluptuousness." *De Quincey*, xi. 109.

> What merchandise? Whence, whither, and for whom?
>   Perchance it is a Fate-appointed hearse,
> Bearing away to some mysterious tomb
>   Or Limbo of the scornful universe
> The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions
> Of all things good which should have been our portions
>   But have been strangled by that City's curse.

The alternate cantos of six-lined stanzas are employed for the dramatic introduction of certain scenes and characters, which serve to illustrate and enforce the hopeless condition of the wanderers in the city. One citizen, "shadowlike and frail," is described as perpetually revisiting the spots which had witnessed successively the death of Faith, of Love, of Hope. Another narrates how he "strode on austere" through a desert filled with phantom shapes and unimaginable horrors. A third has reached the welcome portal of death, where those who enter must leave all hope behind, but, alas! having no hope to leave, he is rejected until he can pay the fated toll. In another scene a bereaved lover kneels beside the body of his mistress, which lies in state in a gloomy mausoleum. Elsewhere, in a mighty cathedral, a preacher, with "voice of solemn stress," urges on his hearers the lesson that "the grave's most holy peace" is the sure consolation for the ills of existence; but even this comfort is rejected as a mockery by "a vehement voice" which rises from the northern aisle and narrates the brief story of a blank and inconsolable life. In these and other similar scenes the same moral, though viewed from different standpoints, is again and again stated and reiterated: life is a cheat and delusion, and the only comfort—if comfort it be—is the certainty of death. Not even Keats could have described the blissfulness of "easeful death" with more softness of rhyme and unfeigned yearning of heart than Thomson has done in passage after passage of "The City of Dreadful Night." Even suicide is several times referred to as a justifiable and praiseworthy escape from intolerable misery; one of the most splendid cantos in the poem being that which describes the "River of the Suicides," where night by night some wanderer finds relief:—

> They perish from their suffering surely thus,
>   For none beholding them attempts to save,
> The while each thinks how soon, solicitous,
>   He may seek refuge in the self-same wave;
> Some hour when tired of ever-vain endurance
> Impatience will forerun the sweet assurance
>   Of perfect peace eventual in the grave.

The most noticeable of Thomson's latest poems are placed

together at the beginning of the volume entitled "A Voice from the Nile." Several of these are very good, especially "Richard Forest's Midsummer Night," "He heard her Sing," and "Insomnia." The last-mentioned is in many ways akin to "The City of Dreadful Night," but, if possible, is still more painful and harrowing. It narrates, with terrible vividness and all that sombre imagery of which Thomson was so great a master, the horrors of the sleepless night, every hour of which is as a deep ravine which must be crossed, from ridge to ridge, by the staggering, stumbling, foot-sore sufferer. This poem was written in March 1882. Three months afterwards the poet died.

To attempt to estimate Thomson's future place among English writers would be a hopeless and unprofitable task. That he was in the truest sense a great poet will not, I think, be denied by those who give his poems the attention they deserve, and who are not prejudiced against him at the outset, on account of his heterodox teaching and unpopular connections. Time is needed to remove these and similar obstacles, which at present bar the way to a right understanding and appreciation of his genius. The thanks of all those who have become acquainted with these wonderful poems are due to Thomson's friend and biographer, Mr. Dobell, by whose exertions the publication of the three volumes was fortunately secured, and who will do yet another service to English literature, if he can hereafter arrange for the production of a complete edition of Thomson's writings.

As a prose writer Thomson is at present almost unknown. Yet ample evidence of his power may be gathered from every page of the two volumes already published,[1] and it is understood that there are also many uncollected articles of great merit.[2] His style is admirably clear and forcible, at times reminding one strongly of De Quincey, as when he gives free play to his imaginative powers in "A Lady of Sorrow," of which I have already spoken, "The Fair of St. Sylvester," "In our Forest of the Past," and other essays. Perhaps the best of all his prose writings are the articles on "Open Secret Societies" and "Indolence," which, though inspired by sincere feeling and conviction, are pervaded by a subtle and lambent humour which lend them a peculiar charm. In satire also Thomson could wield a keen and trenchant pen, as may readily be seen by a study of his inimitable essay on "The Speedy Extinction of Evil and Misery," a splendid piece of ironical writing, something in the style of Swift, and of

[1] *Essays and Phantasies*, 1881. *Satires and Profanities*, 1884.
[2] There is also a privately printed volume of writings on Shelley.

which even Swift himself might have been proud. In the collection of articles reprinted after Thomson's death by the Progressive Publishing Company under the title of "Satires and Profanities" there are many other instances of rare satirical power; but the cause in which the satirist's genius was enlisted is, unfortunately, not one which commends itself to the majority of readers. Of Thomson's abilities as a literary critic we find several examples in "Essays and Phantasies," especially his "Evening with Spenser" and "Note on Forster's Life of Swift," in the latter of which he severely censures Lord Macaulay for his exaggerated and distorted portrait of the famous Dean. "This is really very fine," he exclaims, "in the way of the dreadful, my rhetorical lord; but if we could only have, to hang beside it, Swift's portrait of *you*!" Among contemporary prose writers Thomson had a profound admiration for Ruskin, George Eliot, and George Meredith; while he regarded Browning as the greatest of living English poets. He speaks in depreciating terms of the Poet Laureate's "hysterics and commonplace philosophy"; and words can hardly express his contempt for Longfellow, the demi-god of popular mediocrity. "The sublime *Excelsior!*" he says, "is very popular at present, but I doubt whether any man (soft curates, Sunday-school teachers, and tea-meeting muffs, who think beer and tobacco certain perdition, are of course not included) ever read the adventures of its lofty hero without ejaculating: *The ineffable ass! The infernal idiot!* What possible good could he do himself, or anybody else, by planting that banner with the very strange device on the top of that mountain? Well, he perished, and I trust that the coroner's jury found a verdict of Serve him right."

One cannot help being struck by the reflection that the recognition of Thomson's literary genius was absurdly inadequate (in the case of his prose, perhaps, even more than his poetry) to the actual merits of the writings. The legend of the god Apollo doing menial service for the mortal Admetus in this instance received a fresh and signal illustration. For many years he contributed almost exclusively to *The National Reformer*, and when that engagement failed him the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" thankfully accepted the chance of transferring his services to—*Cope's Tobacco Plant*, a periodical devoted to advertising the business of a well-known Liverpool firm. Surely this fact will some day be enrolled among the most memorable "curiosities of literature"!

When we come to sum up the leading points of Thomson's life and character, we are naturally met by the consideration how far his morbid despondency, which we call pessimism, was due to his

misfortunes, and how far to physical causes. Coleridge, in his ode on "Dejection," to which, by-the-bye, many of Thomson's poems bear a strong resemblance, gives it as his opinion that outward forms and circumstances can in no way affect "the passion and the life, whose fountains are within." Sydney Smith, too, has somewhere remarked, in his inimitably matter-of-fact fashion, that morbid melancholy is usually the result of a bad digestion, and may be best cured by a suitable dose of medicine. The disease in Thomson's case hardly admitted of so expeditious a remedy. It is the opinion of one of his biographers that Thomson inherited a constitutional melancholia, and that his early bereavement was "not the *cause* of his life-long misery, but merely the peg on which he hung his raiment of sorrow."[1] Mr. Dobell, however, is inclined to believe that "no other affliction could have affected him as he was affected by this."[2] One would probably be safe in concluding that the truth lies somewhere between these two theories, and that Thomson's pessimistic bent of mind was brought about partly by an inherited disposition to melancholia, and partly by the crushing misfortune of his early life. It must not be supposed, however, that, pessimist as he was, he was accustomed to make a profession and parade of his sufferings : on the contrary, all accounts agree in representing him as a singularly cheerful companion, and one of the most brilliant of talkers. Neither did his pessimism take a cynical and misanthropic turn, as in the case of Schopenhauer, who regarded, or affected to regard, his fellow-creatures and fellow-sufferers (synonymous terms, as he thought) with aversion and dislike. Thomson's disposition, on the other hand, was always benevolent and kindly, in which respect he resembled Shelley, for whom he again and again expresses the warmest feelings of reverence and admiration, and to whom, as "the poet of poets and purest of men," "Vane's Story," with its accompanying poems, is dedicated. But, unfortunately, he could not share in the more hopeful side of Shelley's philosophy, his "Proposals for the Speedy Extinction of Evil and Misery" being a proof of his total lack of belief in the perfectibility of mankind and much else that Shelley held dear. The influence of Leopardi, to whom he appropriately dedicated "The City of Dreadful Night," was a strong counter-attraction in the direction of pessimism, from which nothing would have been more likely to rescue him than his love for Shelley, who, in spite of his "wail for the world's wrong," was anything rather than a pessimist. S[illegible] philanthropy took the

[1] *Vide* Mr. [illegible]

[2] *Memoir*, [illegible]

form of a life-protest against injustice and tyranny, Thomson's message of glad tidings to his fellow-sufferers is little more than a gospel of despair.

Yet, after all, Thomson was well aware that in thus laying stress on the gloomy aspects of existence he was stating less the absolute fact than his own opinion, a half-view true as far as it went, yet by no means the complete truth. In the introductory note to "A Lady of Sorrow" he speaks of himself under the title of "my friend Vane," and volunteers a criticism of his own pessimistic philosophy. "That this composition," he says, "is true in relation to the author, that it is genuine, I have no doubt, for the poor fellow had large gifts for being unhappy. But is it true in relation to the world and general life? I think true, but not the whole truth. There is truth of winter and black night, there is truth of summer and dazzling noon-day. On the one side of the great medal are stamped the glory and triumph of life, on the other side are stamped the glory and triumph of death; but which is the obverse and which the reverse none of us surely knows." One could hardly desire a better piece of insight and self-criticism than this. We may well regret that Thomson's genius was not of wide enough scope to depict both aspects of life; but we cannot deny that he has painted "the glory and triumph of death" as it has seldom been painted before. There is a spirituality of tone pervading even his most desponding poems which at once lifts him from the class of ordinary materialists; while, side by side with the scathing satire which he launched at the orthodox theology, there are many indications in his writings of deep tenderness and sympathy with true religious feeling.[1]

Thomson was a firm democrat and revolutionist, as may be seen from such poems as "L'Ancien Régime," "A Polish Insurgent," "Garibaldi Revisiting England," and "Despotism tempered by Dynamite." His compassion for all victims of social injustice was also very keen, and finds expression in the verses on "Low Life," and the essay entitled "In Our Forest of the Past." He took a gloomy view, however, of most kinds of philanthropic enterprises and endeavours to redress the wrongs of society, being of opinion that "all proselytism is useless and absurd." He several times inveighs against the restlessness of the present age: "In our time and country we have a plague of busy-bodyism, certainly more annoying and perhaps more noxious than the plague of idleness. One comes across many earnest and energetic characters who are no longer men

[1] *Vide* the Sonnet on "A Recusant," and "Open Secret Societies," pp. 0–203.

but simply machines for working out their 'missions.'"[1] How far this feeling of Thomson's was due to his pessimistic creed, which, like fatalism, must tend to some extent to paralyse action, we need not pause to inquire, but it should in justice be noted that the "indolence" of which he speaks with approbation in several of his essays is very far from meaning a culpable neglect of duty, but is simply an equivalent for that philosophic love of leisure the value of which is too apt to be forgotten in the excitement of a busy world.

What, then, will be the final impression left on our minds by the study of James Thomson's character and writings? That, I think, will depend mainly on the reader's individual bias of thought, and will vary accordingly. Some will see the cause of Thomson's errors and misery in his agnostic philosophy, which cut him off from the hopes and consolation of religious faith. Others will deplore the moral weakness which could allow a whole life to be blighted on account of an early sorrow, and will point to cases where a similar affliction has not only been borne with resignation but has even stimulated heroic service in the cause of mankind. Such criticism is natural and inevitable, yet it can scarcely be accepted as satisfactory or conclusive, for a character such as Thomson's is too complex and many-sided to be thus summarily estimated. That he erred grievously in the excesses of his later years is unfortunately undeniable; yet it may be, that if we could realise the full history of his life, and the many difficulties under which he laboured, we should feel impelled to express pity rather than blame. For my part, I should find it impossible to regret that he followed to the last that line of thought which his own conscience told him was the true one, although it could not lead him to the hopes which his heart desired; or that he faithfully cherished the memory of his early love, even at the cost of a life-long unhappiness. There are plenty of men in the world who have philosophy enough to enable them to forget such bereavements; it is refreshing now and again to meet a man of a more passionate and constant temperament. Whatever his faults may have been, it seems that Thomson's character was one that endeared him to all his acquaintances; all alike bear testimony to the gentleness and chivalry of his nature, and to the extraordinary charm of his manner and conversation. Very striking and very pathetic is the account of his personal appearance, as given by one who knew him.[2] "He looked like a veteran scarred in the fierce affrays of life's war, and worn by the strain of forced marches. . . [illegible] adow that

[1] *Indol*[illegible]

[2] [illegible]

'tremendous fate' had cast over that naturally buoyant nature. It had eaten great furrows into his broad brow, and cut tear-tracks downwards from his wistful eyes, so plaintive and brimful of unspeakable tenderness as they opened wide when in serious talk." Such was James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," a poet who, in spite of his present obscurity, is perhaps destined some day to take a high place in English literature. He lies buried in a humble grave in Highgate Cemetery; and we may speak of him, in conclusion, in the words of his own "Requiem":—

Thou hast lived in pain and woe,
Thou hast lived in grief and fear;
Now thine heart can dread no blow,
Now thine eye can shed no tear:
Storms round us shall beat and rave;
Thou art sheltered in the grave.

H. S. SALT.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Pine Forests and Thunderstorms.

IN the course of one of my early pedestrian wanderings I climbed the Weissenstein from Soleure during a violent thunderstorm, and was much surprised at finding myself in fine weather under a bright blue sky before reaching the inn on the summit. The storm was still raging, but I had left it behind me. A sea of clouds, with every wave-top silvered by the sunbeams, extended away to the horizon, and on one side it continued to bombard the flanks of the mountains ; every flash was followed almost immediately by crashing and rattling thunder, showing how small was the distance from the hottest centre of activity. This continued for some hours without any perceptible change of position. I never before nor since have observed a similar persistence of the position of a thunderstorm.

On reaching the inn, which stood in the middle of a rounded knoll of bare limestone, I noticed that it had no lightning conductor, though such conductors and paragrêles were unusually abundant in the neighbourhood of Soleure. On remonstrating with the landlord concerning the danger of this he told me that there was no need of such things up there, though they might be useful below. This aroused very vigorously my scientific self-righteousness (I was then twenty-two years of age, and of course knew everything), and I deplored in the usual fashion the sad consequences of popular ignorance.

On the following morning I descended on the side where the bombardment of the night before had taken place, and discovered a forest of pines just about the spot where the storm so persistently lingered. Could it be that the innkeeper really knew more about the distribution of storms on his own mountains than I who had read so recently and diligently the voluminous treatises of Becquerel and De la Rive, and Faraday's "Experimental Researches"? I was compelled to answer "Yes," for here in this pine forest on the mountain flank were millions of bristling poi
function to that of the fork that co
cylinder of an electrical machin

charged clouds immediately over them, thus leaving the summit of bare rounded limestone as free from thunderclouds as I had seen it.

Dark Radiation.

IN *Belgravia* of March 1881 is a paper entitled "Another World down here" (reprinted in "Science in Short Chapters"), in which I ventured to suppose that the great gap between the tremblings of matter which produce our sensations of light, and those which we perceive as sound, may be bridged over by "another world, or several other worlds of motion, all lying between our world of sound and our world of light and heat," and that such intermediate movements would become sensible provided we had instruments capable of taking up and sensifying such movements. I further showed that insects possess sensory structures that are neither ears nor eyes, but intermediate organs, suggesting the hypothesis that they live in another world quite different from that which is presented to our senses.

I have just received from Professor Langley a copy of his communication to the Academy of Sciences "Sur des longueurs d'onde jusqu'ici non reconnues." This is a preliminary paper describing general results of researches still in progress, in which the bolometer is applied to the examination of obscure radiations from terrestrial non-luminous objects, reaching as low as to the radiations from ice cooled below the freezing point. These, to quote the words of the author, indicate that "la grande lacune qui existait, entre la vibration la plus basse connue de la lumière, et la vibration la plus haute du son, a été en partie comblée."

My readers will naturally ask how he could examine the heat radiations from ice. All bodies radiate heat, and what we commonly call "cold" surfaces being merely such as are less warm than those we are accustomed to handle, their radiations may be examined by opposing them to bodies that are of a still lower temperature. Prof. Langley placed his bolometer between such bodies, and thus examined the predominating radiations of the warmer towards the cooler.

These rays were thus shown to be not merely less refrangible than the red rays of the spectrum where visible luminosity ceases, but to be much less refrangible than the "infra red" invisible rays already recognised.

The spectrum was thus greatly extended beyond the red end of Newton's original spectrum of light rays.

This result, translated into the language of the undulatory theory, was a demonstration of the existence of wave-lengths twenty times longer and twenty times less rapid than the longest and slowest of Newton's spectrum. This is a very considerable stride, seeing that the uttermost extension of the invisible spectrum demonstrated to exist previous to Langley's researches only a little more than doubled the greatest wave-length of Newton's spectrum; fifteen to seven.

When, however, we speak of bridging over a portion "of the great gap that existed between the lowest known vibrations of light and the highest of sound," we must not forget that, *so far as we at present know*, the great gap between the velocity of *transmission* of the waves of sound and the waves of light is not narrowed at all. Those who are satisfied with the ether hypothesis explain this as due to the physical differences between the constitution of the light-bearing ether and sound-bearing matter.

Those who, like myself, believe that all we know concerning physical energies is due to activity of ordinary sense-exciting matter, must admit that we have a vast deal to learn before we can explain the inner mechanism of the universe.

The Elm and Plane in London.

MR. MARK HERON'S paper on this subject in the last number of this magazine reminds me of one I contributed to *Belgravia* of January 1881 (reprinted in "Science in Short Chapters") on "The Dying Trees in Kensington Gardens." If my theory of the cause of their destruction is correct, no mere replanting efforts will be of any avail.

This theory is that the practice of sweeping and carting away the fallen leaves has robbed the soil of those saline constituents which are absolutely necessary for the growth of the trees. Every plant selects those salts from the soil which it requires for food, and in the case of forest trees of all kinds the leaves contain nearly all of the saline constituents thus abstracted. In a natural forest these are returned to the soil by the leaves which fall in autumn and decay in the course of the winter, but our mania for what is called neatness induces the employment of salaried Vandals, who systematically rob the soil of exactly those constituents that the trees require.

The elms, being the oldest of the London park trees, have been robbed the most cruelly of their especial food, and therefor going the most rapidly. The planes, being modern, have *less*.

The plane has another special advantage, and under all circumstances will probably remain the healthiest of all the London trees. This advantage is its property of exfoliation, or scaling off of the bark. I have closely observed these trees, and find that not only do the main trunk and branches thus renew their surfaces, but that this desquamation extends to the twigs, and, to a microscopic extent, probably to the leaves.

The effect of this is to counteract the choking effect of the tarry deposit from the coal smoke by supplying the whole tree with a new skin instead of the old one that the smoke has suffocated. Not only is the health of the tree thus preserved, but its beauty also, as an observant walk through any of the parks will prove by showing the contrast of the planes with the grimy trunks and branches of the other trees, too many of which are, alas! rapidly becoming black ugly skeletons.

The scales that thus fall gradually escape the besom of the gardener, and thus return some of the nutriment the tree has taken from the soil. But this is not sufficient. I have no doubt that where the soil is regularly robbed of the leaves even the planes will ultimately be starved to death, unless the suggestion I made is adopted, viz. that artificial saline manures, corresponding in composition to the saline constituents of the ash of the abstracted leaves, be added to the soil.

The trees on the Thames Embankment are exceptionally happy. They will soon extend their rootlets to the gravel below the river, and thus obtain perennial supplies of liquid manure.

THE "BOOK WORM."

MR. RUSSELL GUBBINS writes to Messrs. Chatto and Windus describing the ravages of "book worms" on some books in a case containing about 250 volumes, which had been shut up for nearly two years. He found "that almost invariably the worm commenced its attack on the inside of the cover close to the binding," and "that the worm had a decided preference for dark-coloured paper," while "light yellow paper, almost without exception, escaped." As examples of Messrs. Chatto and Windus's books he names "Erechtheus," 1876, and "History of Advertising," 1875, as eaten, and "The New Paul and Virginia," 1878, as untouched.

He encloses cuttings of the papers lining the covers of these books, and adds very justly that, "If this suggestion guides book-

binders to the paper best adapted to resist the ravages of book worms, I think I shall deserve well of all lovers of books."

My knowledge of the subject being very small, I showed the letter to my friend Mr. Sydney Klein, who has favoured me with the following reply :—

Clarence Lodge, Willesden,
April 28, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry *re* the destruction of books by grubs in Mr. Gubbins's library, I think there can be no doubt that it was the work of the larva of "Tenebrio Mollitor." Some two years ago, in removing a large quantity of old MS. books, which had stood for nearly half a century on a shelf in a city office, I came across a large colony of this destructive insect in all stages of development—larva, pupa, and imago. The larva, which are the only depredators, seemed to attack the covers and the back binding more than the leaves. The explanation of this is, I think, to be found in the fact that the covers and binding of most books, especially those of heavy make, contain, from the process of manufacture, a considerable quantity of gluten, the natural food of larva. It is not generally known (perhaps a trade secret among bookbinders ! !) that a certain dark class of flour, coming principally from America, and rich in gluten, is used largely, not only for making paste, but also in the manufacture of *cardboard.* The usual consumption of this flour in London alone is about 125 tons weekly. This flour, as you know, is considered by many as the most nutritious part of the wheat, but is only eaten in this country in the form of brown bread. Let it be hoped that the time is not far distant when the "science of cookery" will be better understood and appreciated in every household, and that the prophecy pronounced by the editor of the *Queen* may be fulfilled, and every kitchen have the two busts of our latter-day revivalists in this most important branch of hygienics. So far the human race can, with advantage, take a leaf from the book of this small specimen of heteromero. I have never known the small larva of Tinea Tapetzella to attack books, and I think the "good taste" shown in the present case must be awarded to the coleoptera rather than to the lepidoptera. If Mr. Gubbins can furnish me with a larva or imago, I shall be very pleased to confirm this definitely.

Believe me, dear Mr. Williams,
Sincerely yours,
SYDNEY G. KLEIN.

W. Mattieu Williams, Esq.

From this it appears that the paste and the "whole-meal" paper attract and supply with food these enemies of literature. Knowing this, the remedy is easily applied. Let the bookbinder mix a little acetate of lead, or some arseniate of copper (the well-known green pigment bearing the name of "Emerald green," or Scheele's green), with his paste, just enough to give it a decided colour. The paper used in the binding may also be slightly tinted with the same. Bird stuffers largely avail themselves of arsenical mixtures to save their specimens, which would otherwise be devoured by such a variety of foes t every stuffed bird would be converted into a small entom museum.

The specimen of paper from "The New Paul and Virginia" which escaped is a pale green. The green colour of the paste would serve as a warning and prevent misuse. It would also check mildew. The light yellow papers described as escaping are probably coloured with chrome yellow, chromate of lead. If so, a lead salt will answer the purpose.

Meteorological Paradoxes.

THE records of the observatory on Ben Nevis for March last present a curious meteorological paradox. While Scotland generally, and other parts of the British Isles and of Europe in corresponding latitudes, were covered with a very unusual amount of snow, the quantity on the summit of this mountain round about the observatory was less than half of that of the two previous years at the corresponding season.

This affords an example of the great difficulty of determining with any approach to accuracy the variations of mean temperature of the earth generally, in reference to questions concerning variations of solar activity. Not only may we have an unusually mild, or cold, or wet, or dry year or season in one hemisphere and the opposite in the other, but, as in this case, we may have opposite conditions at different elevations of the same portions of the earth's atmosphere, which is, of course, a part of the earth, and meteorologically considered the particular part of the earth in question.

These contradictions may be related to each other as cause and effect, and frequently are. We may have cold weather down here, *because* it is unusually warm immediately above us; or, more properly speaking, it may be unusually warm at four or five thousand feet overhead because it is unusually cold down here. If the cold polar currents (the N.E. winds) are unusually vigorous, and thus sweep over the surface to an unusual extent, and for an unusual length of time, they must push up a corresponding excess of the warm tropical air to form a returning and compensating warm S.W. current above.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

"THE CENCI" ON THE STAGE.

THE performance of "The Cenci," under the direction and at the cost of the Shelley Society, has naturally given rise to much unfavourable and some indignant comment. As the representation at the Grand Theatre on May 7 was in a sense private, the non-paying audience present consisting wholly of members of the Shelley Society and invited guests, the interference of the Lord Chamberlain for the protection of public decency was evaded. It would be too severe to say of any of the female portion of the audience, as an eminent French official is reported to have said to a lady mistrustful concerning her honour in presence of the privileges once accorded the king: "Madame, où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits"; but the presence, at a piece of this description, of unmarried women, and even of young girls, is a subject for regret. Still more to be deplored is the issue, to the general public, of an edition of "The Cenci" in the appendix to which are given, in crudest terms, the particulars of offences which Shelley found too odious to be named. It is not creditable, however, to a portion of the public press that the drama of Shelley is treated as a quasi-obscene production belonging to the series of κρυπτάδια. Allowing that its subject is revolting, the treatment is masculine, powerful, and invigorating, and the work is the greatest tragedy of the present century.

A THEATRE TO BE DESIRED.

THE difference between the English Stage and the French is shown in the discussions on "The Cenci." In France a young woman is never taken to see "Phèdre," a play which the
the latest edition of "The Cenci" compare with Shell
In England the stage is, on the contrary, open to yo

Whether the spectacle of nudity in burlesque, the study of the code of morality exposed in farcical comedy, or the knowledge of the temptations of married life which is the basis of much comedy, is less dangerous to the young imagination than the darkly hinted horrors of "The Cenci," I leave controversialists to decide. I plead, however, in favour of a theatre at which, before an audience consisting wholly of men and women of mature years, pieces of this class may be given. To this, provided the initial difficulties can be combated, there can be no objection. Against the opinion generally expressed, that "The Cenci" proved an impossible stage play on account of its dramatic deficiencies, I protest. Those who state this lose sight of the difference between what is dramatic and what is scenic. Shelley knew much of the drama and little of the stage. An actor such as Mr. Irving—what a Francesco Cenci he would make!—could, in a few hours, fit "The Cenci" for stage production—leaving, of course, out of question the inherent horror of the subject. In spite of the fact that a reverential management had clipped scarcely a word, and that the performance lasted four hours, it was impressive and stimulating throughout. Passages were repulsive, and one or two scenes were even ludicrous, but the whole had, even in representation, the character of a great work, and, with due supervision, would delight the only public before which it can with propriety be presented.

A Repertory for the New Theatre.

If ever we have a stage of the kind indicated, what performances might not be given! First among them would be "The Changeling" of Middleton, a piece which has now been rendered accessible in the handsome scholarly edition of that dramatist edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen.[1] In the picture of passion presented, this piece stands on a level with "Othello." The character of De Flores, which was a favourite with Betterton, is as stupendous as any character in Shakespeare or in Balzac. To those who know what illumination is afforded by the least competent stage presentation, the advantage to be reaped by scholars from a performance of the play will be apparent. To the works to be given I would add one more play of Middleton, "Women beware Women"; one of Webster, "The White Devil"; and half a dozen more pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood, Dr. Ford, and other dramatists. These

[1] London, John C. Nimmo.

performances, rightly undertaken, would contribute towards the education of our actors in their calling—a boon which with advancing years, comes apparently no nearer.

Averted Mutilation of the Charterhouse.

SLOWLY, but surely, Englishmen have arrived at a knowledge of the value of the treasures of which, during a couple of centuries, they have been gradually despoiled. Land-grabbing is no longer to be attempted with impunity, and old monuments are no longer at the mercy of individuals or corporations. That the Charterhouse should have escaped the mutilation with which it was menaced is due not only to the action of that excellent institution The Commons Preservation Society, but to the strong public sentiment that has during late years been aroused. That the demolition of parts of a building which has lasted as a charity since the days of King James, which Lord Bacon described as a "Triple good," and Fuller called a "masterpiece of Protestant English charity," should have been contemplated by those who ought to be most interested in its preservation, is a scandal. The danger is luckily averted, and an attempt of that sort is not likely to be renewed. To the many historical associations of the Charterhouse I may add a fact or two not generally known. In Rutland House, which was in Charterhouse Square, the first opera in England was performed by Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Locke (the composer of the "Macbeth" music), Henry Persill (Purcell), and other musicians, and here the first Englishwoman made her appearance in 1656 upon the stage.

An Index to "The Gentleman's Magazine."

IT is pleasant to see that the Index Society, the work of which has been for some time suspended, is about to resume its operations; and pleasanter still to know that the next work of importance to be undertaken is an index to the obituary notices in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. The value of a work such as this can only be known to those who have undertaken any biographical studies, who know what invaluable stores of information are buried in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and have learned how difficult [illegible] are the Index volumes to that publication. Wh[illegible] indexes are of little service, surnames alone [illegible]

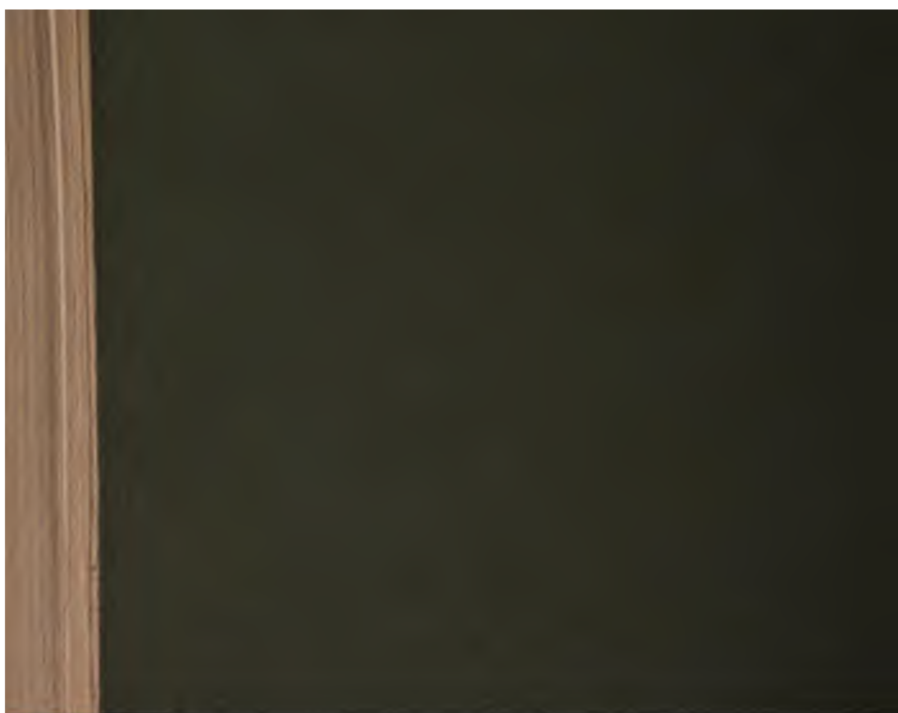
employment of Christian names. Moreover, deaths, bankruptcies, promotions, and a score different things are mixed up together. A student, accordingly, who seeks to find out something concerning one of the innumerable family of Smith, and who sees some columns of closely printed index, is tempted to abandon the search. A full index to *The Gentleman's Magazine* will be one of the most priceless boons scholarship can receive. It is to be hoped the Index Society will meet with support that will enable it to carry out its scheme.

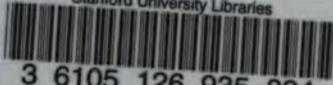
How to Form a Library.[1]

AMONG works intended to aid the collector in the task of forming a library Mr. Wheatley's new volume is entitled to a prominent place. One of the soundest and most erudite of bibliographical writers, Mr. Wheatley has turned to profitable account his valuable gifts, and has supplied a book which, as a work of easy reference, will be on the shelves of many for whom it contains little that is new. The list of works necessary to a good library of reference which it supplies is comprehensive, and the collateral information is pithy and to the point. It does, indeed, all that such a work well can. If a man in cold blood sets to work to form a library, he has in Mr. Wheatley's volume an admirable mentor. This, however, is what a collector rarely does. Nature and circumstances form and direct his taste, and the development of his library is dependent upon that of his education. This state of affairs no writer on bibliography can meet. If a man collects memoirs it is no use to tell him of theology, and one who gloats over an accumulation of black letter chronicles is insensible to the charms of extending shelves of Elzevirs. Mr. Wheatley's book is, however, excellent in its way, and of the books which a large experience has taught me are indispensable to the prosecution of literary work the majority are given. What it needs, however, to serve fully its purpose, is an index half the size of the volume, in place of the index of three pages which, as a concession to the exigencies of the times rather than with a view to general utility, is supplied.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

[1] *How to Form a Library.* By H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Elliot Stock.

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